

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1868.

LIFE AND TRUST.*

PAUL, in his letter to the Hebrews, gives a long list of examples illustrating the power of faith. Truly wonderful are the results attributed to the exercise of this divine grace, which so thoroughly inspired those ancient worthies. Can we read and carefully meditate upon the record of their lives as furnished by the sacred writers, and yet fail to observe that they were in possession of a power which only the infinite God could bestow? With admiring wonder we behold the glorious achievements of their victorious faith, and perhaps are led to exclaim, "Lord, give us such a faith as this!" Yet desirable as it appears, is it thought to be attainable now? Is there not, on the part of many Christians, a tendency to regard such manifestations as peculiar to those early times, and not at all to be expected in this age of the Church?

As an undeniable evidence of the incorrectness of this prevalent opinion, we would call attention to the "Life of Trust," so beautifully exemplified by George Müller, the honored founder of the large orphan establishment, located at Bristol, England. In his case is most clearly seen God's willingness, now, as in the past, to hear and answer the prayer of faith. To a brief review of this good man's life your attention is now invited.

He was born at Kroppenstaedt, in Prussia, September 27, 1805. His childhood and youth were not such as would be thought likely to be followed by riper years of so exalted piety and usefulness as his subsequent life presents, but, on the contrary, such as would naturally be expected to precede a life of unrestrained wickedness. His father was a worldly man, and hence

was anxious to advance, as much as possible, the temporal interests of his son, though he felt little or no concern for his spiritual welfare. Between the ages of ten and eleven he was sent to school at Halberstaedt, preparatory to entering the University at Halle, his father wishing him to become a clergyman, not because he was at all anxious to see him serving God in this capacity, but that he might thus obtain a good living. Here he continued till he was fourteen, when sudden death deprived him of his mother. The night she died he, ignorant of her situation, was engaged in card-playing; and the following day, which was the Sabbath, shamefully disgraced himself by lounging about the streets in a half-intoxicated state. After this, according to his own account, he grew worse and worse. Yet occasionally, during his sinful career, he would resolve to become better, but trusting in his own strength, instead of looking for help from on high, he, of course, failed to keep these good resolutions.

But God had a noble work for him to accomplish, and as a preparation for this work, the Holy Spirit was sent to lead him to the Savior. At the age of nineteen he was admitted to the University of Halle. During his first year at this place he was providentially led to attend a religious meeting held at the house of a Christian in the vicinity. After singing a hymn, they kneeled in prayer. "This kneeling down," he says, "made a deep impression upon me; for I had never either seen any one on his knees, nor had I ever myself prayed on my knees." That night the Lord began a work of grace in his heart, and he immediately commenced to lead a different life. Some time after this he wrote to his father and brother, telling them of his new-found peace and joy, at the same time beseeching them to seek enjoyment from the same inexhaustible source. To this letter he received an angry reply.

* "Müller's Life of Trust." Edited by Rev. H. Lincoln Wayland. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.
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After completing his course at the University he went to London, having previously offered himself to the Missionary Society of that city as a missionary to the Jews. He had been in London nearly a year, when certain conscientious scruples induced him to dissolve his connection with the Missionary Society. Shortly after he became the pastor of a small Church at Teignmouth, with a salary of fifty-five pounds a year. In the Autumn of his first year at this place he was married to Miss Mary Groves. Not long after he came to the conclusion that it was not right for him to receive a regular salary, and accordingly made the Church acquainted with his views on this subject, and told them of his determination to obey the dictates of his conscience, and depend upon God alone for the supply of his temporal as well as his spiritual necessities. In addition to this, both he and his wife were enabled, by the grace of God, to obey literally the Savior's command, "Sell that ye have and give alms," feeling that they were thus laying up treasure in heaven. In writing of this subsequently he expresses himself thus: "It is now twenty-five years since we set out in this way, and *we do not in the least regret the step we then took.*"

An incident or two, out of many similar ones, will serve to show how the Lord, in answer to prayer, provided them with temporal supplies. One morning, a short time after they had adopted this mode of life, they found that their purse contained only eight shillings. This fact came to his mind while he was engaged in prayer, and he asked the Lord for money. About four hours later a lady asked him if he was in need of money, to which inquiry he gave the following answer: "I told the brethren, dear sister, when I gave up my salary, that I would, for the future, tell the Lord only about my wants." "But," said she, "he has told me to give you some money. About a fortnight ago I asked him what I should do for him, and he told me to give you some money; and last Saturday it came again powerfully to my mind, and has not left me since, and I felt it so forcibly last night that I could not help speaking of it to brother P." Mr. Müller was greatly encouraged by this information, because it afforded him an evidence that God was mindful of those who put their trust in him; yet he deemed it best not to acquaint her with their straitened circumstances, as that alone would probably be enough to influence her to give, and, besides, he felt quite sure that if it were from God she would as certainly give as if she knew. The result was just as he anticipated, for, on his departure, she handed him two guineas. At

another time, when they had only a little money, he was led to look to God for more, and he had scarcely risen from his knees when a brother brought him a pound. In his journal he writes: "This morning I found that our money was reduced to three shillings, and I said to myself, I must now go and ask the Lord earnestly for fresh supplies. But before I had prayed there was sent from Exeter two pounds as a proof that the Lord hears before we call."

Instances similar to the above, in which could be seen, perhaps, even more manifestly, the kind hand of their Heavenly Father, were frequently occurring. Thus their faith daily became stronger, and no doubt they realized, more and more, their entire dependence upon the arm of the Almighty.

In the Spring of 1832 Mr. Müller removed to Bristol, in accordance with a call to that place, which, after prayerful consideration, he believed it to be his duty to accept. Subsequent events have shown that he was not mistaken in supposing that he saw the hand of God leading him thither. This city was to be the scene of his future labors—a witness to the astonished world of the efficacy of believing prayer in this the nineteenth century.

In addition to his pastoral duties he soon engaged in another work, which, from small beginnings, has gradually risen in importance, till now it stands forth in wonderful grandeur, proclaiming, in language which can not be mistaken, a glorious and all-important truth; namely, that God still hears and answers the prayer of faith.

This work had its humble origin in the organization of a small society called the Scriptural Knowledge Institution. The following were the leading objects of this society: 1. To assist day schools, Sunday schools, and adult schools, in which instruction is given upon Scriptural principles, and, as far as the Lord should give the means and in other respects make the path of duty plain, to establish schools of this kind. 2. To circulate the Holy Scriptures. 3. To aid missionary efforts.

Through the instrumentality of this institution thousands of poor people, both old and young, have been blessed with religious instruction, and many Christian missionaries in foreign lands have received timely assistance. It should be remembered that the funds expended for these objects were all the fruits of believing prayer. To none but the Giver of every good and perfect gift did he make application for the means requisite to carry forward this benevolent enterprise. True, he expected that his Heavenly Benefactor, though having infinite resources at

his command, would employ human agents to dispense his bounties; but not on them was his reliance placed. God alone was his strength and support, and never, in all his labors and difficulties, was he permitted to feel that his confidence was misplaced.

The life and labors of Franke, an eminent Christian philanthropist, who, in entire dependence upon God, established, and during his lifetime continued in successful operation a large orphan asylum in Germany, made a deep impression upon Mr. Müller, and probably was the means of awakening within him a sincere desire to benefit in a similar way destitute orphans in England. In 1835 he began seriously to consider this subject; and after much and earnest prayer he decided to go forward, trusting in Him who alone can give success.

As soon as he was fully convinced that it was the will of God that he should proceed in this enterprise, he began to pray for means. Encouraged by the promise, "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it," he asked, with the expectation of receiving large and bountiful gifts. His first petition was for premises, a thousand pounds, and suitable persons to take charge of the children. This prayer was answered, though it was eighteen months and ten days before all of the thousand pounds was received. In reference to this he says, "From the moment I asked, till the Lord granted it fully, I had never been allowed to doubt that he would give every shilling of that sum. Often have I praised him beforehand, in the assurance that he would grant my request."

At the close of the year 1837, somewhat more than a year after the first orphan-house was opened, three houses were under his superintendence, and eighty-one orphans were clothed, fed, and otherwise cared for.

In 1843 a fourth orphan-house was opened. Thus their expenses were gradually increased. But they never went beyond God's limit. The more they expended for these benevolent purposes, the more bountiful were the gifts sent in answer to prayer. Yet they not unfrequently found themselves without a single penny, and with no natural prospect of obtaining further supplies. At such times they did not, as would seem quite natural, give any indication of their pressing need. Even when asked they refused to give information. They leaned not upon an arm of flesh, but were enabled to realize that the everlasting arms were underneath. Though they were sometimes brought to such straits, yet they were never allowed to suffer. Finally help was invariably sent to their relief.

It may be well to state here that all of Mr.

Müller's fellow-laborers *practically* believed in the power of faith to procure every needed good. As illustrations of the manner in which their faith was often rewarded, the following incidents are given: A lady visiting the Boys' Orphan-House remarked to the matron, "Of course, you can not carry on these institutions without a good stock of funds." A gentleman present, overhearing the remark, asked, "Have you a good stock?" Her reply is characteristic: "Our funds are deposited in a bank which can not break." When the gentleman left he gave five pounds for the benefit of the orphans, which donation proved most seasonable, coming, as it did, when they had not a single penny.

March 5th Mr. Müller writes: "To-day, however, I knew that there would be again several pounds required. . . I gave myself, therefore, to prayer this morning. *While I was in prayer*, Q. Q. sent a check for seven pounds, ten shillings." One evening found them without any provisions for the day following, and, as the person of whom they were in the habit of purchasing milk for the orphans would come at nine o'clock the next morning, Mr. Müller felt that unless means should be sent before that time, God's name would be dishonored. In this trying hour the language of his heart was this: "Truly, we are poorer than ever, but through grace my eyes look not at the empty stores and the empty purse, but to the riches of the Lord only." He looked not in vain; for the next morning, on going to the Orphan-Houses, between seven and eight o'clock, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the Lord had sent supplies, he was told that two or three minutes before a gentleman had given three sovereigns. This gentleman afterward told Mr. Müller that he was that morning on his way to his business, and had gone half a mile when the thought of the orphans came to his mind, and he felt a strong inclination to contribute something without delay, but saying to himself, "I can not well return now, but will take something this evening," walked on. Yet he could not proceed, for his feelings became so strong that he was finally constrained to return. Is not the hand of God distinctly visible here?

Mr. Müller had been engaged in the care of the orphans nearly ten years, and during this time had never been desirous of building, when a circumstance occurred which led him seriously to consider the subject. A friendly letter was sent to him, in which he was politely informed that those persons whose dwellings were adjacent to the Orphan-Houses were in several ways incommoded by this fact. He began to inquire what this apparently unfavorable circumstance

indicated, and after prayerful consideration he came to the conclusion that it was the will of God that he should build. His next step was to pray for means. It was his intention to erect a building large enough to accommodate three hundred children. He estimated that not less than ten thousand pounds would be required for this purpose. For thirty-five days he presented his petition at the throne of grace without receiving any answer. This, however, did not discourage him. He was waiting patiently the Lord's time. The thirty-sixth day a thousand pounds were donated. Though he had never before received so large a sum at any one time, he was not in the least surprised. He says, "I was as calm, as quiet, as if I had only received one shilling; for my heart was looking out for answers." In July, 1847, the building was commenced. It was completed in 1849. More than fifteen thousand pounds, or nearly seventy-three thousand dollars, had been contributed for this purpose, and after all the expenses connected with the building were paid, there still remained a balance of several hundred pounds. Thus the Lord manifested his approval of the course Mr. Müller had taken. Meantime the support of the orphans, and all the other interests of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, were abundantly provided for.

In 1850, the new Orphan-House being full, Mr. Müller entertained the idea of building another large enough for seven hundred, thus affording a home for one thousand. According to his usual custom, he sought to ascertain the mind of the Lord in reference to the matter, and not till he was fully persuaded that this was the way in which the Lord would have him walk did he communicate his design to any human being. His decision to build a second Orphan-House was not made without earnest prayer, and the most thorough searchings of heart. Having determined to enlarge the orphan work in this way, he immediately began to seek help from Him who has all wealth at his command. Several small sums having been received, he writes: "Twenty-four days have now passed away since I have been enabled, day by day, to wait, with a goodly measure of earnestness and faith, upon the Lord for means; but as yet only a little above twenty-eight pounds has come in. But I am not discouraged. The less there comes in, the more earnestly I pray; the more I look out for answers, and the more assured I am that the Lord, in his own time, after he has tried my faith, will send me larger sums, and, at last, all I need." There came in soon a donation of five hundred pounds. Then came another season of waiting. He almost

daily received something for the building fund, yet these contributions were small in comparison with the amount required. At last, when God had sufficiently tried his faith, the more bountiful gifts, which he had been so confidently expecting, though he knew not from what quarter they would come, were sent. At one time he received nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds; at another, eight thousand and one hundred pounds. In speaking of this last, he says, "The largeness of the donation, while it exceedingly refreshed my spirit, did not, in the least, surprise me, *for I expect great things from God.*"

The amount thought necessary for the proposed new Orphan-House was thirty-five thousand pounds, or more than one hundred and sixty-nine thousand dollars. The contributions for this purpose even exceeded this amount. As consequent results, we see in 1857 a building for four hundred completed and opened for the reception of the orphans, by whom it is soon filled; and in 1860 we see in progress still another, for four hundred and fifty, which has since been finished; and to-day we see more than a thousand orphans rejoicing in the rich blessings, both temporal and spiritual, which have been procured by the exercise of prayer and faith.

Besides the orphan work, the other objects of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution have been steadily growing in importance. Many thousands of dollars are yearly expended in carrying out these benevolent designs.

The amount of good accomplished through the agency of this Christian man can not be fully estimated in this world. Though much will necessarily remain for eternity to reveal, yet so vast are the results which are even now apparent that we can but view them with wonder and admiration.

Should any one ask, How has this man acquired the means for so extensive usefulness? We answer, *He trusted in God.* But there may be, and doubtless are some who, not satisfied with this reply, will endeavor to account for these facts on purely natural principles, arguing that, since the work in which Mr. Müller is engaged is one calculated to awaken the sympathy of benevolent persons, such would very naturally manifest the interest they felt by contributing of their means for this object, even though no formal request for assistance were presented. But, if this be the whole philosophy of the matter, how can we explain the numerous instances in which supplies were received just at the time of greatest need, when delay would have occasioned suffering, and especially those instances in which the persons bestowing the

gifts were peculiarly impressed with the importance of making their donations at particular times, those times always proving to be seasons of urgent demand for fresh supplies? Were such cases isolated ones, they might, perhaps, be regarded as accidental coincidences, but their frequent occurrence forbids our taking this view; for taking into consideration the multitude of instances in which their stock was entirely exhausted, it follows, on the ground of probability, that in *some* of these cases relief would have been delayed and suffering would have followed; but relief was never thus delayed; hence these remarkable cases could not have been mere coincidences, but must have been ordered by a kind and overruling Providence.

The fact that neither Mr. Müller's own family, nor the inmates of the Orphan-House, were ever allowed to suffer for want of the necessities of life, appears still more remarkable when we remember that they never made provision against future want, fully confident that He who was able to provide for them to-day, could furnish the means necessary for their support to-morrow as well.

This feature receives illustration from the following incident. A hundred pounds were sent to Mr. Müller, which were intended by the donor to serve as the beginning of a fund to be used for the future support of himself and family. The following are extracts from his reply:

"I have no property whatever, nor has my dear wife. . . . When I am in need of any thing, I fall on my knees and ask God that he would be pleased to give me what I need; and he puts it into the heart of some one or other to help me. Thus all my wants have been amply supplied during the last twenty-six years, and I can say, to the praise of God, I have lacked nothing. . . . I have never thought it right to make provision for myself or my dear wife and daughters, except in this way, that when I saw a case of need, such as an aged widow, or a sick person, or a helpless infant, I would use my means freely which God had given me, fully believing that if either myself or my dear wife or daughter at some time or other should be in need of any thing, God would richly repay what was given to the poor, considering it as lent to himself. Under these circumstances I am unable to accept your kindness of the gift of one hundred pounds, *toward making a provision for myself and family.*"

Would those who, ignoring the idea of an overruling Providence, choose to refer these results to natural causes, be willing, in dependence upon the action of these causes alone, to

make the experiment which Mr. Müller, trusting only in God, has found so successful?"

There are perhaps others, who, though they do not deny that these blessings have been procured through faith, nevertheless regard this faith a peculiar gift, bestowed upon this holy man, differing, not only in degree, but in kind from that which is made the condition of salvation, and of which every true Christian is in possession. That Mr. Müller entertains a far different view, the following lines from his pen will suffice to show. "Think not that I have the *gift of faith*, that is, that gift of which we read in 1 Corinthians xii, 9, mentioned in connection with the 'gifts of healing, the working of miracles,' etc. It is true that the faith I am enabled to exercise is altogether God's own gift, but it is the self-same faith found in every believer, the growth of which I am most sensible of; for by little and little it has been increasing for the last thirty years." If Mr. Müller's opinion on the subject be the correct one, does it not become those who are weak in faith to inquire earnestly by what means their faith may be strengthened?

If, as we are taught in the Book of Truth, salvation, the greatest of all blessings to a fallen being, is obtained by the exercise of faith, why should it be thought incredible that temporal benefits, of infinitely less value, should flow to us through the same channel?

A TOOL-CHEST OF MEN.

THERE has been a tendency, from the earliest times, to find analogies of men in the various species of animals, and in different kinds of inanimate objects. The lion, the ass, the eagle, the owl, and all manner of "creeping things," have each in turn been taken as types of different classes of men. Implements of war, trade, and husbandry have served a like purpose. Classic literature abounds in this kind of analogy. Plato makes it almost something more than analogy when, in adopting the Pythagorean limitation of metempsychosis, he represents the souls of men as entering into animals only, and into those animals which bear the most perfect analogy to themselves.

"Shall we not say that those who indulge themselves in gluttony, lewdness, and inebriety, and those who are irreverent, shall enter into the race of asses—*τῶν ὄνων*—and those who are unjust, and tyrannical, and given to plunder, into that of wolves, or hawks, or kites—*λύκων, ἰέρακων, ἰπτινῶν*—or shall we say that it is any way otherwise, Ocebés?"

The literature of the early and mediæval Church exhibits animals as carrying on some of the most important doctrinal controversies. Dunbar, the early Scottish poet, representing the advocates of earthly and heavenly love by the merle and the nightingale, gives us one of the sweetest odes in our language. Singing in alternate eight-lined stanzas, the merle—thrush—in advocating earthly love, closes each stanza with the line,

"A lusty life in Love's service been ;"

while the nightingale, rising to a purer enthusiasm in his advocacy of heavenly love, closes with the line,

"All love is lost but upon God alone."

On the same principle, making animals represent the various religious sects, Dryden composed his noble poem, *The Hind and Panther*, in which, with the characteristic zeal of a recent convert, he presents his chosen Roman Catholic Church as

"A milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged."

Addison has devoted one of his finest essays to comparisons of this kind, with his usual force and elegance, introducing much that is extremely humorous.

With these general remarks let us proceed to find points of resemblance between certain men and certain implements, introducing

I. AX-MEN.

Their function is to do rough work. They hew out social, intellectual, or moral structures in the rough; other men must polish their work and make it fit for the market. If they at all put the finishing strokes upon any thing, it is only finished in spots, and is covered with splinters, like a beam which no tool has smoothened but an ax. Ax-men are usually accompanied by men to saw, and plane, and mortise, and put together. Their work must precede all other, and all honor to them as bold pioneers in human progress! but they are more or less dependent on the coöperation of their fellows.

If unaided they attempt to complete any structure, it is such a one as an ax can make—a log-cabin; gigantic in all its proportions it may be, impervious to wind and rain, but it is nevertheless a cabin, and not a palace. Many of them have not even ability to make a cabin, and not having been furnished with coadjutors who could make their vigorous strokes available, the huge beams on which they toiled lie rotting by the waysides. These may be picked up here and there by those who can use them, but it must be done soon, for intellectual beams can decay as well as beams of beech and maple.

The path of human history is everywhere marked with decayed and decaying relics of unaided ax-men. Had Wallace been surrounded by men of executive ability, his mighty sword would have left a heritage of freedom to Scotland. The great slashers of the world's history have seldom found co-laborers of commensurate ability to make their work self-protecting. Had Napoleon flourished among giant statesmen, friendly to his great unhallowed ambition, he would doubtless have founded an empire on the shattered kingdoms of Europe of many centuries' duration. Had there been some organizing spirit to keep pace with his mighty conquests, and bring order out of the chaos which everywhere followed in his track, he would not have died a helpless exile in his rocky prison-house.

The Christian world would have been forced to a fiercer battle with pseudo-philosophy than she is fighting to-day if Comte had been more than a hewer of rough, unmortised timbers; and those who are attempting to use those timbers at this late day will find them badly decayed.

Had Wyclif received the coöperation of wise and able builders, there would have been less for Luther to do a century and a half later. And the fate of Luther himself might have been that of many another bold reformer, who has only succeeded in giving a martyr's testimony to the truth, had not God raised up wise and powerful friends at every step of his progress. Judging from the giant reformer's impetuous temper, reformed Christianity may be thankful that he found such prudent adjutants as Melancthon and Frederick the Wise.

Our great reformers have mostly been ax-men. Others have taken their unfinished work and carried it, as they think, nearer to perfection. In all the history of the world it will puzzle us to find a great reform which has long remained as its author left it. To be sure there are some to question whether the change has been for the better or worse; but they must not forget that what has, without design, everywhere been an apparently inevitable result is likely to be in harmony with law.

Among ordinary men, in every-day life, we meet with ax-men whose peculiarities take shape from the circumstances of their surroundings. They are generally our teachers, stern and true, but often cruel and imprudent. They seem to regard the world as a tangled forest, which can have no value till it is cleared. Their special mission seems to be to demolish the first rude growth in our minds, in order to make room for something better. To an extent they are very serviceable, but often do great wrong. Like

most woodsmen they have a powerful predilection for slashing, and can hardly be persuaded to spare even a shade-tree. Groves and orchards must alike go down beneath their ringing ax, and our minds will be left a barren waste of meadows and pastures, under the burning sun, without any shady corners. If we can only protect our orchards and shade-trees from their ravages, it will perhaps be safe enough to let them slash in the "timber," remembering always that the land slashed must be burned over and sowed to grain, or a second growth worse than the first will spring up.

II. RAKE-MEN.

These men neither sow nor reap, but content themselves with raking together what other men have left at their mercy. They pass across the field of our presence, and carry away all the grain that is ripe and cut, together with sticks, and stones, and briars, and weeds. They expect something of us every time we meet them, and if we have no wheat ready, the relentless rake will fill itself with sticks and stubble. Something we must give them, whether we desire or not. They always come empty, and are perfectly contented to rake a bald and barren field, provided we give them nothing better. There is always a sense of emptiness when they are gone—a feeling that our specific gravity is not what it was before, that they have robbed us of something and given us no equivalent. We almost feel like running after them and crying, *Stop thief*. In connection with this feeling there is always, however, the crushing conviction that the law is on their side, that the piracy which they practice is recognized as legitimate, that in this cruel world they have a right to exact intellectual tribute of us at every meeting. If we have absolutely nothing to give, they content themselves with giving us a good raking, and then pass on to the next. The grain which they gather they put to various uses. Some of them thrash and winnow it, and make it into bread; others convert it into fiery spirits. The briars and weeds will be sure to go down to our credit.

These men have their place. Many of them are good men, and do nothing worse than remind us to continually keep grain in our fields. Others of them are bad men, who steal from us for no good purpose, and laugh at us when we have nothing to give. The function of rake-men is one which can be of service to other men if rightly considered. They tend to keep the world on the alert; to keep men active and wide awake. Intellectual toll-gatherers, publicans in the empire of letters, their presence is

hateful only when we are intellectually poor. The wealthy welcome their advent. To the rich they give as much as they take; from the poor they exact the utmost farthing; "for whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath." Men by these considerations are urged to put forth every exertion to become rich.

Rake-men of large and good minds become our lexicographers and encyclopedists.

III. BUZZ-SAW-MEN.

Little waspish men, who place boundaries about their rights, and are terrible if molested within those boundaries, but entirely harmless without them. They consider all mankind their enemies, and buzz their alarm from morning till night, filling the ears of all who approach with a ceaseless declaration of war. If we touch them, bloody fingers is the result. It matters not how kindly may be the approach, how gentle the greeting, how Christian the purpose, they endlessly assert their independence and warn us to stand off. The lower and more gentle our salutation, the louder and more deadly is their hum of defiance.

The great mistake of these men is that they consider themselves the enemies of every man they meet, and are determined to act the character well. Consequently, they interpret every thing in harmony with their theory. If a neighbor approaches them with words of anger, of course there will be trouble; if he comes with words of love and kindness, they at once suspect him of sinister motives, and treat him as an impostor deserves to be treated. Thus they have one simple rule to regulate their lives—*hate every body*. Their attitude is one of continual self-defense. The brow is always knit, the eyes dark and lowering, the fists clinched, and the heart full of bitterness. The sight of a human being approaching is a signal for them to make ready for battle.

One mitigating circumstance in connection with these men is, that they are not aggressive and can be let alone. They will not hurt us if we do not touch them. They are always stationary when in motion—being firmly fitted to an arbor which revolves within its journal-box in safety. The most that we need do is to lubricate the shaft and let them run. All who are not charmed with their particular kind of music can generally find it possible to get out of hearing. But if at any time it should become absolutely necessary to stop their noise, if any should insist that they have no right to even hum defiance at all the world, they can be easily stopped,

in the same way in which buzz-saws can be stopped. It is only necessary to argue some tough old knot vigorously home on their attention, and keep it there. If we attempt to do it slowly and gently, they will tear every thing to fragments; but if it be done suddenly they have no alternative but to come 'o silence. A better way is to subdue them. This has been accomplished in some instances by years of patient and uninterrupted kindness. This kind of taming may be the mission of some, and uniformly gentle natures are admirably adapted to it.

IV. STEELYARD MEN.

These are critics, great and small, ranging from men who weigh the actions and purposes of nations to those who pronounce sentence against warm biscuits and neckties; from those who sit in judgment on the massive productions of genius to those who decide whether the covers are Russia or Turkey. Reference is not here made to those who have the ability to weigh when occasion requires, but to those who do nothing else—who keep public scales, and make weighing their business. They measure the gravity of men, and books, and institutions, and platforms, and so on down to the smallest thing presented to their notice. They are constitutionally, or, at least, habitually steelyards. Whatever is presented to them, they at once proceed to find out its relative importance, to judge it by their standard—which may be the right or the wrong one—and to assign it a place according to its intrinsic value. With them every thing depends on weight. Gravity is the touchstone of their universe. A pound of lead weighs as much as a pound of feathers.

Literary critics have received attentions from nearly all our great writers. Burns calls them,

"Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame."

Byron won his earliest renown in a tilt with them, and Pope thus sets forth their characteristics:

"Pains, reading, study, are their just pretense,
And all they lack is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 't were a sin to rob them of their mite."

It remained for Tupper, however, to get entirely beyond their reach.

As these are so well cared for we may confine our remarks to those critics of every-day life who are in our very midst; those who correct our logic on every small occasion, and prune our rhetoric, and set us right in pronunciation, orthography, grammar, and a thousand other things. The secret of their predilection seems to be egotism. They never weigh a man without weighing themselves immediately after;

they never weigh a neighbor's child without weighing one of their own by way of contrast; and they have a most admirable faculty of making mistakes in their own favor.

We never leave the presence of such people without a feeling that they have our exact weight in black and white; that they have taken our measure and can fit us without more ado.

V. GRINDSTONE MEN.

These are persons who win their fairest laurels in sharpening the wits of the rest of mankind. We are not referring to butts or laughing-stocks of society. These may make jesters of the gravest men by mere stupidity, by the absence of all wit in themselves. Our best laughing-stocks are merely passive and stationary. We may compare them, perhaps, to big, stupid whetstones for public use, on which every passer-by is free to sharpen himself. Shakspeare calls the fools the "whetstone of the wits." Grindstone men, on the other hand, are aggressive. They are in motion, while the tool to be sharpened is stationary. You can get little satisfaction out of a grindstone unless it be in motion. While apparently motionless it is ever ready to roll under the slightest pressure of the tool, and the chances are that you will get the skin knocked from your knuckles. It must be taken at a great disadvantage, or it will grind the edge off faster than it grinds it on.

By grindstone men we mean those who tax our faculties to the utmost and rub off the rust; who grind us to as keen an edge as our quality of steel will admit; who, in fact, compel us to be just as smart as we are capable of being. We never come in contact with them but the fire begins to fly. They are sometimes a little rough and unrelenting, and things will get hot unless water is poured on to counteract the friction. It matters not how sleepy, or lazy, or stupid we may be for the time being—it is nothing to them how much we desire to be let alone till we feel brighter—we must wake up and defend ourselves, or be voted second best.

Dr. Johnson used sometimes, in his moments of cowardly indolence, to shun a combat with the giant brain of Burke, but when he chanced unexpectedly to meet the great statesman at the club, and was thus forced to be great, his sluggishness was gone in an instant, and he came forth from his den with a growl of satisfaction. Burke was always a grindstone to Dr. Johnson, while Dr. Johnson was a grindstone to nearly every man he met. The effect of one of these persons on a dull, sleepy, social gathering is almost electric. They may do great good, and they may do great harm. Such men, when

sanctified by Gospel truth, are those who more especially devote themselves to provoking their neighbors to good works.

VI. HOE-MEN.

We often meet with men who seem to have been created, and are evidently being used in the capacity of hoes. Their mission is to cut up weeds, and the process keeps them bright and sharp. We may oppose them, as the stone or baked earth opposes the progress of the hoe, but they will cut up the weeds in spite of all opposition. If, however, the opposition be too great, if the weeds be very high, and the grass very tough, they may, in their determined slashing, cut down corn as well as weeds, but this is more our fault than theirs. Hoe-men are great benefactors of the race. In defiance of unpopularity they continue to uproot error and mellow the soil about truth. That they are often, and perhaps always, unpopular, is proof of their great utility. Men very generally will defend their vices much more courageously than they will their virtues. I am not sure that any of us take pleasure in seeing the weeds cut down by another hand in our own gardens. We would rather do it ourselves, but the trouble is, we often neglect it.

To be sure, this process of hoeing only mellow the soil, and weeds will spring up again with renewed vigor; but then we are likely to get hoed again by some one if we are not wise enough to do it ourselves. In the mean time, also, the plants are getting a good start.

Our best and most frequent hoeings come in youth, and it is then that we need them most, perhaps. The plants are small and tender, while the weeds are hardy and vigorous. As the summer of life advances our gardeners get weary, or it may be that they conceive a great respect for us, and so do not quite dare to do their duty. This often happens. It is very, very unfortunate for a man to be habitually wrong and not know it himself, and to be so isolated by a false dignity that no one dares to tell him of his faults. Another reason why we are neglected at this period of life is, because our gardeners see that the corn, and potatoes, and onions have got a good start, and they think themselves sure of a fair crop without further trouble. This resolution of neglect is perhaps strengthened by the difficulty of getting at the weeds at this season of the year. The vegetables have become large and hide them. At first they looked for plants among the weeds, now they must look for weeds among the plants. In this way many weeds are suffered to grow, and as Summer passes on to Autumn these weeds become tall

and rank, and the vegetables are once more hid from view. In fact, such a garden looks not very unlike one which has not been hoed at all. A casual observer might fail to see the difference, but there is a difference. There may be as many plants in the one as the other, but the plants of the unhoed garden are tall, and pale, and fruitless, hardly distinguishable from the weeds, and practically no better than the weeds. On the other hand, the garden which was hoed in early Summer, although apparently full of weeds, is likewise full of fruit. Down among the weeds, if we will only look for it, is a rich, ripe harvest. The "Lord of the harvest" will doubtless find fruit where we see only weeds.

It often happens that old men's minds are very weedy—suffered to become so late in life, after the plants were nearly matured. Offensive habits become fastened upon them, which make them very disagreeable; wrong views of life cut them off from all sympathy with the present; forbidding tempers repel all who approach, and they are looked upon as gardens containing nothing but weeds. If, however, we will take the trouble to enter fully into their acquaintance, if we will only work our way in among the weeds, though we get pricked by thistles and nettles, and covered with burrs, we shall find an abundant harvest of ripe fruit.

Others go on down to their graves laden with nothing but fruit, which results from their keeping the weeds down till the time of harvest. This lets the sun in to fully ripen the fruit, and prevents the possibility of its becoming mildewed. Under such circumstances, also, it is impossible to mistake a vineyard for a wilderness, and it is doubtless best to use the hoe as long as there are weeds.

WE live in a period of uncommon excitement. The spirit of the age is restless, presumptuous, and revolutionary. The rapidly increasing appetite for wealth, the inordinate taste for luxury which it engenders, the vehement spirit of speculation and the selfish emulation which it creates, the growing contempt for slow and moderate gains, the ardent thirst for pleasure and amusement, the diminishing reverence for the wisdom of the past, the disregard of the lessons of experience, the authority of the magistracy, and the venerable institutions of ancestral policy, are so many bad symptoms of a diseased state of the public mind. Will this diseased state of mind ever be healed till the people are brought more fully under the influence of the Gospel? And should not all Christians labor earnestly for this blessed result?

OUR NATIONAL GREATNESS.

SCARCELY any other circumstance has so much to do with a man's happiness and welfare as what country he lives in, what form of government is over him. A prosperous nation means prosperous millions of men; a happy country means myriads of happy homes, smiles on myriads of faces, joy in myriads of hearts. A decaying State—alas, what squalor, and wretchedness, and degradation that signifies to thronging multitudes in many a great city; what hard, hopeless toil to an abject peasantry, scattered over fair fields made sterile by the miasma of a bad government!

God is profoundly interested in nations. There is nothing on earth that interests him so much, saving only his Church. He perceives that not only the present weal, but the eternal destiny of whole generations of men is affected by the moves on the chess-board of nations. He sees in governments efficient coadjutors of his Gospel, or mighty barriers in the way of its progress. The succession of monarchs, the changes of dynasties, the rise and fall of empires, the shock of armies, and the thunder of contending navies are, next after the direct influence of the Divine Spirit, the chief factors of that stupendous problem into which angel watchers are anxiously peering evermore, the moral destiny of the world. These political forces are all preparing the way or resisting the progress of the Prince of Peace.

The moral aspects of National affairs, therefore, furnish themes eminently worthy the consideration of Christian men and Christian ministers. The prejudice against the introduction of them into the pulpit may now be reckoned, like the megatherium and the dodo, among the curious fossils of a ruder age. Zealous political partisanship in the pulpit is of course to be reprobated as at once unbecoming to its dignity and detrimental to its legitimate power. But if grave moral questions are involved in the contests of parties; if slavery, or intemperance, or Sabbath desecration, are defended by any combination of men, be they five or five million strong, let the pulpit, which is the divinely accredited and most influential educator of the public conscience, expose the wrong and stand up for truth and justice, that is, for God; its silence would be its unutterable degradation.

State and Church are in our land connected by no ligatures of temporal power or governmental arrangement, but they are indissolubly bound together by the ties of mutual interest and service. In all its grand march of prosperity the nation extends over the Church its pro-

tecting ægis, and the Church inspires the nation with its life. Our confidence in the permanency of our National institutions is founded on the conviction that they are the best human handmaids of the glorious Gospel. Every American Christian ought to quicken at once his patriotic ardor and his religious zeal by carefully considering how great a nation God has raised up on this continent.

What is a nation? It is not merely a country, nor an inhabited country. Webster defines "nation" as "the body of inhabitants of a country united under the same government." If he had added "and permeated by the same life," the definition would be more complete. One of the ablest of historical students and American statesmen, Charles Sumner, says nation "is a word of unity and power, signifying indestructible unity under our Government, with common rights of citizenship. In ordinary usage, it implies an aggregation of human beings, who have reached such an advanced stage of political development that they are no longer a tribe of nomads, like our Indians; no longer a mere colony, city, principality, or State; but they are one people, throbbing with a common life, occupying a common territory, rejoicing in a common history, sharing in common trials, and securing to each the protection of the common power."

Are we in this sense a nation? or are we merely a loose congeries of States, liable to disruption and utter disintegration? We are a nation. From the very beginning of the history of Anglo-Saxons on this continent the spirit of nationality has been predominant, and after many a hard struggle, the fact of our National unity, washed clear of all obscurity by a fearful deluge of fraternal blood, stands forth before the gaze of the wondering world triumphantly vindicated. In 1642, only twenty-two years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, a confederation was formed under the name of "the United Colonies of New England." In the preamble the object is declared, "We, therefore, do conceive it our bounden duty, without delay, to enter into a present consociation among ourselves for mutual help and strength in all our future concerns, that as in nation and religion, so in other respects, we be and continue one." The germ of a nation was thus planted beside Plymouth Rock.

Let us leap a chasm of a century and a half. We see the strong young nation of the New World beginning its grand career of development, its independence every-where acknowledged, its flag every-where respected. And then we see the public mind of the Southern

portion of the country poisoned with sophistries concerning the nature of the Federal Union; sophistries of which the greatest politician of that section was the champion. In reply to an inquirer who asked why we might not have some name of unity, such as "Columbia" or "Freeland," Mr. Calhoun said, "Not at all; we have no name because we ought to have none. We are only States united, and have no country."

The land was filled with talk about State sovereignty. When Southerners went to Europe they registered themselves as from "Virginia," from "Louisiana," etc.; Northerners, from "the United States of America." The postulate was that the State was first, the Union second. It is said that at the outbreak of the war Stonewall Jackson and his father-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Junkin, an honored minister of the Presbyterian Church, spent a whole night together in earnest talk and prayer about the great question, and in the morning sadly parted, the one saying, "I owe allegiance first to my native State," and the other, "I owe allegiance first to my country." Would that every honest man in the South had had the sagacity to perceive the justice of the words of Henry Clay, uttered in the Senate in 1850: "If Kentucky were to-morrow to unfurl the banner of resistance, I would not fight under her flag. The submission which I owe to the Union is absolute; that which I owe to my native State is only relative."

The existence of State rights is cheerfully admitted; nay, earnestly asserted all over the land, as an essential check to the tendency of any strong government toward despotism. But State sovereignty is a chimera of the brain. Sovereignty is an attribute of the General Government alone. It is passing strange that there could have been such blindness to the facts of history. This country has had two constitutions; the one framed on the sectional idea of State sovereignty, the other on the National idea of National sovereignty. The former almost accomplished the ruin of the liberties achieved by the war of the Revolution; the latter rescued and secured them. Mark the distinction. The title of the first is, "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union between the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay," etc. Art. 1. "The style of this *Confederacy*," etc. Art. 2. "Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence," etc. Congress could do nothing without the assent of nine out of the thirteen States. This form of government brought the country to the threshold of ruin in nine years, and then the loose stones of the "Confederacy" were built and

cemented into one grand, national temple of freedom by a Constitution beginning thus: "*We, the people* of the United States, in order to form a *more perfect Union*, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the *United States of America*."

It is our nationality which gives us security at home and respect abroad. Only the American who has uttered them in foreign lands, can know the deep significance and lofty joy there is in those simple words, "I am an American." There is no form of words which makes a man so much respected on the continent of Europe, or even amid the rascally Arabs at the base of the Pyramids.

Our beautiful flag is recognized among us and all the world as the symbol of our nation. It is indeed composed of parts, and so is every whole. It strikingly epitomizes our history. The thirteen stripes represent the thirteen original colonies. The colors had a meaning which was officially recognized by the fathers of the Republic—white was for purity, red for valor, blue for justice. I quote again from Mr. Sumner: "Not at once did this ensign come into being. Its first beginning was in the camp before Boston, and it was announced by Washington in these words: 'The day which gave being to the new army, we hoisted the *Union flag*, in compliment to the United Colonies.' The National forces and the National Flag began together. Shortly afterward, a fleet of five sail left Philadelphia amid the acclamations of the people, according to the language of the time, 'under the display of a *Union flag*, with thirteen stripes.' This was probably the same flag, not yet matured into its present form. In its corner, where are now the stars, were the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, red and white, originally representing England and Scotland, and when conjoined, after the union of those two countries, known as the *Union*."

"Congress, by a resolution adopted June 14, 1777, and made public September 3, 1777, determined 'that the Flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the *Union* be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation.' Here the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew gave place to white stars on a blue field; the familiar symbol of British *Union* gave place to another symbol of *Union*, peculiar to ourselves; and this completed our National Flag, which a little later floated at the surrender of Burgoyne. Long afterward, in 1818, it was provided by

Congress that a star be added on the admission of a new State, 'to take effect on the 4th of July next succeeding such admission.'"

Our flag has thus its history. I may almost say that on its brilliant folds is inscribed the whole history of the country, with all its struggles into National life.

But it is one flag; the emblem of our nation. One day last June I saw a man-of-war swing grandly round the breakwater of the harbor of Leghorn; as it came to anchor it threw out the Stars and Stripes. Every American head there was instantly uncovered; every American's eye filled with tears of joy. What did we see in that beautiful banner? New York or Alabama? No; America! Our undivided and indivisible nation.

Ours is a great nation—a fact to be accepted and pondered in no ignoble spirit of self-adulation, but simply and solely that we may get some idea of our unequaled opportunities and of our immeasurable responsibilities. When we speak of the greatness of our physical resources, foreigners accuse us of arrant boasting. It is because they do not and can not comprehend this country till they visit it. Let an intelligent Englishman, who has been from end to end of his grand little country in one night, cross the ocean; land at Boston; go by rail westward, fifteen hundred miles, and then by steamer southward as much further; passing through numerous great cities, and numberless thriving villages which will soon be great cities; through hundreds of millions of acres of cultivated fields worked by intelligent freemen, all of whom live under, and love, and are ready, if need be, to die for our flag—America has burst upon him like a new revelation. He has discovered a new world, and will go back, as Sir Morton Peto did, to tell his countrymen of an existing greatness of which most of them have never dreamed.

Indeed, few of our own selves, except those who have traveled most extensively through the country, have any adequate idea of the magnificent area for a nation which God has given us. We in the East are in such close communication with the West, that we have some conception of that strange region where untrodden prairies produce mighty States in a decade or two; and we have so strained our eyes to see the golden treasures science has unlocked in the far-off store-houses of the Rocky Mountains, that we have gained some faint impression of the vaster treasures agriculture will yet develop on the plains which stretch away a thousand miles eastward from those mountains. But what lies beyond them? Report has told us

of two young States on the Pacific coast; but there is *room there for twenty-five States, each as large as Ohio, capable of sustaining*, if populated no more densely than Massachusetts now is, *one hundred and twenty-five millions of souls*.

A great nation must have a great area and great resources. Switzerland has been great in thought and impulse, but she has never had room to become a power among the nations. England is a mighty heart on a little island, with vast, unwieldy members all round the world; but when her provinces assert their independence, as in due time they will and ought, she will have to step back into the third rank of the nations. Isolate Great Britain, and her masses must starve. Agriculture must lie at the basis of permanent National greatness. In 1850 our ten Western States produced forty-six millions of bushels of wheat; in 1860, one hundred and two millions. Our prairies are worth more than our gold mines. It was with his eye on the soil that Peto said, "The resources and energies of the United States are more than ample to redeem her liabilities readily, speedily, and without undue difficulty."

Look at the contour of the country; what mountains, what plains, what rivers, what lakes, what cataracts! All this material grandeur is a perpetual summons to National greatness. God has manifestly fitted up this peerless continent to be the home and the school-house of a great people. I hold it to be a signal mark of the favor of Providence, and, more than that, of the sublime purpose of God concerning us, that he has given us such a country in which to work out the grand problem of self-government; and that he has so segregated us, by the broad bulwarks of two oceans, from the rest of the world, that no self-constituted congress of despotic vultures will ever say of this nation: "Let the patient live a little longer," or, "He is as good as dead; let us fall to and pick his bones."

And now are we told that all this material profusion may be a waste and even a curse, like the physical force of an idiotic or insane giant, unless it be under the control of intelligence and virtue? We admit it. We ought never to forget it. But the American people are not altogether unworthy of their country. They have not squandered their birthright. They are great in thought. They have caught the spirit of beneficent nature, and have learned to do things on a liberal scale.

The conditions under which men live in this country are exceedingly favorable to the intellectual quickening of the masses, and to the elevation of the lowest. Any man may aspire

to any position. That barefoot newsboy may yet wear judicial ermine. That rough youth who splits rails may occupy the White House. We have no permanent distinctions of caste—no laws of primogeniture, no entail of lands. We have an efficient system of popular education. The chief among the educating and vitalizing forces of a free people, the ballot, is in the hand of every man, save of the patient race whose manhood was denied till they had grandly vindicated it with the sword and the bayonet.

Take the single fact that among us every man may become an owner of the soil—may take root and become one of the living pillars of this great temple of freedom. What hope has that Scotchman who can barely sustain life as a tenant on land he can never own? and for which he must, on pain of prompt dispossession, pay an annual rental of £5 to the acre? He may have the intellect of a Mansfield, but he can afford no books to feed it; and what is worse, he has no hope to feed it.

A popular orator in England, Mr. Ernest Jones, in a late address, has pointed to what he believes the great disturbing element in the relations of labor and capital in Great Britain. He exclaimed: "The source and origin, I might almost say, of all the evils that exist in the relations of labor and capital is the monopoly and consequent misuse of the land." Inquiring, "Who own it?" he answered, "A constantly diminishing number of landlords. In 1770 there were 250,000 landlords in the United Kingdom; now there are less than 30,000, of whom nearly 9,000 are in Ireland. Five men—the Earl of Breadalbane, the Dukes of Argyll, Athole, Sutherland, and Buccleuch—own one-fourth of all the land in Scotland; twelve men possess the half; and half of England belongs to 150 persons. Thirty thousand men say to 30,000,000 people, Here you shall sow, and plow, and reap, and there not; here you shall build, and plant, and work, and there not; here you shall breathe, and live, and die, and no where else, except where we permit." We give the following from a New York gentleman: This Summer he accompanied a shooting party on a large English estate, where 30 men were engaged in beating up the game, and for 11 months these men had not tasted meat.

Such a relation between the soil and the laborers who till it must work incalculable mischief. It is not strange that the poverty-stricken millions of Europe should look this way, and hear millennial music in that homely yet expressive couplet,

"Uncle Sam is rich enough
To give you all a farm!"

I will not dwell now on those other well-known educating forces at work among us; such as, freedom of speech and of the press, which is worth a thousand times more to us than all the material splendors of Paris are to the French; the high wages of manual labor, which secure to the thrifty poor the time and the means for recreation and intellectual improvement; general education, which is free in many places, so that the poorest boy may go from the alphabet clear through the college course without paying a single dollar for tuition; and, foremost of all, the elective franchise, which constitutes every man a sovereign, and indicates the primal principle of our republic, that "all men are created equal." These things make America the idol of the popular heart through all the world.

This nation is great, *morally*. We did not appreciate ourselves nor our fellow-countrymen till the storm of war burst upon us. Then we beheld, with wondering eyes, what one of our truest friends in France, Mr. Gasparin—who helped us with his pen scarcely less than, in our first great struggle, Lafayette did with his sword—called "The Uprising of a Great People." We did not know but the greed of gain, and the pride of a growth rapid beyond all parallel, had stricken us through and through with moral decay. We feared that the reign of ideas had ended, and that the masses of the people had grown hopelessly indifferent to every thing but material success.

The suddenly revived and vastly intensified patriotism of the millions reassured us. It can not be denied that genuine, unselfish love of country had languished. What is our Declaration of Independence? It had been called "a series of glittering generalities." Our Constitution? Some had answered, a piece of paper. Our Flag? An old, weather-beaten rag. War came; and the response swelled up from millions: These are things it will do to *me* for. One of the first martyrs in the great struggle—a Massachusetts brave, shot down by the traitor mob in Baltimore—as he lay dying, lifted up his glazing eye to the flag he fell for, and with a smile faintly said, "All hail the Stars and Stripes;" and the nation reechoed it. Governor Andrew whispered along the electric wire, Bring him home "tenderly." The nation reechoed that word also; its reverence for patriot blood, and more yet for the principles sealed by that blood, made it heroic.

In the hearty consent of the people to stringent acts of the Government, we saw proof of a still grander moral triumph. We had been stigmatized by foreign monarchists as an incoherent

mob. We had been told that we had no government which could live in a storm, and that any serious internal trouble would reduce us quickly to anarchy; that we could not raise troops nor material resources; in a word, that we were a rope of sand. But the first year of the war demonstrated the excellence of popular institutions in a way which filled European aristocrats with wonder. Our Government did, with the least possible friction, and with admirable success, all those things which we were assured it could not do. It created vast armies and navies, and supplied them, and wielded them. The wealth of the rich and the scanty savings of the poor were poured out at its feet. The people stood at its back. They cheerfully surrendered those dearest rights of freemen, trial by jury, the habeas corpus, the liberty of the press, for a little time, in order to sustain that Constitution which secures them to us in perpetuity. The peaceable acceptance of the results of our elections, during all the strain and stress of war, afforded a noble illustration of what Burke calls the very difficult yet essential virtue of republics, "constitutional morality," the conscientious obligation of the whole people to submit to the will of the majority; and gave abundant evidence that the grand experiment of self-government on this virgin continent is not a failure.

Another element of moral power among us is this: there is no other country in which a pure, evangelical form of religion has such a hold upon the masses of the people. We have an immense advantage over the only other great Protestant nation, in that we have no Church establishment. Newman Hall says not more than four or five out of a hundred of the working men in the large cities of England go to Church at all. They regard the Church as an engine of priestcraft and political oppression; they are repelled from it by the imposition of Church-rates. We have no such obstacle to the rapid progress of the Gospel through all the ranks of society.

What do all these things signify? what mean these unprecedented elements of material and moral greatness? what means that most beneficent Providence which has watched over the history of this nation, with sleepless eye, from its earliest dawn? why was this peerless continent covered by the hand of God, and hid from the eye of Europe so long? why was the beginning of our National history delayed till the doctrines of civil and religious liberty, a thousand times strenuously asserted and bravely defended, had emerged into prominence and power, so that the American freeman stands

to-day upon the shoulders of thirty generations of heroic battlers for the right? why does it occur that, just at the time of the vigorous infancy of this favored nation, the Church of God should awake from the slumber of ages, acknowledge the universal bond of brotherhood, and set in operation those great evangelizing movements which are the chief glory of the century, and which give good promise of the speedy conversion of the world to Christ? Are not all these things index fingers pointing us to the shining track of our duty and our destiny? Does not God summon the United States of America to be *the model republic, and the great evangelizer of the world?*

OUT OF BONDAGE.

PART THIRD.

CUSTOM began to flow into the little millinery shop at once. There was no other in the village, and Mrs. Bent's taste was admitted by even the doctor's wife to be perfect. Every day her room became more and more the resort, not only of those ladies who could afford the capricious changes of fashion, but of the poorer people, who came to get a new bonnet made out of an old one or a hat "done over." It was soon found necessary to take the whole of the work into the sitting-room and give up the shop entirely to the selling of goods. Over this department Mary presided. She had a good deal of business tact and more confidence in herself than her mother. But the mother gained ground steadily.

It was necessary for her to go to the city every week for the purchase of goods, for neither of her daughters could be intrusted with the selection. At first she shrank from this with all her old diffidence and lack of self-reliance; but the necessary contact with busy tradesmen, and the exercise of her own judgment in the selection of goods soon inspired her with an easy confidence in her own powers.

It was pleasant to see her return home after one of these busy shopping-days. Mary and Judith often went to the window to watch her as she came up the street from the depot—her firm, quick tread and free, elastic motion was so different from the slow, languid walk that they so well remembered.

Even her dress was changed. Left at liberty to exercise her own taste, and with a true woman's delight in becoming apparel, it was easy to adapt both colors and patterns to her own style of form and features. Mary only repeated what was a common saying in the village when

she asserted that her mother looked ten years younger than she did before her father left home.

"I like to look at her," replied Judith; "she is like a beautiful picture. Do n't you think so?"

"Better than that. Because the picture has no life."

"Mary, people say that you resemble her."

"Do they?" The compliment was not a new one, but Mary blushed with pleasure.

"And they do say," pursued Judith in a doleful tone, "that I take after the Bents. Think of that, after all I've done for the family! There's ingratitude for you!"

"The Bents are not bad-looking, Judy," said Mary, laughing. "There is aunt Huldah; she is a fine-looking woman."

"She has the Bent nose—a pug," said Judith, pinching her own to bring it out more prominently. "Well, every one can not be beautiful, but every one can be useful. I do n't mind so much about the beauty; it is the Bent littleness that tries me. No need of a microscope to bring it out. It shows as *little* as it possibly can without. O, dear! I never see a Bent without thinking 'are not two sparrows sold for one farthing?' To think of human beings who might be sold for less at a great bargain!"

"Why, Judith, how you do run on! About our own kindred, too. There is not a more respectable family in town than the Bent family. You know it. You have forgotten uncle George, the minister."

"No, I have not. Did n't I hear him preach last Summer? It was a comfort to know that by the *foolishness* of preaching men will be saved. Uncle George's people have got a rare chance."

"Judith! I am afraid to hear you talk in that way."

"Are you? Well, let us go and see what mother has bought to-day; that will restore your courage."

Letters came often from the absent husband and father. Brown had been in the army two months before Asa Bent heard of his enlistment, and then the fact was not communicated to him in a letter from home. His wife wrote every week, and the letters were full of interesting matter, and often exhibited a sparkling life which strongly recalled the bright, merry girl that he had won for his wife; but no remonstrance on his part had induced her to furnish for his inspection the details of the home business and the housekeeping.

It was Tom Gray who incidentally mentioned Brown's enlistment to him, and he would not stoop to ask for other information which he was supposed to know. If he could have read some

of the letters that Gray and Tracy received he would not have been so often astonished at the warm praises of his wife which his two comrades often expressed. A real solicitude for his family filled his thoughts now.

"How will Ruthy manage without Brown? I can't counsel her, because I do not see myself what is best for her. Of course she can not go on with the shop-work. My pay won't go but a little way with the prices where they are now. I understand now why Ruthy writes so cheerfully and will not mention business. She can't bear to have me worry—she never could. What a dear, good wife she is! I wish I could see her and the children. Gray says there are very few such wives in the world. I wish I had let her have her own way more. Dear Ruthy! I do n't suppose she ever had a wrong wish in her life. And I held her in with bit and bridle like an unruly horse. I used to think that the main thing was to have my family obey me. Out here, where one gets low and homesick, and remembers all the kind looks he ever saw and all the loving words he ever heard, things look different. I would give a good deal to know that the children loved me, if I knew too that they would never mind me again as long as they lived. Should n't wonder if they minded Ruthy like a book. And she never governed them—only loved them. It is n't pleasant to own it, but between you and me, Asa Bent, it strikes me that you have been a conceited jackass."

A month went by, during which those repentant soliloquies became more and more frequent, especially after the receipt of a bright, encouraging letter from home, in which no mention was made of pecuniary difficulties or any other troubles—nothing but bright-hued pictures, spiced with little Asa's witticisms, and expressing what his heart most longed for now, sympathy with him in his enforced absence and privations, and affectionate desires for his safe return. The dear family! If he only knew that they did not suffer privations also.

One evening when he had been wearily thinking it all over and over, a letter from home was put into his hands. He read a few lines and then rubbed his eyes in astonishment. He read on, and very soon his sight was so dim with tears that he could not see the words. When at last he was able to finish it, he began at the beginning and read it all through again. Then he knelt down and prayed. Perhaps his prayer would be more properly called a thanksgiving; but there, on his knees, Asa Bent took a higher degree in manhood. Then he read the letter again.

"My own dear husband," it said, "I am now going to write to you definitely about our home affairs. I should have done so sooner, but I have been for three months trying an experiment, and I was anxious to report a success whenever I wrote of it. So long as you fancied Brown to be here, I felt quite easy, because I knew you would be; but since you knew he had left, I have been troubled because you must think that I was concealing something from you. I have never had any secrets from you before since we were married, and I hope you will forgive this one.

"Of course I could not go on with the shop-work in the old way. For a little time I felt dispirited and shrank weakly back from the responsibilities that pressed upon me. But God is good, and he has always a way for each of his children to walk in. The girls suggested that I should take up my old trade. You know that I always liked it, and it seemed to me providential that, in resuming it, I should not be obliged to compete with others in the same business. I knew, too, that I could count on the cordial support of many an old customer and friend. So we cleared out the shop, had it neatly papered and painted to make it attractive, and then I filled the old shelves with millinery goods. I borrowed the money to start with of Doctor Hills. That was unavoidable; but I could see my way clear to pay it if I had tolerable success, and it was only incurring debt for once. Now my first season has just closed, and I am ready to report. I have been able to pay the Doctor, besides meeting all our current expenses and procuring a new carpet for the parlor. The old one is on the sitting-room, where we work. I am now getting ready for the Fall season. I have a respectable stock of goods already in, and half of them are paid for. Mary and Judith both assist me. They like the work, and are as merry as a pair of bobolinks. Judith has a decided talent for trimming, and Mary makes a capital little tradeswoman. As a reward I give them the evenings for study. You have not forgotten their old passion for books. When you first left home little Asa used to trouble me by running away to the stores or to the saloons in the evenings. Lately he is contented to stay at home. You see I pretend to be a student with the little fellow, and go over all his lessons with him. Then Mr. Lacy praises him at school for his correct recitations, and that is a stimulus for him. Altogether we have been wonderfully prospered. Our experiment has succeeded, thank God.

"I feel like a new woman. The necessary efforts that I have put forth have made me

strong and self-reliant. I feel better able to meet the ills of life; more competent to control the dear children and train them in the right way.

"Last Sunday I resumed our old custom of family worship. It required more courage to do this than it did to start in the new business. But it seemed dreadful to think of bringing up the dear children without the sacred restraints of a home-altar. O, how weak I felt! How I shrank back from the cross! It was little Asa who opened the way for me. I had been telling the child how good God had been to us; what care he had taken of us; how mercifully he had preserved your life upon the battle-field. He asked in his straightforward way, 'Why do n't we thank God for it all?'

"I said that I did thank him every day.

"'But the rest of us do n't.'

"I glanced at the girls. They were listening eagerly. Mary has recently expressed a hope in Christ, and Judith is very thoughtful. We have all been greatly interested in the revival meetings held in the Methodist Church. Indeed, the whole village has been affected by them. 'Mother,' said Mary, 'we might read the Bible and you could pray.'

"Judith rose without a word and brought the three Bibles. I held mine in my hand while I was talking. I saw how God had tenderly smoothed my way for me, and I began most thankfully to walk therein.

"There is a short prayer that we repeat together at the close of our worship. It is for the dear, absent husband and father; that he may be restored to us.

"I think of nothing more of immediate interest to you. I hope I shall soon have a letter from you approving what I have done.

"Your affectionate wife, RUTHY."

The reply to this letter was, as Judith said, "characteristic in streaks," but its whole tone showed a respect for his wife that Asa Bent had never exhibited since his courting days were over.

"My Dear Wife and Children,—I was very glad to get your last letter. I have felt extremely uneasy about you ever since I heard of Brown's enlistment. It is fortunate for me that I did not hear of it sooner, for I suppose that you would not have mentioned your new plans to me till you had assured yourself of success. I do not know that I could have advised you if you had. I know nothing about millinery, and I should certainly have objected to the borrowing of money. But now that it has turned out so well I am not disposed to find fault. At least, not with you. I do blame myself a little

that in living with you eighteen years I did not find out your business talents. I can scarcely believe in them yet. So the children remember me affectionately. Since I have been separated from them and learned the true value of home-love and sympathy, I have often wished that I had indulged them more, and had consulted their inclinations sometimes before deciding what was best for them.

"I have no objection to the evening studies, if they do not interfere with other duties. You can go on with them and with the new business too till I return. When that will be, God only knows. At present there is little prospect of peace. Write every week and tell me all about your affairs.

"Your affectionate husband,

"ASA BENT."

We can not follow the Bent family through the daily routine of life's duties and cares, or share with the soldier husband and father in the fortunes of war. The weeks and months rolled on, steadily succeeding each other, till two years had slipped by. Asa Bent had been in a number of hard-fought battles, but had not been wounded. Sometimes death seemed to come very near, but the shadow did not fall on him. All this time the man's soul had been growing. He would never, under any circumstances, possess the large-heartedness or intellectual ability that his wife exhibited. And Tom Gray was never tired of repeating that fact to him; but the happy self-conceit that so often accompanies obtuseness kept him from being uncomfortably depressed in spirit. He had the good sense, which a brighter man might not have shown, to endeavor to adapt himself to the new kind of home-life awaiting him.

Every leisure moment was spent in reading. When his comrades tried to beguile the monotony of camp-life by games at cards or chess, he turned resolutely away from the temptation to idleness, at first stimulated by the manly resolve "not to be distanced by a woman," but very soon loving knowledge for its own sake.

Frequent surprises from home came to him. Ruthy, true to her promise, had no farther concealments from him. And very often the old love of dominion awoke in him, as he saw the scepter gradually but surely slipping from his grasp. He had a presentiment that this woman who understood how to manage so well would never fall back willingly into her old loyal position. He loved her the better for the thought even while it chafed him.

In one letter he read that the girls were to attend the high school during the Winter; in the next that the house had been painted, and

a bay-window made to open on the garden, which had been dedicated to green grass and flowering shrubs, since there had been no man at home to plant potatoes. Trellises for climbing roses and fragrant vines were awaiting the summer-time to don their dresses of bloom and add their graceful adornment to the house, which used to stand out so bare in the garish day. He had not been able to take in and fasten all these improvements in his mind when his breath was nearly taken away by the announcement that Judith was practicing music-lessons on a hired piano.

His wife mentioned these facts in a simple, natural manner, apparently unconscious that there was any body to consult in the matter.

What could he do? Write home and remonstrate? There was a certain tone of quiet decision in his wife's letters that made him hesitate. All the home improvements were paid for—paid by *her* exertions and skill, not his. It would be awkward indeed to dictate to a woman who had accomplished so much. His cheeks tingled when he remembered the rules that he had written and sent home to regulate her diet.

"Wonder if I was born a fool, or if I had the foolishness thrust upon me."

The two years had altered his home more than he knew. There were pictures on the walls, pretty flower-stands by the windows, fanciful brackets of shell-work, or cones supporting stuffed birds, bits of coral or china figures; nothing expensive, but each simple ornament serving in its way to refine and elevate the influences of home.

Let us linger a moment in the pleasant parlor on this fair evening in June and listen to the family conversation. Mrs. Bent looks very young to be the mother of those rosy girls, who are neither of them prettier than herself. Asa sits on the outside of the low window whittling and whistling with all his might. They have been discussing some theme of particular interest.

"I have been arguing both sides of the question in my mind," said the mother, "but I can not quite decide. Mary, what do you think? Shall we pay off the mortgage on this house or buy the piano?"

Judith turned eagerly to hear her sister's reply, at the same time running her fingers over the chords of the piano. She had been sitting on the music-stool during the conversation, "keeping guard," as she phrased it, over her beloved instrument.

"Speak, Mary, for pity's sake. How *can* you hesitate?" asked the girl impatiently.

"Mother," said Mary, "you know that I have

never spoken a word against father since you spoke to us about it. I am not going to now. But, mother dear, do n't you know that if he should be wounded or sick so as to be sent home we could never hope to buy a piano afterward? If we owned one that we had earned ourselves, he could not have the conscience to take it from us. When he hears how beautifully Judith can play, he will be proud of her, and of the instrument, too."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Bent, doubtfully.

"We can work for the mortgage after he returns, if we do not pay it before," Mary continued. "He will not object to that. Under ordinary circumstances I should go for paying it off first of all, but—"

"But *our* circumstances are extraordinary," put in Judith. "Go ahead, Mary; you have not finished your remarks."

"No," said Mary, with a bright smile on her sister, "I would not seem to dictate to you, mother; but it seems to me very poor economy to hire a piano. Think of the rent we pay! Eighty dollars a year! If we save the rent it will pay for the piano in a few years."

"Exactly." Judith leaned forward and gave her sister a hug and a kiss altogether too warm and close for comfort. "You are a lawyer, Molly, and this hug is your fee. Mamma, has she not stated the case splendidly? Now, which shall it be—the musty old deed or the darling music? 'Speak, spirit, speak. The shades of evening bind us; the new day hurrieth on; where shall its coming find us?' Mother, please decide."

"My dear, Mary is right in one thing. Your father would never consent to the purchase of a piano."

"Then, for goodness' sake, buy it at once—to-night. He may come home to-morrow. Do not risk it another day."

"Well, my dear, I must own that my own wishes agree with yours. Music has become a household necessity with us. I hope your father will feel it so if he is spared to enjoy it with us. We will have the piano and then go to work on the mortgage. We have kept the interest paid up, and that is more than your father expected when he left home."

"Hurrah, mother, you're a trump!" shouted Asa from the window. "If the war will only keep on we shall be 'some pumpkins' when father gets home."

"We shall be vulgar, low people if we talk slang," said his mother, gravely.

"I forgot, mother. I do n't mean to use such words, but you *are* such a brick for—"

"There it is again. Why, Asa!"

"O, dear! I can't remember. I will tie a string round my finger. That will 'come the goose.' You may bet your head on that."

"Tie the string around your tongue, Asa dear," said Judith, laughing as she saw that he was quite unconscious of his last offense.

"Never mind," she continued, "you keep trying and you'll be a man some day."

Just a fortnight from this pleasant June evening, Asa Bent, senior, sat down in his hut to read a letter from home. He opened his eyes wider than they were ever stretched before when he read that a piano had been bought for Judith.

"She is a fine player," wrote his wife. "It makes our evenings delightful. I hope you will soon be here to enjoy it with us. She will soon be competent to teach music, and then her independence of hard drudgery will be secured. Mary is now qualified to teach in the high-school. Our minister says there is no doubt that she can have the situation if she applies for it. I am sure that there is no doubt of his son Fred's attachment to her. He was here nearly every day during his last vacation. He will graduate next month. I do not wonder at his attachment, for, setting aside a mother's partiality, it is certain that Mary grows more lovely and refined every day."

Asa Bent laid down the letter with a groan. "Heavens and earth!" This was his nearest approach to profanity. "Is my wife crazy? Who ever heard of such proceedings? Two years ago Ruthy was stitching away in the shop, as meek as Moses. She never thought of doing any thing else as long as she lived. The girls were ambitious enough; but I was going to tame them. Well, now it is high-schools, and pianos, and genteel beaux for the girls, and nobody knows what for herself. I have no doubt she would marry a Congressman, or a governor, or some foreign prince, if a stray cannon-ball should take me out of the way. If anybody had told me that she had such a faculty to manage I should have thought him an idiot. I shall feel strange enough among them if I ever go home. But somehow I can not help respecting my wife. I shall never try to domineer over her again. I suppose that I could n't do it if I tried. I should like to hear Judith play. She is a genius if she is a Bent. And Mary always had those soft lady-ways. Well, I can do nothing but submit. Ruthy never asks my advice now. Expect she will take me in hand and try to make something of me next."

And the man laughed, even while feeling bitterly the false position in which his own course of conduct had placed him.

It was a sweet, golden day in early October when he came back, after so long an absence, to his native village. His left arm had been broken by a splinter of a shell that had exploded near him, and it had stiffened in healing so as to render him useless on the battle-field. It is strange to see how sickness and suffering often refine and ennoble our poor human nature. The long, weary weeks in the hospital-tents at Hampton Roads had been a good school for him—a kind of theological institution. There he acquired a happier faith in God, a more loving trust in his fellow-man, and, better yet, a knowledge of his own heart, which forever took away the spirit of the Pharisee and put into his mouth the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

A thousand different emotions seemed to be contending in his heart as he turned down the familiar street toward home. He had purposely kept the time of his return a secret. There is very little change in those quiet, rural places, and every thing appeared just as he left it till his own house came into view. That, with its new paint and deep windows, with the gilt sign-board over the shop door, the gay artificial flowers in the shop window, and the real flowers in the parlor, looked to him very much like an enchanted house fresh from a fairy tale.

His wife sat by the window, shaping some lace and flowers into a tasteful coiffure. She saw him and sprang forward to meet him with a joyful cry. Could it be possible that this elegant, even young-looking, and truly intelligent woman was the broken-spirited, patient wife he had left?

Mary and Judith came running in from the shop to welcome him. They had read the letters that he had written on his sick-bed, and they no longer dreaded his return. Such beautiful girls! Mary, a winsome fairy, such as her mother had been, and Judith, with a stately dignity befitting a queen, softened by the merriest laugh and sweetest voice in the world. Asa, the boy who had so unwillingly been left to the training of a woman, came in from the morning school before the greetings were over. The improvement in him was less noticeable. He was a bright, active little fellow yet, full of fun and of affection, too, always sinning and always repenting. Gazing round upon them all, and upon the home made so sweet and attractive by womanly effort and ability, he made the wisest and most manly resolution of his life—never again to depreciate, even in thought, the power and true position of woman.

And so it came to pass that Asa Bent with his whole family were led "Out of Bondage."

TRUE BEAUTY.

EVERY body wanted to see the baby, the little wee blossom which had so recently opened her eyes to earth, to make at least one home brighter and happier by its coming. By every body I mean all of its mamma's relatives. So on a warm Spring morning grandpa, grandma, and aunt Susie left the old homestead up among the mountains, and in their comfortable carriage drove to the city to see the new baby. Mrs. Dent sat in the pleasant room, which henceforth was to be called the nursery, and watched with proud, loving eyes the little form sleeping in the crib beside her. Her solitude was broken by the above-named arrival, and she was clasped in her parents' arms. The impulsive seventeen-year-old sister Susie cried impatiently,

"There, you have kissed Laura quite enough, I want to see my niece. Come, Laura, show us baby."

"I am afraid you will be disappointed in her," said Mrs. Dent, as she threw the coverlet from the crib, where her first-born lay sleeping. It was a very small babe, with a very sallow complexion, and its tiny round head was thickly covered with very red hair.

"It is a very small child," said grandma gently.

But the young aunt exclaimed, "Mercy, Laura, she has a red head. Why, she must be a perfect fright!"

"She is not very pretty, but she is a good baby." The young mother's lips quivered as she bent over the crib to raise the babe, whom the noise had awakened. It opened a pair of large, dark eyes, which seemed entirely out of place on that little pinched face, and certainly they did not tend to enhance its beauty.

Grandpa requested to have it laid on his knee, and after looking at it a moment he said, "Laura, my child, your little girl is not handsome, but you say she is good. That to me speaks all. You mean that she is quiet, and has as yet given you but little trouble. May it ever be thus; may she grow in grace in preference to beauty; and may her mind and soul be a shining light to radiate a plain countenance! This, baby, is grandpa's blessing."

"Thank you, dear father, thank you," said Mrs. Dent, as with tearful eyes she received back her baby from her father's arms.

"Have you seen Kate's baby yet, Laura?" asked Susie, turning from the toilet glass where she had been enhancing her own fresh beauty.

"I have not, but she is to bring it here to-day. I thought as you would all be here it would be pleasant to have a christening,

and Kate agreed readily. Her little Edith is three months old, and my baby is seven weeks."

"Of course you have decided on a name, but you do not mention it in your letter," said grandma.

"Mr. Dent wishes her called Ruth, after the only sister he ever had, who died when only sixteen."

"O, the horrid man!" cried Susie. "I would not give her such an old-fashioned name."

Just at this moment Mrs. Fielding, another married daughter, arrived with her baby girl to be seen for the first time. The little Edith was disencumbered of her wrappings and given to grandma. She was a child large of her age, a fair rosy complexion, dimpled chin, bright blue eyes, and little rings of light brown hair over its head. There certainly was a great contrast between the two infants, and Mrs. Dent could not help feeling it as she watched Susie playing with the bright rosy Edith, while her own poor little Ruth lay unnoticed in her crib.

The minister came, as it had previously been arranged, and the two infants received their names, and under the rite of holy baptism were consecrated to Him who says, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Little Miss Edith Fielding did not like the proceedings, and evinced her displeasure in loud, angry screams, much to the annoyance of the company. But the little Ruth smiled up in the minister's face, and then lay upon her mother's lap contentedly sucking her tiny little thumbs. Thus was the difference in their dispositions early evinced.

Time passed, and the two babies grew rapidly out of babyhood. Edith Fielding was as beautiful a child as one could wish to see. The rich peach bloom complexion was unrivaled, and the massive ringlets of her golden brown hair were the admiration of every one. Her eyes were as blue and clear as the Summer sky, and her long curling lashes gave them a particularly pretty expression. She was a sprightly, intelligent girl, a household idol; for although other little ones had taken her place in the nursery she was the only daughter.

Very slight had been the improvement made in Ruth Dent by the passing year. Her complexion, sallow when an infant, was now covered with large, black freckles, and her bright-red hair was without a wave or ripple. It lay straight and stiff about her low, broad forehead, while her nose was a decided pug. Her eyes were unquestionably fine, even now rather large for the small pinched face, but one could never weary gazing into their rich brown depths, where centered such a world of thought and

feeling. Ruth was her mother's all, the undisputed sovereign of the home hearts, their only child. Aunt Susie said it was a pity little Ruth was so "bitterly ugly," as she was all Laura had, and it must be a great cross to her.

Ruth was eight years old before her mother sent her to school. Knowing her child's sensitive nature, Mrs. Dent had tried to shield her as long as she could from contact with the rude, rough world beyond her home, and in so doing she had committed a great error. It would have been far better for her to have grown up from infancy in company with others as Edith Fielding had. Now the tender home-plant was all unprepared for the rude shocks it was destined continually to receive.

"Mamma, is it wrong to wish to be beautiful like cousin Edith?" asked Ruth one evening, as she was sitting in the parlor with her parents.

"Yes, and no, will both answer your question, darling," said her mother. "It is not wrong to feel that you would rather be beautiful, for human nature naturally loves the beautiful in all things; but we should not covet that beauty to a degree that makes us unhappy, and which is sinful in the eyes of Him who made all things good, and for a wise purpose."

"I do not think I do that, but I can not help wishing I was like Edith when persons admire her, and then I hear them call me 'sorrel top,' and a little 'monkey, all eyes and freckles.'"

Hard indeed it was, for a tender-hearted child to listen to such things, and it took a large amount of grace to enable little Ruth to keep down very ugly feelings.

Edith and Ruth were coming from school on a Winter afternoon, when a poor woman, holding by the hand a beautiful child apparently almost frozen, stopped them, and begged for a crust if there was one remaining in their lunch baskets. A few crusts Ruth had. These she gave, saying, "I wish I had more. If you will come home with me I can get you some, and a pair of shoes for your little girl."

"Mercy, Ruth, you would not take these creatures home with you, surely!" cried Edith. "Go away, woman, and let us alone."

The woman looked at her, and said with a sigh, "Ah, miss, you are too pretty to have so bad a heart. This other little lady has the right kind of beauty. I will go with you, pretty one, and your charity will not be misplaced."

Edith would not walk with Ruth followed by the beggars, but turned another way. This little incident was the beginning of a new era in the life of Ruth. She now had an example of what her mother had so often talked about. She learned to think less and less about her

homely face, and ceased altogether to wish to be beautiful. She met the coarse jests and ill-natured remarks of her school-mates with a sweet, patient meekness, that was remarkable. She was ever ready to assist any one of them, friend or foe, and the dull and careless alike know where to go for help. The needy ever found her with open hand, and the timid sought shelter at her side. Her life seemed changed entirely. As she was the sunbeam of home, the angel at the family hearth-stone, even so was she a bright star without. Those who clustered so lovingly around her saw nothing homely in her dear face. The beauty of the soul, mirrored in those dark eyes, radiated her whole countenance. In school she was first and best. The girls soon tired of Edith's caprices and domineering airs. Her beautiful face could not make up for all her other deficiencies, and, instead of reigning queen, she had the mortification of seeing her homely cousin preferred before her. She once remarked to her mother that she liked to be intimate with her cousin Ruth, for her extreme homeliness served to set off her beauty to greater advantage. But as they grew to womanhood together Edith found out her mistake, as did all the members of the family, who had been so disgusted with Laura's homely child.

Ruth Dent's beauty was that true beauty which passeth not away. It was born of the Spirit, engraven upon the soul, which liveth forever. The young mother who shed tears over the infant whom her sister ridiculed, learned to see an angel light overshadow that dear face, and every hour in the day might she have thanked God for giving her such a treasure.

Mrs. Fielding knew naught of such pleasure with her daughter. Proud, domineering, ill-tempered, self-willed, it was naught but contention where she was. Even her brothers said they wished cousin Ruth was their sister, Edith was so hateful. Every-where her mother heard the same thing. "How faultlessly beautiful Miss Fielding is, but how very proud and disagreeable! her plain, unpretending little cousin, Miss Dent, is far more beautiful to me, for she is so good and lovable."

Never turn away from a plain face, and calling it ugly, or laughing at its defects, seek for a beauty to praise and pet. Seek for that true beauty which lies deeper than the surface, that soul of loveliness which can throw a charm over the most homely countenance. Little girls with fair skin and sunny hair, do not make too much of your beauty, it is but the charm of a moment, a vanity that passeth away; very pleasant it is when properly used; but a great curse when it

leads away from the good and holy. And you who, like Ruth Dent, have more than an ordinary share of ill looks, rise above them as she did, and show to the world around you what true beauty really is.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS.

BEFORE me I place my Herbarium, and as I turn its pages one by one my eye rests on a sprig of locust and evergreen, and a leaf of ivy. Beneath them is written, "From the ruins of the Palais des Thermes, Paris;" and although the locust and cedar were long since separated from the parent stem, and the ivy vine rudely torn from its embrace of the crumbling wall, yet they awaken in my memory vivid recollections of that foreign land. Looking upon them my mind revivifies the scenes of the old Latin Quarter.

Passing through the center of that once unattractive part of the city is the wide, new Boulevard St. Michel with its smooth roadway, and the long row of six-story stone-front houses on either side richly wrought with ornamental tracery. Along the lower stories are the cafes flashing with gilding and mirrors, and frequented by students and their loves. The omnibuses and coupés roll swiftly along, and the people in throngs promenade the densely shaded pavements, and flit in and out of the gay shops. And all this life and activity seems treading on the confines of the long-forgotten past, for on looking toward the intersection of the Boulevard St. Germain, we see the gray old walls of the ruins of the Palais des Thermes rising up from amid the green foliage near the center of the Jardin de Clung.

As you pass along the side-walk by the high iron railing that incloses the garden, you see amid the shrubbery strange and singularly sculptured figures; and one near the railing, having a lion's body, with an eagle's head and beak, and wide-extended wings, attracts your attention. Some of these figures are fragments from pediments and porticos of ancient churches and temples, and others were deities of the Romans for long before the French language existed, or destiny had commenced to fashion the French nation—a Roman emperor erected here an imperial palace.

On entering the garden we find the only remains of the ruins to be the bare walls of the chamber for cold baths. But these old walls draped with ivy, so thick, so solid, built to defy the storms of centuries, are monuments in themselves. The portal arches high overhead,

and still far above that is the solid arched roof. In different places on the floor are fragments of tessellated stone pavement, and on one side is a square, shallow-depressed portion about three feet deep, twenty feet wide, and forty feet long. This was the bath. Around the walls are placed several dingy stone tablets, bearing Latin inscriptions, that were unearthed from the ruins. Beneath the pavement we are told there are remains of a Roman aqueduct that brought water over plain and hill, a distance of eight miles, to supply the baths and palace.

In one corner of the chamber, on a new pedestal, is an ancient marble bust. It was found amid the debris of the palace, and is stained from age and exposure. The features are not striking, and the countenance does not indicate superior intelligence. For a long time it was unknown whom the bust commemorated; but comparison with those in the hall of the emperors at Rome has revealed to us that it is that of the Emperor Julian. In this what a commentary on the evanescence of earthly glory! Here was his bust unrecognized on the site of his own palace. Here were wide courts, where fountains sparkled in the sunlight. From the court grand stone stairways and spacious vestibules, embellished with statuary, led to royal reception and banqueting halls decorated with fresco painting. Brave warriors and fair ladies trod those halls, and looked down from the high-arched windows on smooth lawns diversified with shrubbery and statuary, and extending far-off till they touched the brink of the River Seine. But now, over all those wide-extended grounds, a noisy city has grown, and naught is left beside the few acres of garden immediately surrounding the ruins. The cherry-faced nurse that promenades the paths of the garden with an infant in her arms, and children clinging to her dress, can tell nothing of the curious images she passes in her walk. The workman in the blue blouse that goes by on the side-walk is heedless of the ruins, and the gay student, that laughingly passes with his sweetheart on his arm, can only respond to inquiries by saying, "The Romans once were here."

Turning another page in my Herbarium, a leaf of *arbor vitæ* is disclosed with the note beneath, "From the Tomb of Lafayette." Let me recall the visit to that shrine.

On a beautiful clear day in October, in company with several friends, I ascended to the *imperiale* of an omnibus at the Place du Chatelet, near the center of the city. A long ride eastward along the magnificent Rue de Rivoli, past the lofty bronze column of July, and through

the "rue" of the turbulent Faubourg St. Antoine, brought us to the extremity of the almost unknown Rue de Picpus, where we descended. Passing down the street, looking from side to side, we searched for No. 35. The street being numbered irregularly, it was with great difficulty we at last found the number over the entrance-gate of an old time-worn Augustine convent, now occupied by the "Dames du Sacre Coeur." An aged gate-keeper guarded the gate, and we inquired of him whether the grave of Lafayette was there. He replied in the affirmative, and with halting step conducted us through narrow courts, between high and somber walls, to a small gate that opened into an inclosure, within which we saw a number of sad-colored tombstones.

No cheerful grass-plats or springing flowers enlivened the desolate place. Entering we continued our steps along a gravel walk between dark stone monuments, bearing names of the noble families of de Noailles, de Grammont, and de Montaigne, till at the extremity of the path our conductor paused before two graves inclosed by a black iron railing. The graves are marked by plain stone slabs resting horizontally over them, even with the surrounding earth. On one of them we read the name of Lafayette, and the date of his birth and death. On the other, with equal simplicity, the name, birth, and death of his wife are recorded. A few dried memento wreaths were on the grave of Lafayette, and beside it there rested a fresh bouquet, with card attached, bearing the name of an American lady.

Thus repose the remains of the cherished companion of Washington—a companion of the father of a republic during life; equally a companion in the republican simplicity of his last resting-place. The old gate-keeper told us that formerly many of our countrymen visited the spot, but now few turn from the gay scenes of the capital to give a thought to the generous Frenchman, and we seem to have forgotten our early benefactors, as well as the principles of virtue and justice for which they fought.

Next I have wild flowers from the banks of the lake and violets from the depths of the wood.

On a sunny afternoon in September, tired of the sights of the city, I betook myself to the cool and shady groves of that favorite resort of Parisians, the Bois de Boulogne. Just within the gate of the main entrance, under the shade of the trees that border the walk, I seated myself on a chair amid the long row of curiosity-loving people, who there rest themselves and gaze on the myriads of persons who throng the walks or roll by in carriages and disappear in a

turn in the dense woods beyond. Counts and countesses, dukes and duchesses moved swiftly by in large, open carriages drawn by dashing horses. Then an adherent of the "ancient regime," surrounded by all the pomp characteristic of the "vieille noblesse," could be seen coming in the distance. The postillions in jockey caps, green jackets, glittering with gilt and yellow pants, rose and fell with the motion of the horses on which they sat, and as they came nearer the white horses, caparisoned in glittering trappings, brought rapidly into view the gorgeous carriage, bordered round with bands of gold, and ornamented with rich carvings. On a platform attached to the back of the coach, even with the wheels, stood the two footmen, whose glowing countenances and rotund form peered over the top. Their apparel alone was a study for a citizen of a republic. Three-cornered hats, decorated with a golden sun, protected their powdered wigs, which gave an appearance of age that contrasted singularly with their fresh, ruddy cheeks. They wore close-fitting green dress-coats, edged all around with wide gold lace and glistening with golden buttons. Their vests were of the same color, also bordered with gold and rendered conspicuous by pockets with wide flaps. Purple knee breeches were secured at the knee by golden buckles, whence black silk stockings continued the apparel to the neatly buckled gaiters at the feet. Thus ostentatiously displaying his wealth by his rich equipage and the gorgeous attire of his servants, the old aristocrat disdainfully looked from the windows as he passed and rapidly vanished out of sight.

All at once, while looking down the line of approaching carriages, we noticed an agitation at the lower end of the row of people seated along the walk. They arose one after the other and thronged to the edge of the roadway, and presently the words passed from mouth to mouth, "The Emperor, the Emperor." We immediately stood amid the throng, stretching our necks and vainly straining our eyes to discover in the distance a carriage grand and magnificent enough to bear an emperor. Nothing of the kind was to be seen. However, we presently observed the gentlemen along the line lifting their hats and bowing; and looking intently into the throng of carriages we saw seated in a plain, open carriage a plainly dressed man, who now and then lifted his hat, as it were, mechanically in return, and continued to gaze straight forward. His complexion is plain and ashy. His features are strongly marked, and a determined expression overspreads his countenance. But there is no sunlight in that face; no

trace of happiness nor visible evidence of the workings of that ever-active brain. It is a face cut in marble. Under those heavy brows an eye that never blanches gazes undismayed on destiny, though the combined powers of surrounding kingdoms, and the disaffected of his own people, hurl destruction and death about his head or undermine the power that supports his footsteps. Shrouded in a mantle of mystery this sphinx-like enigma moved by, but beside him, more beautiful by contrast, was a beautiful and joyous child-face, wreathed with winning smiles. It was the Prince Imperial. With exceeding grace he lifted his hat and bowed to the people as he passed.

Leaving these scenes I entered a side path overshadowed by the far-reaching branches of the trees. As I neared the end of this vista flashes of sunlight from a sheet of water in the distance glanced through the foliage, and when I emerged a little lake set with fairy islands was before me. Along the banks were flower plats brilliant with bright-colored flowers, and enticing walks led down by the water's edge, where sedge grew far out from the margin, and water-lilies spread their broad, green leaves, and opened their snowy blossoms upon the surface. Swans rocked by the waves listlessly floated along, and around a point of the island a little boat, bearing a pleasure party, turned its bow, and, as the boatmen dipped their oars, shot with arrow-like swiftness into a cove in the island. They landed at a rustic platform, and separated by various paths to ramble amid the flowers, and enjoy the shade of the exotic evergreens that are nurtured there. While looking upon this scene I felt that ecstasy that sometimes pervades the soul. Here, for a moment, seemed supreme delight. Forgetful of all life that was past, and all that was to come, I enjoyed the present. The calm sunshine penetrated each fiber of my frame, the balmy air floated around me, and as I breathed the fragrant perfume with which it was laden, each sense seemed thrilled by the touch of rapture.

Taking one of the paths beside the lake, I strolled along its border for a half mile or more, gathering flowers here and there as mementos. At the farther end of the lake I found a rustic bridge spanning a stream that comes tumbling down a ravine into the lake. I crossed and took a path that led to the cataract, about a mile and a half distant. Loitering amid those groves is so refreshing that miles are walked unconsciously, and soon I found myself in view of the fall. From the summit of a broad ledge of rocks forty feet high a stream of water descended, smooth and transparent, like a

curtain of glass being folded in the depths of the clear pool before me.

Numerous groups were gathered at different points admiring this artistic adaptation of the resources of nature. To the left of the falls I noticed a hollow in the rocks into which many ladies and gentlemen were entering. Following them I found a cavern through which a path led up steep ascents and down slippery defiles till we emerged in a grotto, where a narrow ledge alone separated us from the pool. Damp and mist pervaded the cavern, and one side was closed in by a concave veil of water that fell almost at our feet. We were behind the fall. Continuing our course we found an opening on the opposite side of the grotto, and commenced an ascent through narrow and low passages, sometimes bending ourselves till we were almost double, then pushing each other up over almost perpendicular fragments of fallen rock. Finally we found the path wider and easier of ascent, and soon stepped out on an elevated plateau. Here we had an unlimited view of the thousands of acres of park, the winding roadways, murmuring brooks, and plashing waterfalls. Far to the left, within the park, we saw the race-course of Longchamps, and from the pavilion floated bright-colored flags and streamers in token of the presence of the Emperor and Empress. They occupied central seats, and were surrounded by the gay retinue of the court. Each eye followed closely the fast-flying steeds that were circling the course, and now and then an excited group threw their hats high in the air, and cheered loudly as their favorite horse gained on the leader, or dashed ahead in the race.

While viewing these scenes I thought of the inmates of the close tenant-houses in our crowded cities, and the slight provision we have made for their enjoyment. There they linger in the dark alley-ways and close rooms through all the hours of leisure. Let us remember that it is the hard labor of the toiling millions that enriches a city, and that in return public resorts should be open to them, where they may have all the outdoor pleasure with which the wealthy surround themselves. Large parks should decorate our cities, where overworked mechanics, overwrought clerks, and weary artisans may repair with their wives and children, and for a few hours each day breathe God's pure oxygen, saunter in the clear sunlight, and rest their wearied eyes on the green lawns and luxuriant foliage.

HUMANITY is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving another.

WHY YOUNG MEN SHOULD MARRY.

EVERY man, with a reasonable amount of intellect, and with a sufficiently strong body to labor for the support of a woman, should marry. He has no right to remain single. He can find some one who is congenial—he should do so. And why?

As no man can be fully developed in manhood till he becomes a husband and father, so no woman can be fully developed in womanhood till she is a wife and mother, and as she does not seek a husband, but is sought, the duty devolves upon him to give her the opportunity of changing her state. Women must in a measure be cared for and supported. They are not fitted to enter the whirl of trade as men; therefore, instead of being left to support themselves, they should be put in homes, and then should give willing hands toward helping themselves. Children must be born and reared, and each man and woman has his and her part in carrying out God's plan. Men and women can do more for society by united effort than by living alone. What influence, as a general rule, has an old bachelor or an old maid, compared with a married man or woman? People look upon them as mistakes—excrescences, which deform rather than give beauty to the structure.

Married people make homes where the young love to congregate; make homes that give beauty to the city; make homes that give dignity to the age and to the race. They help each other to stand higher in position than they could stand alone. A man has something for which to labor every day. A frugal wife, with her love and aid, helps to save money; encourages with her smile and her words; and together they have an ambition that must bring success. They save time, by this union, for intellectual improvement. They are so much to each other, that going in society is a duty rather than a pleasure, while the home evenings are blessed for reading and improving conversation. No wear and tear of excitement and vague longing, but rest, and satisfaction, and peace. No useless expense, but care lest too much be spent that might be saved for future necessities.

A man needs companionship, so he smokes or drinks, perhaps, or joins a club, or worse; but where does he get it, as he may with one whose constant aim is to make home beautiful to him, to make herself attractive to him, who loves to listen to his plans, who plans with and for him, to whom he can confide his most secret thoughts, who does her utmost to have the world admire and please him? He needs encouragement. Where does he get it, as from her, who,

unable to battle herself, urges him forward with all the inspiration of the fife and the drum; with the constant assurance that victory is his, and the answering belief that he is the best, and bravest, and noblest soldier in the whole world?

He needs moral support; a hand to stay him from temptation. What better than a woman's prayers, and tears, and pleadings? He needs strength. How better gain it than from constant care for and protection of his wife and children? He needs tenderness with his strength. How obtain it so well as in his sorrow for the little evils and troubles of his children, or the perplexities of his wife? How make his heart large enough to sympathize with the world, and thus be the highest type of man, except by the daily doings for and interest in and heart-beatings for those he loves? No man can hold little children upon his knees, or feel their chubby hands in his hair, or their little heads upon his breast, without growing more gentle. Most of all he needs love. No man who has not had a wife to watch for his coming, to get little comforts for him when he is tired, to praise him, bless him, and forget all else for him and in him, to arm him with her loving eyes, and words, and the music of her voice, the touch of her hand, and the eloquence of her purity, to care constantly lest some word may wound him, or some little act that love might perform be overlooked; who has not had the rich, boundless, measureless sea of affection flow over and about him till he seemed lost to the world, knows what a blessed thing life might be to him.

The defects of a woman's character can be remedied by him, as his can by her. Let him ascertain first if she fully loves him, for a man is a fool who weds a woman believing to make her love him after they are married. If she really love him she can dress ever so plainly, do all the housework demanded, be the mother of his children, and find happiness in it all. The more she can sacrifice for him the more she feels she can show her love. If she is not well, make her so. See that she loosens her dresses; have her walk with you every day—the memory of those walks will be delightful in years after. Be careful that her food is wholesome, and taken at proper times, and you will be surprised to see how Nature recovers in a few months what she struggled for years to keep from losing. Be a *father* to her while you are a husband, and your growth in manly feeling will repay you for your care.

If a young man would be respected, would be a true man in character, would be prosperous, would be what his ambition craves, would have all the happiness that the world gives, and that

his God intended him to have, let him marry. Otherwise he fails of his mission. He is to a married man like the bare walls of a noble church, compared to those walls clasped and kissed by a wealth of tinted ivy-leaves in Autumn; like the frame of a beautiful house, compared with it when trees are grown about it, and fountains are playing and children are dancing upon the lawn, watched by a young mother through curtained windows; like a huge, senseless ship, waiting on the dock to be launched, to a grand thing of life upon the waters, riding master of the waves! God has his plan for man as well as woman. They live rightly who conform their plans to his.

TUCK-OO-WA-TER-OO.

"Man, while he loves, is never quite depraved."

HON. G. LAMB.

IN the year 1864 I was on duty as a military clerk in the head-quarters of General Robert B. Mitchell, commandant of an Indian district, comprising the Territories of Nebraska and Dakota. Within the confines of this command dwell several fierce and large tribes of Indians, who, when not engaged in hostilities with the whites, make war upon one another. These tribes are the several bands of Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes, who roam over the vast plains extending from Fort Kearney to the Rocky Mountains westward, and from the Yellowstone River on the north, to the Arkansas on the south. East of these tribes, and bordering on the Missouri River, dwell the Pawnees, Omahas, Puncas, and Otoes, who, from time immemorial, have entertained a deadly feud with the first-named nations. This hatred has been constantly fanned and maintained at a white heat by continual forays, depredations, and murders, in the accomplishment of which many adventures have occurred, displaying a hardihood, constancy, and skill, worthy of a better cause and a more enlightened race.

Our office was, at the time specified, in Omaha, a young and thriving city, the capital of the Territory of Nebraska, now the initial point of the great Pacific Railroad. Omaha is much frequented by the Pawnees and Omahas, who resort thither for the purpose of bartering their furs and trinkets for the goods of the white man, and to beg, a practice to which all Indians are as much addicted as the Neapolitan lazaroni.

It was owing to the latter propensity that I was indebted, one fine December morning, to a visit from Doctor Jim, a Pawnee, and his squaw. Notwithstanding the cold, keen air, neither had

on other clothing than an old buffalo robe which scarcely protected them from the wind, and as a consequence their appeal for old clothes was irresistible. I likewise sent them to the mess-house, where the cook gave them a breakfast fully up to their capacity, which is almost infinite in that direction. I supposed this would terminate my acquaintance with the Doctor and his dusky spouse; but no sooner had they finished their meal than they returned, and seating themselves at the stove, made themselves as comfortable as if they had been domiciled in their own wigwam.

Not being thronged with business I turned my chair and entered into conversation with the Indian, who spoke our language brokenly, yet intelligibly. I soon found that I was conversing with no ordinary savage, for the Doctor proved to be the brother of the Big Medicine, or High Priest of the Pawnees, a member of the most aristocratic totem, and a warrior of no little note in his tribe. During the forenoon I elicited from him, among others, the following incident of his savage but eventful life:

His squaw belonged to the Omaha tribe, with which nation the Pawnees are connected by ties of the closest intimacy. Their reservations, or territories, almost join, and they invariably hunt in company. These hunts, which are annual, take place in Autumn, and are the great epochs of Indian life. At such times the villages are deserted by all, save the old and infirm, and the nations migrate, so to speak, *en masse* to their hunting-grounds, which lie on the Republican and Arkansas Rivers.

At the time when the narrative commences the hunt was over; the two tribes had reached the Pawnee village on the Loup Fork of Platte River; had held their great, joint, hunting feast and dance, and the Omahas had taken up their line of march for their homes. It was late in the Fall. The shallow streams which irrigate those regions were incrusting with ice; the cottonwoods which stoop over their turbid channels were leafless, and the north-west wind of Winter sighed drearily through their branches, prognostic of increasing cold. The long swells of prairie were covered with dead, brown grass, which rattled dry and crispy under the returning feet of the Omahas. Yet the tribe was in high spirits. Their hunt had been successful. Their ponies were laden down with the delicious flesh of the buffalo, which enabled them to look forward without apprehension to the coming Winter. The journey was performed by easy marches, for their village was close at hand, and the dread of hostile foe in such close proximity to their homes never entered their imag-

inations; consequently the march was boisterously musical.

But they were doomed to be cruelly disappointed. On the second night of their journey, while encamped on the Elkhorn, a large tributary of Platte River, they were surprised by a war party of Sioux, who, before the Omahas could rally, killed and scalped a couple of warriors, and captured several squaws, among whom was the very squaw before me, who, at that time, was affianced to Doctor Jim, or, as he was known in his tribe, Tuck-oo-wa-ter-oo.

This disaster fell upon the Omahas like a thunder-clap. Word was quickly dispatched to the Pawnee village, and a party of warriors, under the leadership of Big Buffalo, the great war chief of the tribe, among whom was our Doctor, started at once in pursuit of the Sioux.

The trail of the foe was struck at the Old California Crossing of Platte River, upward of a hundred miles above Fort Kearney. The Sioux were directing their course for the Republican, and Big Buffalo, with wary eyes, followed rapidly on in their footsteps.

The country they were now traversing is desolate in the extreme. Nothing but vast, level stretches of weary sand met the gaze, or brown hills of the same construction, furrowed and plowed by the winds. Nakedness and barrenness reign supreme. No horse-flesh, save the hardy Indian pony, can endure the toil of travel in these wastes, or subsist upon the scanty vegetation occasionally found in the ravines.

Two days of such riding brought the patient Pawnees in the vicinity of the enemy. It was determined to attack at once. The charge was completely successful. The surprised Sioux fled, leaving some scalps with the victorious Pawnees, who, with the rescued squaws, turned their faces homeward. In the *melée* the pony of Doctor Jim had received an arrow. The wound, at first thought to be trifling, proved indeed serious. To add to his distress the Sioux, recovered from their fright, were following in rapid pursuit, and in overwhelming force. The weather, too, became terribly cold. Death stared the youthful pair in the face when Big Buffalo informed them that, in order to save any, it was necessary for those well mounted to push forward with all possible speed.

The spot where the lovers were abandoned was on the banks of the Republican River, which was frozen from shore to shore. They were afoot, their pony having entirely succumbed, and they were painfully conscious of the near approach of their foes. They ran along the banks of the river with the hope of finding a hiding-place. Fortunately they observed a

hole in the ice close to the shore from which the waters had receded. They sprang into it, and by good luck found space sufficient under the thick ice to enable them to advance some distance from the opening. In these regions the water of the streams is always turbid, owing to the prevalent quicksands. The ice, therefore, was far from being transparent, and this fact saved the two poor savages. The Sioux, suspecting them to be hidden in some one of the gullies opening on the river, trod over them repeatedly, but finally abandoned the search, and the two lovers emerged from their icy prison, after being confined there two days and one night. During this time they had subsisted entirely upon the rawhide quiver of the Doctor's, an article which no warrior relinquishes excepting with life.

Their journey to the Pawnee village was toilsome beyond comparison. When accomplished they were so emaciated with hunger, cold, and fatigue, as to be scarcely recognizable by the tribe, who welcomed them as risen from the dead. The grateful squaw rewarded her lover by the immediate bestowal of her hand; the tribe, by a name commemorative of his endurance and constancy.

I could scarcely credit the exhibition of love which this narrative indicates, in two such squalid objects as sat before me. Their buffalo robes were filthy beyond conception, while their coarse and unkempt hair, depending in tangled masses over their shoulders, gave them an aspect which indicated little of the tender passion. But the very recital proved its existence, and it was with feelings far more respectful than I commonly extended toward the race, that I opened the office door and told the swarthy pair that it was time for them to depart.

OLD LORA'S STORY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER III.

NOW listen well, Josepha, to what I have to relate. The Summer went by. Two years had passed since Franz's enlistment, and six months since Andrew left us, when, one day, the messenger brought us a letter. I was too much frightened, as I held it in my hands, to look at the address, for I knew it was from Franz. Here it is, and I will read it to you.

The old woman, with trembling hands, drew the letter from her pocket. The paper was worn and yellow, the ink faded, and, here and there, the words blotted and illegible.

"My tears have fallen upon it and blotted it,"

she said, "but it matters not, I know it by heart." Endeavoring in vain to conquer her feelings, she made several fruitless efforts to read. "Ah," she sighed, "what is the heart but a weak, froward thing? It was the Lord's will, and the Lord's will is a good will. I have wrestled in prayer and prevailed, but this blind heart would know better than its God, and not be still and wait for strength from above!"

At last, controlling her emotion, she read:

"Dearest Lora, my Heart's Best Treasure,— When you have finished this letter you will not be grieved or angry that I dare once more, and only once, address you by the dear, fond names of old. In this strange land, during all these months of exile, my heart has been with you, and the only joy now left me in this false world is Andrew's assurance that you are still true to me. This thought shall cheer my heart in that sad hour when I relinquish you and my young life forever.

"I have three times written to my father, but he is angry with me, and will not answer. Too late have I learned to obey the command, 'Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee, and thy days may be long upon the earth.' Neglect of this precept was the cause of my first misfortune; the second came from my heedlessness of this: 'Commit thy ways unto the Lord and hope in him, and he shall direct thy paths.'

"Sometimes I think they should not have been so hard with me, for I was the child of rich people, and knew nothing of the drudgery of the camp. Twice the captain had me most unmercifully beaten because my uniform was not properly cleaned. The soldiers did not like me because I was melancholy and would not mingle with them; and when the captain sentenced me to run the gauntlet four times, they beat me with their stirrup leathers as if I were no man, but a senseless hound. And when they branded me in the back, because I would not whimper, but set my teeth together, the captain became very angry and said, 'Do not take the fellow to the hospital, but place him with those two other rascals up for punishment on the watch for six hours. Put him upon the fortifications so that he may be warm enough. He must be cold, the hound, because his teeth chattered.'

"There we stood the whole day in the burning sun, and I thought that every moment would be my last. I was fast losing my reason from the heat and excessive pain, and my arm trembled so that I could scarce hold my saber.

"The Rhine flowed just below the ramparts, and beyond lay the beautiful German land, and the peasants were in the meadows, raking and

loading the new-mown hay. How all reminded me of home! Upon the hill-sides the cattle grazed, and I heard the cow-bells ring. Up here upon the fortifications they beat the drums and dismissed the guard, but we three must remain for punishment. Ah, how the words of the prodigal son came to my mind, 'How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!'

"There, over the Rhine, it was a festal evening, as often in our village, and the hay-makers took their rakes upon their shoulders and wended their way homeward through the meadows. The herd-boy collected his herds and drove them to the village, singing as he went one of those very songs we young people had often sung under the linden-trees at home. I thought of the time when you and I had sang it together, and of how you, sitting upon the bench under the cherry-tree, would look up to welcome me as I came along the familiar path. And now I stood here in this dreadful place, through insult and suffering, scarce feeling myself a man, and so did grief and despair overwhelm me that I thought my heart must break.

"My two comrades watched me attentively and said, 'Brother, do you not think this life of ours a dog's life?'

"'Yes,' replied I; 'it is a miserable life, and I would be glad if this day could be my last.'

"'Ah,' said one of them, 'life is sweet, and I would not want to die without making some effort to escape. I think we might all three, when it gets a little darker, let ourselves down from the ramparts. Below stands a skiff, which will in a moment take us over the Rhine, and when we are fairly on the other side, adieu Strassbourg, captain, and stockade, for no one will know where to look for us.'

"I might have thought how the tempter on the pinnacle of the temple said to our Savior, 'Let thyself down.' But my despair was too great. As I hesitated they both said, 'Have you not had enough? Will you wait till the captain beats you dead? He owes you a grudge, and will pay it to the utmost. Forward, forward! this opportunity may not come again. Venture boldly and half is won.'

"All this time I heard the herd-boy sing, and it was to me just as if I saw you standing there and gazing at me with longing eyes. I seemed also to see my father, and he did not appear half so hard and stern as of old, and I thought if I had not been so self-willed, but had given him good words, all might have been well. And so I suffered myself to be led away. I broke my oath and became a base, perjured deserter. They saw us from the ramparts as we sprang

into the boat and gave the alarm. In a moment soldiers were upon the bank crying to us, 'Turn about or we shoot.'

"My two comrades were frightened and said, 'We will go back.' So they turned the boat, but I threw myself into the water and thought I would rather be drowned than shot. It was very dark so that they could not see me, and although the soldiers fired after me and turned the boat in pursuit, I reached the opposite bank in safety.

"I saw men with torches climbing up the bank, and heard the order, 'Be careful to seize him as soon as he comes to land.' It was from the recruiting officer, who had that day entered Germany with his newly enlisted men.

"Scarce had I concealed myself behind a willow bush when a strong arm seized me and threw me to the ground. While we were struggling with each other a voice cried, 'Hold him fast as a blood-hound, recruit! You shall rue it if you let him go.' He was stronger than I—I turned upon him like a desperate man, but he held me till the others came up and bound me fast. As they advanced with the torches I recognized the man who had captured me. It was Andrew, who had come with the recruiting officer. Do not grieve at this, dear Lora. He did not know me, and he only did his duty.

"'Andrew, Andrew,' cried I, 'is it indeed you?' He knew me now, and fell upon my neck and sobbed, and his comrades were cut to the heart as they heard that Andrew was my friend, and had enlisted on my account. But that could not help me.

"They threw me into the boat and took me to the two other deserters, who sat in the guard-chamber. Soon we were marched into the town directly by the captain's house. He raved and swore, and said we should be shot.

"Had he not been so hard with me, Lora, this would never have happened. A man is a man, and though he may die like a dog, he can not live like one. But may God forgive him as I have done!

"The next morning at ten o'clock we were brought out before the regiment, and our comrades said we must beg for pardon. My two fellow-prisoners declared that I had persuaded them to desert, and that had it not been for me such a thought would never have entered their minds. They humbly implored pardon or a light punishment.

"Then the commandant turned to me and asked what I had to say.

"'Not much,' I answered. 'I had become weary of a soldier's life and my sufferings were great. In the hour of my greatest agony I had

heard a song which reminded me of my native village, and the beautiful linden-trees under which we so often sang. Then I thought of how different my life had been at home, and made up my mind to desert. The penalty for desertion I well knew from the articles of war, and in God's name they should let the law take its course. I would accuse no one of having urged me to commit this crime, for I well knew my duty as a soldier and had willfully broken my oath. But were I to complain of any one, it would be of the herd-boy and his song, whose spell I had not had strength to resist. If they could grant me any favor I would beg a three-fold one. First, that Andrew might visit me in prison as often as he would; second, that the execution might be delayed till I could see my father and beg his pardon; third, that were it possible I might die as a soldier, by powder and lead, and have an honorable burial in the churchyard. Meantime, I would seek to make my peace with God, and would cry to him day and night to be merciful unto me.'

"The Commandant was not so harsh as the captain. He wiped his eyes and said, 'I am sorry for this poor fellow, and though he must be made an example his requests shall be granted.' Then I was taken back to prison, and Andrew went with me. The Commandant has excused him from duty, so that he may be with me in these last days of my life, and he speaks to me such comforting, beautiful words. It troubles him very much because he took me prisoner, but I console him by saying that it was so to be and he only did his duty. He has told me a great deal of you, and how you have grieved and wept for a poor fellow like me.

"Dear, loving, patient heart! I knew that you had not been false, and Heaven is my witness that I would always have been true to you. I feel now that my father would, in time, have consented if I had only waited and confided all to God.

"Weep not, darling, when you read this letter. It will soon be over, and will not be so terrible as you think. I will place the little nosegay that you gave me from your garden upon my breast, and folding my hands over it, commit my soul to God. I will ask Andrew to lay it in my grave, and I shall sweetly sleep, though you may not come to plant roses and forget-me-nots upon the sod above me, for I shall know that you have not forgotten me, as I shall never, never forget you.

"My tears fall freely upon this sheet, for my eyes have become like water-brooks. Still, I am ready for the fatal hour, for my trust is in Jesus. He will write me an honorable discharge

with his own precious blood, and as I pass through the dark valley his rod and staff shall comfort me. May we all, you, and I, and Andrew, and our fathers, meet in the heavenly father-land, and with vision undimmed by earthly care or sorrow, behold the beauty and the glory that Christ has prepared for those who love him!

"Now, farewell, farewell, dearest, for this world. Forgive all the sorrow I have brought upon your true heart. The day will come when the fleeting sorrows of earth shall be forgotten in the endless peace and bliss of heaven. Separation brings anguish; reunion, joy and consolation. We shall surely meet again. So receive the last salutation of

"Yours, truly, till death, FRANZ."

CHAPTER IV.

When aunt Lora had finished the letter she carefully refolded it, and gazing upward as if communing with one to others invisible, she said, "Thou wert right, Franz. 'Separation brings anguish; reunion, joy and consolation.' Thou hast long waited, but the weary delay is nearly over. Andrew has gone to thee, and Lora will soon follow. She is not now the fresh, blithesome maiden, who won thy youthful heart. Her eyes are no longer sparkling as the morning dew, but dim, very dim with age and tears, and the once rosy cheeks are blanched and sunken. 'All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord endureth forever.' In the heaven to which thou art gone, they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but Christ, the Lord, is all in all.

"There is the golden city,
Jerusalem, the blest:
Where the redeemed forever
From grief and toil shall rest.
There is the peaceful haven,
There are the pearly gates,
There are the halls of glory
Where Christ, the Bridegroom, waits."

"And I have been thy bride, Lord Jesus, for fifty weary, earthly years. Take me home to thy marriage supper in heaven."

"Aunt Lora," said Josepha gently, for the old woman seemed to have forgotten her recital, and was sobbing like a child—"aunt Lora, will you not go on with your story?"

"Yes, child," she replied, "I will endeavor to tell you all."

Scarce had I read the letter when Ursel rushed into my chamber. "Lora, Lora!" she cried, "you must come immediately to my master, for I fear he is dying. He has been failing the whole Winter, and this terrible news from

Franz is a fatal blow to him. He begs you to come to him, if you value his eternal peace."

I followed her instantly. As I entered Wilm's chamber a single glance told me that his hours were numbered.

"Is it Lora?" he asked, rising in bed. "Reach me your hand, poor girl, for you have loved him far better than I. O, my son, my son!" he sobbed, "they will shoot him dead. They have no pity for him; and why should they have when even his own father was so pitiless! Three times he has written to me, begging me to help him, but my heart was stone. Now it is too late."

"You know all," he continued in a weak voice. "I see it in your eyes. O, do not leave me. Only say that my son will forgive me and I will believe it."

"You have done your son a grievous wrong," I said; "but, before seeking his forgiveness, make your peace with Heaven. Your time is short."

"God be merciful to me a sinner," he cried, and raised his trembling hands. "Let not my son's innocent blood cry out against me, O Lord! Thou who didst pardon the thief upon the cross, even at this eleventh hour, hear my prayer."

Then he was silent, and bending down to him I whispered, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

"Even from guilt as deep as mine," he replied feebly.

"We are all sinners," I said. "May God be gracious unto us, for in him alone forgiveness dwells!"

"Amen," responded the dying man. Then he added feebly, "I must hasten to finish what I have to do in this world. Franz wishes to see me. He writes for me to come to him, but that I can not do. One journey alone remains for me. Are you here, Lora? My eyes grow dim. I can not see you. I can not go to him, but you must. My boy must not die without knowing his father's sorrow and repentance—without receiving his blessing. Go to-morrow. There, in that desk, lies money—money enough for all your expenses. Take it and go. O, how worthless it seems to me now, and yet it has been my god! Will you go?" he entreated. "Promise me, or I can not die in peace. Will you do good to him who has hated you? I hear your voice no more, dear daughter, but give me a sign."

I pressed his hand, and he understood. "God bless you, my daughter," he murmured, and his features lighted up. Then handing me a sealed paper, he said, "This shall be opened by the

judge. If my son dies, this house and estate belong to Andrew. You and Ursel are also provided for."

"Now," he whispered, "my earthly affairs are ended. May he in whose presence I shall soon appear be more merciful to me than I have been to Franz! Thou hast broken my proud heart, O God, and I thank thee. The broken and the contrite heart thou wilt not despise. Into thy hands—"

The words died upon his trembling lips, and his sightless eyes closed forever.

I went home and told my father all. At first he would not consent for me to go, as he feared the speech of people. But I said, "It matters not what they say so long as I am in the path of duty. Let me go, and whether people praise or blame, it is all the same to me. Franz, living or dead, has my whole heart, and no other man shall ever lead me to the altar."

My father sighed deeply, but said that I might go if Ursel would accompany me.

At six the next evening Franz's father was buried, and at twilight Ursel came, and we set out for Strasbourg. The evening bell was ringing as we passed through the village, and Ursel, falling on her knees, prayed devoutly for God's blessing upon our journey.

I had, in the time between Wilm's death and burial, made a shroud of snow-white linen. Ursel asked me what I would do with it, as I carried it tied up in my apron. I answered that she would see. We traveled day and night, for we feared lest we might be too late.

When we were over the Rhine, and Ursel told the boatman that our journey ended at Strasbourg, he said that we could go with him to see the three deserters shot. Ursel began to sob and moan, but I implored her to bear her grief in silence. Still, as we anchored under the fortifications, my heart sank within me. We were soon in the town, and while passing over the bridge we heard a great number of men approaching with slow, measured tread—they were soldiers, and we turned aside.

"They are conducting the prisoners," cried Ursel. "For God's sake, Lora, look there!"

I looked up. There were three soldiers with bound hands, and one of them I knew. I should have known him had his hair been gray, and his form bent; but he was just the same as when he left us, only he had grown taller, and handsomer, and more manly.

He knew me also. He lifted his eyes, and his glance met mine. "Lora, Lora!" he cried, and all eyes were turned upon us. Vainly trying to extend his fettered arms to me, he stood as if rooted to the spot.

"What is this?" cried the captain. "Forward *canaille!*"—and they forced Franz on. The other prisoners had seen all, and, as they passed me, they whispered, "That is his betrothed. We implore you, beautiful young lady, to beg our pardon." But Franz said, "It will be useless, Lora. The sentence is already pronounced."

As they passed on I felt a hand upon my shoulder, and, turning, I saw Andrew. I scarcely knew him, he looked so pale and sorrowful.

"Welcome, Miss Lora. God bless you," he said, but it is all over. The sentence has just been read by our Commandant. Franz is to be shot as a deserter. That sentence, and the voice of the Commandant, will ring in my ears my whole life-long."

"I know all," I replied. "But help me, Andrew, to speak to him just once. I bring him his father's dying blessing."

"Is the old man dead?" asked Andrew. "May his sins be buried with him," he added. "He has caused great sorrow. Gladly, O how gladly would I die for Franz! I meant well by him, God knows. I thought it would be easy for him to obtain a release if I were here to take his place, and then he could have married, while I remained a soldier. I—I could right well have borne the hardships of a soldier's life, and then, when I had become old, and had gained a settled heart, through God's grace, I thought I could leave the army and go home to our village, and live happily with you and Franz and your children; for you would have given Andrew a little place in your house—he would not have required much—and so all would have been well. But I came too late; and I, Lora—I myself—perhaps you do not know—"

"I know all, Andrew," I said. "It was God's will, and it must be right. Now conduct me to Franz, for there is no time to lose."

Andrew went with us to the Commandant, and made known our wish to see Franz. When we were admitted into his presence Ursel threw herself upon her knees, and sobbed out one heart-rending cry for pardon. The Commandant said, with tears in his eyes, "My good friends, this must not, it can not be. Gladly would I pardon him, but military discipline allows no mercy. Franz must die. Do not make it harder for the poor fellow. He is now in a good frame of mind. He knows that there is nothing in this world left for him to hope, but his heart is at peace, for it is staid on God."

"I know it, Herr Commandant," I replied, "and I, a poor, sinful creature, much as I love Franz, would not for one moment stand between him and his Savior, who alone can help him.

But I must see him, for I bring him his father's dying blessing. He has a loving heart, and will die the easier for it."

"Go, and God bless you," said the Commandant. "Andrew shall conduct you to the prison."

We went, and O, what a meeting was that! Franz embraced us, and said that he thanked God a thousand times for permitting us to meet again. Ursel broke out into loud lamentation, but Franz was calm and resigned, for Christ, the comforter, was with him.

I told him of his father's death; how, in his last hours, he had begged his son's forgiveness, and sent him his blessing. Franz listened, weeping, and then he said, "How happy we might all have been if I had only been patient, and had placed my trust in God!"

But I said, "Dear Franz, these are now but idle thoughts. We can not recall the past. For us, who remain on earth, life at the longest will be but a few fleeting and sorrowful years. You will only sooner enter upon the blessed and never-ending life in our Father's house. There we will hold our marriage feast, and Christ himself shall be our guest. There, even as at Cana of Galilee, shall he change the water into wine; for these bitter tears which have been ours on earth, shall become the pure wine of eternal blessedness.

"And now Franz," said I, "I have done your father's bidding, and must leave you. When all is over I will go home to our village. We shall meet no more in this world, and so I will give you my keepsake. This shroud I made as I sat by your father's dead body, and I have brought it with me. It is the last gift you can receive from my hands. Earthly love and hope are dead for me; I will never be another's. And now—farewell."

He would not consent to so speedy a separation, and begged me to come to him once more during the two days yet granted him.

But I said, "No, Franz, one so near eternity should loose his heart from earth and be alone with God."

And Franz knew that I was right. Still he begged that Andrew, who, through God's help, had led him into the right way, might remain with him to the last, and that I would always think of Andrew as his best friend.

When I at last rose to go, and held out my hand to him, he drew a ring from his finger and placed it upon mine, saying, "I give you the bridal ring."

See, Josepha, here it is, and when I die it shall be buried with me. For a few moments we gazed silently into each other's eyes, for we

could not speak. Then our hands unclasped, and I turned and went with Ursel into a neighboring inn. Andrew remained with Franz, and the good pastor who was waiting outside the door went in as we passed out.

They have a great church in Strasbourg. There Ursel and I went and prayed on the morning of Franz's execution. Ursel had chosen this church because it lay so far removed from the prison. But the air was so clear, and my ears were so acute, that I heard distinctly the hollow drums beating the death-march and the bugle's mournful blast. My heart trembled, my knees quaked, and the roof of the church seemed to waver above me. Then the organ began to play our Church's version of the one hundred and thirtieth psalm:

"From deep distress I cry to thee;
Hear, gracious Lord, and comfort me."

And after the pastor had prayed, and I heard only the faint beating of the drums from afar, the organ pealed out, and all voices joined in singing that grand old hymn of Martin Luther:

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

And I lived through all. One can live through much, Josepha, if strength be given from above. When all was over, Andrew came to us, bringing Franz's dying blessing. He remained steadfast to the end, Andrew said, and while the others wept and trembled he was calm. One of the balls went through his heart, so he could have suffered only a moment. When they raised him from the earth, he had the withered nosegay I had given him in his hand.

The Commandant gave orders that Franz should be buried in the church-yard, as he had requested, and that we should see him if we wished.

We went with Andrew and came to a great dark hall with closed blinds. A little lamp was burning on the wall, and under it stood the coffin. Franz appeared to be sleeping, and a sweet, happy expression rested upon his face, as if the departing spirit had left the seal of Heaven's own peace upon it.

I had woven a little garland just like this. I laid it at the head of his coffin, and in his folded hands I placed a beautiful bunch of fresh, Autumn flowers, so as to conceal the spots of blood upon the shroud, directly over the heart. It was almost as solemn and still in the dark hall as in a church, and we all kneeled around the coffin. Ursel ceased her lamentation and sang in a low, calm voice a solemn chant for the dead. Then her tears came again, and she said, "O, how often have I sung him to sleep upon my bosom when he was a little child, for I took the

mother's place with him! Who would have thought that I should ever see him lying here! And yet he now has a far better sleep than then."

"Yes," said Andrew, "truly he has, for he sleeps in Jesus. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.'"

"And he still thinks of us," said I. "Of us who yet wear the robes of mortality—of Ursel, who reared him, of Andrew who stood by him to the last, and of Lora, who loved him so, and for love of him will walk through life desolate. Till we see him again, clothed in immortality, let him sweetly sleep in this strange land. The whole earth is the Lord's. Now I think our work here is done. Let us go on our different ways in faith and patience till they all meet in heaven."

Andrew's path led far out into the world, and to war, for not till twenty years were passed did he return and take up his abode upon old Wilm's estate, which Ursel faithfully took care of for him till her death. He lost one arm in battle, but he brought home his true heart unchanged. He never had an enemy in our village, and was always ready with word, and deed, and counsel for every one. Long in the coming years will his good deeds be remembered, and his holy example will incite others to follow in his footsteps, so that we may well say of him, "Though dead, he yet speaketh."

To me in especial manner he was a friend to the last. As we often talked together over the varied events of our lives, I learned more plainly from his teachings that the Lord's will is a good will, and that what on earth appears dark, will in heaven be made light. The love for me which he cherished in his youth, he long years since brought as a sacrifice to the will of God. He bore his cross with patience, and his gray hairs with honor, till the Lord called him up higher and crowned him with an immortal crown. That crown he will also soon give to me, his unworthy handmaid.

"So now you know all, Josepha," said the old woman, as she feebly rose to enter the house. "It has become frosty and cool after the hot day, just like my life. But God is merciful, and heaven is over all. Let us go to rest."

FAITH in Christ is the act of the *mind* by which we apprehend Christ as he is revealed to us in the word of truth. It is the act of the *heart*, or affections, by which we heartily welcome him into our souls; and it is the act of the *will*, by which we cordially submit to him, and render cheerful obedience to his laws.

LITTLE GIRLS.

LITTLE girls ! how full of meaning
Are these two sweet, simple words !
Lonely were our homes without them
As the Summer without birds.

Often as they glide before us,
How their joyous voices bring
To our sadder hearts the music,
Bloom and beauty of life's Spring !

Tender little fairy creatures,
With their hearts o'erbrim'd with love,
Breathing happy airs we know not
From the perfume-hills above.

Innocent and all confiding,
Seldom doubting in their prayers,
But the Father hears and answers
Every darling wish of theirs.

So like little lambs by mamma,
Flit they lightly day by day,
All her cares and household duties
Imitating in their play.

Watch them busily arranging
Tiny dishes for the tea ;
Making dolly's pretty toilet
For the fancied company.

With their silken ringlets tossing
To the dainty spirit's breeze,
Like the willow's golden tresses
With the soft wind in the trees.

But when first the little maiden
Mamma's helper learns to be,
See the dimpled face assuming
All the woman's dignity.

So they grow, our brightest jewels,
And we wear them in our heart,
With intenser love for fearing
That the golden links may part.

Yet but mortal are our darlings,
Tainted by the fatal fall,
Mother's vigils, prayers and watchings
Holding from corruption's thrall.

Often faulty as impressive,
Life to them is sun or showers,
All too soon they 'll learn with anguish
Thorns are growing 'mong its flowers.

Fragile, too, as leaves a-quiver,
In the balm of early day,
That the gale as morn advances
On the flowery green may lay.

And to hold these precious treasures
Is no light or little thing,
Lest forgetful or impatient,
We might harm an angel wing.

Mem'ries keep a cherished vision
Down the years of life's young prime,

Beautiful as if belonging
To a fairer, sweeter clime.

And in heart I turn to listen
Fondly as in days before,
Where forever echo keepeth
Little footfalls on the floor.

Two bright, rosy, upturn'd faces
Baby sisters robed in white,
At my knee again seem kneeling
Lispings little prayers to-night.

Tender blooms, they fill'd our dwelling
With the breath of odors sweet,
With their music-rippling voices
Chiming with the little feet.

Then a night came, sad and dreary.
And again the little prayer,
But I sat in speechless sorrow ;
Only one was kneeling there.

BENEFICENCE.

WHERE hast thou sown to-day ?
What hast thou done for God ?
What weary ones beside the way
Have blest the path thou 'st trod—
For thy sweet words of loving cheer
Have blest the God who drew thee near ?

Who for thy tender praise
Have felt the heart grow strong,
And went their dark and lonely ways
Singing a cheerful song ;
Strengthened and comforted the while,
In memory of thy kindly smile ?

Ah, how a very little thing
Will ease our hearts in sorrow,
And make us trustingly still cling
To hope within the morrow ;
Thus "strength sufficient for the day"
Is given all our life-long way.

A cup of water it may be,
A word, a smile, a tear,
A trifle it may seem to thee,
But to the needy dear ;
The Lord will bless and call it good,
Because "she hath done what she could."

Perchance—thou dost not know—
Bright angels bear thy sheaves
To one of many mansions fair ; so
Finding but the husks and leaves,
Thou 'lt take on trust, free from alloy,
The promise made of heavenly joy.

With meek surprise at last
Thou 'lt wear a shining crown,
And marvel why thou hast
Such loving favor found :
The glory and the honor be
To Christ who bore thy sins for thee.

FACTS AND THOUGHTS ABOUT THE
"FOURTH."

NEAR one century ago two distinguished Americans were walking together in the mammoth metropolis of Great Britain. One of these personages was the "first Adams," the other Benjamin West, the great painter. The world-renowned artist inquired of his companion, the able diplomatist, if he would like to see the *cause* of the American Revolution. Mr. Adams expressed the pleasure the sight of such an object would afford him. Our illustrious travelers directed their course to Hyde Park, to a spot near the serpentine river, when Mr. West gave his friend the following narrative:

"The King"—George III—"came to the throne a young man, surrounded by flattering courtiers, one of whose frequent topics was to declaim against the meanness of his palace, which was wholly unworthy of such a country as England. They said there was not a sovereign of Europe who was lodged so poorly—that his sorry, dingy old palace of St. James looked like a stable, and that he ought to build a palace suitable to his kingdom. The King was fond of architecture—would, therefore, listen to suggestions which were in fact all true. This spot you see here was selected for the site, between this and this point which was marked out. The King applied to his ministers on the subject; they inquired what sum would be required by his Majesty, who said that he would begin with a million. They stated the expenses of the war and the poverty of the treasury, but his Majesty's wishes should be taken into consideration. Some time afterward the King was informed that the wants of the treasury were too urgent to admit of a supply from their present means, but that a revenue might be raised in America to supply all the King's wishes. This suggestion was followed up, and the King was in this way first led to consider and then consent to the scheme of taxing the colonies."

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." A mere *suggestion* enkindles the lurid flame of war, which glares through a vast domain and burns to the severance of a kingdom, and at a pecuniary cost which might have reared a city of palaces.

But the severance of the American colonies from the mother country, and the ultimate founding of the greatest nation of modern times, resulted not from a mere momentary accident, or from any one solitary incident. A complication of causes, an aggregate of circumstances eventuated in this grand and stupendous result.

Prior to the achieved independence of these

United States none of Great Britain's colonial dependencies had manifested more paternal regard or more sincere loyalty for the parent country than had the American colonies. No other section of England's foreign domain received such unjust requital for filial regard and National loyalty as were meted out to these same colonies. Never was revolt against the parent government more justifiable than was that which resulted from the intrepid act, and ever-glorious deed enacted on the memorable fourth of July, 1776.

The precise time when aspirations for political independence first became a prevailing sentiment among the colonists can not be determined. Doubtless the thought had been born in many minds and cherished in many hearts long ere it received oral or written expression in explicit declarations. James Warren, Samuel Adams, Dr. Franklin, Timothy Dwight, Thomas Paine, and others seem to have been early impressed with the conviction, that a total separation from Great Britain was the only cure for existing evils. The madness of the youthful King, and the recklessness of his advisers—prominent among whom was the Earl of Bute, a vain, foppish, bankrupt Scotch peer—hastened the realization of such convictions.

Step by step—slowly but surely—the climax was reached. Repeated acts of oppression implanted within the breast of the oppressed feelings of ever-increasing indignation. At different periods, and from different persons, this indignant feeling—in various forms of language—would express itself. At the suggestion of Bute, the King determined to "reform the American charters." Among the earliest of these reforms (?) was the issuing of *writs of assistance* to revenue officers. It was this "rod of iron" stroke which brought forth from the lips of James Otis the younger, that memorable saying—long since passed into a proverb—that "*taxation without representation is tyranny.*" This utterance was made in the Massachusetts Assembly. John Adams thus comments upon it: "With a promptitude of classical allusion and a depth of research, a rapid summary of events and dates, a profusion of legal authority, a prophetic glance of his eyes into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. The seeds of patriots and heroes were then and there sown. Every man of an immense and crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take up arms against *writs of assistance*. Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain. Then and there the child of independence was

born. In fifteen years, that is, in 1776, he grew to manhood and declared himself free."

Four years later than the *writ of assistance* came forth the notorious *stamp act*, imposing duties upon every species of legal writing. The proclamation of this infamous act was responded to in feelings and language of indignant protest from various sections of the land. The Virginia House of Burgesses was in session when this daring act of tyranny first became known in the "Old Dominion." Patrick Henry was a member of that house. Hastily tearing out one of the fly-leaves from "Coke upon Littleton," he wrote thereon those famous resolutions which flung down the gauntlet of defiance at the feet of the British lion. Many of the members were startled at the tone of these resolutions. But the originator was equal to the emergency. The tyranny of the odious act, against which they were leveled, was set forth in its naked deformity. It was then and there came forth those eloquent utterances, which have given immortality to the name of Patrick Henry, "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third"—cries of "treason, treason," came from every part of the house. Henry faltered not for an instant, but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye of most determined fire, he finished the sentence with vehement emphasis—"George the Third may profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it."

For ten long years the young King—never remarkable for sound judgment—was the cat's-paw of a wicked and reckless set of ill-advisers. Acts of oppression, in the form of taxation, succeeded each other with mad rapidity. Many of those taxes were light and trifling, and could easily have been paid by the colonists, who were now rapidly growing in wealth. But a *principle* was at stake. This thing must be borne no longer. The Massachusetts Assembly sent forth a proposition for a continental council. This proposition met with universal favor. The masses gathered in primary assemblies and appointed forty-three delegates, who represented twelve colonies, at a meeting held in Carpenter's Hall, September 5, 1774. Other delegates soon presented themselves, and the first Continental Congress was duly inaugurated, which immediately entered upon earnest business. This first Congress was in session from September 5th to October 26th. Measures of reconciliation with, not plans of revolt against, the parent government were broached, discussed, and carried. The King and his Parliament were petitioned, not threatened. But King and Parlia-

ment were inexorable. Parliament would send additional troops across the Atlantic to *whip* the suppliant colonists into unconditional submission to unrighteous exactions. This was the "last feather." Such a response enkindled the fiery spirit of justifiable rebellion, and soon continental America was ablaze with war. Soon were enacted the memorable scenes of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill.

It is unnecessary that we go into extended detail of the doings of a second Congress, which convened in Philadelphia on the 10th of May, 1775. Nor need we dwell upon the imprisonment of the British troops upon the peninsula of Boston, and of their ultimate dispersion upon the waters of the Atlantic by continental troops. The capture of the strong fortresses of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, by Ethan Allen and his compatriots, are historic facts familiar as household words.

By this time the British King had become painfully alarmed, and wiser thoughts, proposing measures of honorable concession, had begun to take possession of his mind. But foolish ministers, and reckless, selfish politicians advised differently. Such counsel prevailed over the better judgment of the poor, weak-minded King, and the lash was put more heavily upon the uprising, oppressed people. In the scarcity of native-born troops then at his command, George the Third hired seventeen thousand "Hessians" of petty German princes. The gauntlet was now flung by both parties, and all hopes or desires of reconciliation seem to have been abandoned on both sides. Nothing now remained but to "measure swords" and await the result.

Let us pass over intervening time and events, such as the date and order in which the House of Assembly of the several colonies adopted decisive measures for immediate confederated independence—the almost omnipresent scattering of Thomas Paine's renowned pamphlet, designated *Common Sense*, and the effect produced upon the feelings of the masses by the fiery sentiments of that thrilling pamphlet. Let us approach the great day itself—the *immortal Fourth*.

In the month of May, 1776, the Colonial Congress was again in session, when a committee, consisting of John Adams, Edward Rutledge, and Richard Henry Lee, prepared the following preamble: "It is irreconcilable to reason and good conscience for colonists to take the oaths required for the support of the government under the crown of Great Britain." On the 10th of this month the assembled Congress attached to the preceding preamble the following

resolution: "That it be recommended to the several assemblies and conventions of the United Colonies, where no government, sufficient to the exigencies of their affairs, hath been hitherto established, to adopt such a government as shall in the opinion of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents in particular, and America in general." When this Congress had been in session twenty days, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, read, and John Adams, of Massachusetts, seconded the following resolution: "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; and that all political connection between us and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

Congress, rightly judging that the intrepid mover and seconder of such a preamble and resolution would be singled out as special marks for kingly and parliamentary vengeance, magnanimously shielded them by causing the following to be entered upon the Congressional record, thus assuming common responsibility in the affair: "Certain resolutions respecting independence, being moved and seconded, *Resolved*, That the consideration of them be deferred till to-morrow morning, and that the members be enjoined to attend punctually at ten o'clock in order to take the same into consideration." It was not, however, till the first of July that these resolutions were taken up, when, in a committee of the whole house, they were unanimously adopted. But during the intervening time of the first presentation and ultimate adoption of Mr. Lee's resolutions, a committee had been appointed to prepare a fuller declaration of independence. That committee consisted of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benj. Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston. But near the whole labor of drafting that most renowned and most glorious of political papers—*The Declaration of American Independence*—was devolved upon Thomas Jefferson; a man admirably fitted, in mind and spirit, in head and heart, for so noble a task. The author submits his paper to his colleagues. He listens with somewhat of impatience to criticisms thereon, chiefly by Franklin and Adams. At their suggestion a few unimportant verbal alterations are made, and the instrument is adopted by the committee of five. This business was transacted on the first day of July, 1776. Three days later fifty-six signatures were appended thereto. The deed done, Dr. Franklin broke the ominous silence by the remark, "Gentlemen, we must now all hang together, or we shall surely hang separately." Thousands of excited people had

gathered in the streets of Philadelphia, eager to learn the decision of Congress upon the momentous question before them. From early morn till 2 o'clock, P. M.—when the mighty deed was done—the old bell-man had been in the steeple impatiently awaiting the signal of victory. When at length the venerable man was apprised of the fact that the immortal instrument had been indorsed, he frantically grasped the tongue of the old bell and hurled it backward and forward one hundred times, proclaiming, "Liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." The responsive joy from the multitude outside was "as the sound of many waters."

We need not here quote, in whole or in part, this renowned political document. On each return of our grand National anniversary we listen with rapt attention to its liberty-breathing sentiments, its soul-stirring strains, its spirit-thrilling language. Leaving the document itself, we will present a few facts about the heroic men who boldly appended their names beneath its overshadowing presence.

Which of the several bright stars of our grand constellation claim to hold within their boundaries the place of nativity of this ponderous *fifty-six*, respecting which some one has said, "The greatest fifty-six the world ever saw; so heavy all Europe could not lift it." We have entered upon this inquiry with some care. The following is the result of our investigations. Virginia stands foremost—she gave *nine*. Next comes Massachusetts with *eight*. Maryland follows with *five*. South Carolina, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Connecticut, each gave *four*. Delaware, New York, and Ireland, each *three*. Rhode Island, England, and Scotland, each *two*. Maine, New Hampshire, and South Wales, each *one*.

Benjamin Franklin was the oldest member of the signers, he being at that time seventy years of age, having been born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1706. Edmund Rutledge, of South Carolina, was the youngest member of that noble band of patriots, he being but twenty-seven years of age, and the junior of Thomas Lynch, of South Carolina, by but three months. John Morton, of Delaware, and Thomas Gwinnet, of England, both died in 1777. Charles Carroll, of Maryland, stands forth with marked peculiarity among these enrolled heroes. Not only is he the only man who attaches place of residence to his name, but he was the last survivor of the whole number, having lived till November 14, 1832, having attained the rare age of ninety-five years. Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died on the same day—July 4—glorious

day—1826, the former at the age of eighty-three and the latter ninety-one.

A few well-authenticated anecdotes may suffice to give us further insight of the spirit of pure patriotism and noble daring which animated the illustrious "fifty-six." The most conspicuous name appended to the Declaration of Independence is that of JOHN HANCOCK—given in mammoth characters. The British Government had, some time before, offered \$2,500 for his head. When he wrote his name he did it as though he wanted to throw his whole soul into it, and having done it he exclaimed, "There! John Bull can read my name without his spectacles. He may double his reward, and I set him at defiance."

Colonel William Williams, a delegate to Congress from Connecticut, after having signed his name, said to one of his companions, "If we are defeated in this struggle for independence, this day's work will make bad work for me. I have held a commission in the rebel army, I have written for rebel newspapers, I am the son-in-law of a rebel governor, and now I affix my name to this rebel Declaration. My sins are too great to be pardoned by our royal master; I must then be hanged." The other man answered, "I believe my case is not so desperate, for I have had no connection with the army, nor can it be proved that heretofore I have written or done any thing obnoxious to the mother country." The immediate and prompt reply was, "Then, sir, you deserve to be hanged!"

Stephen Hopkins was a sedate Rhode Island Quaker. But he was not devoid of pluck. At the time of signing his name he was in his seventieth year. Age had somewhat paralyzed his nerves. He writes with tremulous fingers, as is apparent to all who look at his zigzag autograph. A fellow-patriot standing by, when the venerable "Friend" had laid down the pen, said, "Mr. Hopkins, you write with a trembling hand." "Ah," was the prompt response, "but John Bull will find that I have not got a trembling heart!"

Farther along this list of worthies we find Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. At this time the name of Carroll was numerous in Maryland and elsewhere, and more than one of those relatives bore the Christian name Charles. It was in allusion to this fact of the name being largely represented that a member of the Congress said to the intrepid man when he had simply written his name, "There is not much danger for you, seeing there are others who bear the same name." "Is there not?" he replied, and immediately added, "of Carrollton," thus distinctly designating where might be found—if King George or any of his tools had any

special desire to see him—the Charles Carroll who had the audacity to shake his clinched fist in the face of the growling British lion.

The children and youth of those days were deeply imbued with the spirit of their patriotic sires. While the deeds, which are the subject of the present writing, were being enacted, a son of Richard Henry Lee was at school at St. Bees, in England. One day as this American youth was standing near one of the professors of the academy, who was conversing with a gentleman of a neighboring county, he heard the question asked, "What boy is this?" To which the pedagogue replied, "He is the son of Richard Henry Lee, of America." The gentleman, upon hearing this, put his hand upon the boy's head and remarked, "We shall yet see your father's head upon Tower Hill." That "chip of the old block" promptly responded, "You may have it when you can get it." Brave little fellow! Worthy son of a noble sire!

A few years ago a correspondent of the Manchester (N. H.) Mirror communicated the following: "When the British were in Boston in 1797, my father was in a barber's shop waiting to be shaved. A British officer came in and wanted to be shaved, provided the barber could do it without drawing blood, and saying if he did he would run his sword through him. The barber was frightened and durst not undertake the task. A little boy sitting there looked up and said he would do it. The officer looked at the youngster with astonishment, but the boy stripped off his coat and told the man of sword to take his seat. He took off the officer's beard without drawing blood, and was paid a guinea for the job. The officer then asked the youthful barber how he dared to do it. The boy replied, 'I thought I would see blood as soon as you would, and if I had I would have cut your throat to the neck-bone in a moment.' The officer hung down his head and left amid shouts of applause for the boy."

"Shall we not heed the lessons taught of old,
And by the Present's lips repeated still,
In our own single manhood to be bold,
Fostered in conscience and impregnable will?"

How sweet are the affections of kindness!
How balmy the influence of that regard which dwells around our fireside! Distrust and doubt darken not the luster of its purity; the cravings of interest and jealousy mar not the harmony of that scene. Parental kindness and filial affection bloom there in all the freshness of eternal spring. It matters not if the world is cold, if we can but turn to our own dear circle, and receive all that our heart claims.

RAYMOND LULLY.

IN the year 1229 James the Conqueror, King of Aragon, set sail from the southern coast of Spain with a fleet for the purpose of wresting from the hands of the Moors the Balearic Islands of Majorca and Minorca, and the smaller island of Iviza, and by the beginning of the following year he had Majorca in his possession. He continued his struggle, gaining Minorca in 1232, Iviza in 1234, and, finally, the city and kingdom of Valencia in 1238. Among the bravest of the men whom he led on this expedition was Raymond Lully, born in Barcelona, and whose wife was a Catalonian countess belonging to the Herili family. His king rewarded him with possessions on the conquered island of Majorca, and, after matters became quiet, Lully and his wife settled upon it, and lived there subsequently to the year 1233.

These were the father and mother of a child, bearing his father's name, who was born in 1235, and who has become familiar in the history of the Christian Church and of science under the name of Raimundus Lullus, or, as we call it in English, Raymond Lully. The young nobleman grew up in the enjoyment of wealth, and in the atmosphere of the court; was trained in knightly exercises, and was seriously impressed by the worship in the parental home. But the principal element in his education was not religion nor science, but the knightly spirit of the Provençal poetry which prevailed in Catalonia, the land of his ancestors, and passed over to the Balearic Islands, where Gothic architecture, mingled with Moorish elements, was displayed in magnificent churches, whose ruins excite the wonder of the traveler to this day. The young knight was married in his thirtieth year, had children, and busied himself with the Catalonian erotic poetry, which he composed, during the beautiful cool nights, on those enchanting islands. The love of the Savior, which Francis of Assisi had so powerfully awakened in Italy and all the western lands along the coast by his preaching and by his life, was still slumbering in his heart.

But at last the hour of awakening came. One night, as it is said, in the year 1265, while he was busily engaged in composing poetry, he was surprised by beholding an image of Christ, which left an indelible impression upon him ever afterward. Yet he did not yield immediately to the sacred influence which threatened to interrupt his favorite pursuits. In the following night he tried in many ways to finish his poem, but every time the image of Christ reappeared to him. This being repeated five or six

times, his conscience at last triumphed, and he promised the Lord that he would forsake the vanity of the world, and surrender himself wholly to the service of Christ. The great question with him was, where to go and what particular work to do. He finally concluded to devote his life to the conversion of the Saracens in Africa, by so convincing them of the truth of the Christian religion, that they would be compelled to take refuge in Christ. It was no easy thing for him to make the sacrifice necessary for carrying out such a purpose, and he spent three months before fully deciding to make preparations for his great undertaking. But on the 4th of October, 1265, the day of St. Francis of Assisi, a bishop praised the love of that saint with such transcending eloquence in a sermon preached in the Franciscan Church in Majorca, that he at once determined to bid his wife and children farewell, to lay aside his costly clothing, wear a plain coat of the coarsest fabric, and to leave his lovely home. He had first to become acquainted with the Arabic language in order to lead the Saracens to Christianity; then he had to write a book in the defense of Christian truth; and, finally, he felt that he must sacrifice his life as a witness to Christ.

He dedicated nine years of uninterrupted study as a preparation for his undertaking. In order to become perfectly acquainted with the Arabic language and literature, he employed a slave, a native Saracen, as his teacher, but at the end of his nine years he found that he was still wanting in a truly scientific basis for defending the Christian religion before the learned Moors. That was the time of the greatest splendor of the theology of the Middle Ages, which was constructed on the basis of Aristotle's philosophy. It was the time when Thomas Aquinas, and Albert the Great, as well as Bonaventura, shone as the great lights of the Church. But the science of these men presupposed the ecclesiastical faith of Christianity, and was not calculated to convert to the truth its enemies who denied the fundamental doctrines of the Trinity, the divinity of Christ, and redemption through his blood. In order to bring them to conviction it was necessary for Raymond Lully to stand with them upon the neutral ground of the general science of human thought, which, in his view, was logic. But it was just here that the priests and teachers of the Saracens were at that time very skillful, for it was through them that the knowledge of Aristotle was first communicated to Christian nations, and Averroes, the Arabian philosopher, enjoyed great fame among Christian thinkers. Now, to conquer the disciples of Averroes with their own

arms, on the territory of universal science, was the task which Raymond had undertaken to perform. He clearly saw the difficulty of performing it, and he felt that he had not been sufficiently disciplined to accomplish it without most extraordinary labors.

He sought refuge in God, and betaking himself in solitude to the top of a mountain in the neighborhood, De Randa, he continued in prayer and silent meditation. After eight days he suddenly received divine illumination, as he related, to write a book, which should prove a key to all science and an irresistible art of argumentation. He immediately went to work and made a plan of his book in the neighboring abbey of De Regali, after which he established a monastery, and finished his work in from four to five months. He first called it the Principal Science, (*Ars Major*), but afterward gave it the name of General Science, (*Ars Generalis*.) He reported that he had been visited by a young man of beautiful appearance, apparently a shepherd, who told him more about divine things in one hour than any other person could have spoken in two days. This young man kissed him, pronounced his blessing upon him and his manuscript, and refreshed him with prophetic promises. This story, with many other things in the life of Raymond Lully, was in strict conformity with the spirit of that day, when apocalyptic hopes and prophetic visions were believed in by many of the most intelligent people. Lully had the greatest confidence in his newly discovered science, for he regarded it as a special gift of divine revelation, and fully believed that the world would be greatly benefited by its universal acceptance. The king summoned him to his court, to subject his writings to the test of the learned men of the city of Montpellier, to prove whether or not they were orthodox. While there he wrote a new book, the *Art of Demonstration*, which was followed by a number of other works, in which he enforced his methods and attempted to make them tangible. By this time he believed himself ready to begin his public teaching; whereupon he went to Paris, and began lectures for the purpose of gaining adherents to his system. He urged that it was absolutely incumbent upon the Church to go to work to indoctrinate the learned Mohammedans with the truths of Christianity.

But while in Paris Raymond did not forget his great object of preaching personally to the Mohammedans themselves. He prevailed upon his king, James I, to build a Franciscan cloister on the island of Majorca, where the monks should be trained in a knowledge of the Arabic language in order to commence missions among

the Saracens. After gaining this object he went to Rome to induce Pope Honorius IV to establish similar institutions on a larger scale in other parts of Europe. But when he came to Rome, and found the Papal chair removed, (1287,) he failed of his object; and the conflicts then prevailing between the Pope and the European provinces, and the excitement occasioned by the Church councils, gave him but little ground of encouragement. From Rome he went to Genoa, to sail to Africa and personally begin his mission among the Saracens. His books and necessary articles had already been brought on board of the ship that was to sail for Tunis; the whole city was enthusiastic in his praise, and excited over his magnanimous undertaking. But when he saw nothing but the prospect of a cruel death or life-long captivity, he was seized by great anxiety and despair, and consequently gave up his journeys, and had his things brought again to the shore. But when he saw the ship sailing off without him his conscience troubled him greatly, for he then felt that he had been disobedient to his divine commission, and that such conduct would be a source of great injury to others. He grew very sick, and continued ill a long time. While in this state he learned that there was another ship in port which was soon to sail for Tunis, and, weak as he was, he had all his books taken on the ship in order to begin the dangerous voyage. But his friends implored him to give up his undertaking again, and he at last yielded to them. Years passed by, but his disease did not improve. Finally, in the year 1291, he heard for the third time of a ship that was going to sail from Genoa to Tunis, and nobody could now dissuade him from his undertaking. The ship sailed off, and Raymond Lully was on board of her. His soul was now at rest, his body was perfectly restored, and he felt that he was in the path of duty.

Having arrived in Tunis, he invited all the learned men to come together, when he declared that he had come among them to inquire whether the grounds with which they defended Mohammedanism were stronger than those by which the Christian truth could be defended, and he urged them, if their argument were weaker, to give up their religion and accept his. The learned men had no other hope than that they would now convince him of his error, and would find in him a great defender of Islamism. But he refuted all their arguments, and, in a transport of victory, explained to them the inconsistencies and absurdities of their religion. They now became enraged, threw him into prison, and threatened him with death.

But the Saracen ruler released the learned

man, commanding him at the same time to take the first opportunity to leave the country. Having been released from prison he was badly treated by the populace, and then brought on board of a Genoese ship, when he was threatened with stoning if he did not leave Tunis in her. In a short time the vessel sailed, but Raymond having secretly escaped from her to another one lying in port, he waited till a favorable opportunity was afforded for landing again in order to continue his attempts at converting the Mohammedans. He succeeded in his undertaking in September, 1292, having previously finished on the ship his General Tabular Survey of Ideas applicable to all Science. Through some means or other we next find him in Naples, where he sojourned some years and delivered lectures on his system. In the year 1296, while staying in Rome, he wrote his Demonstration for the Doctrines of Christian Faith, which he concluded with these words: "As this book has been finished on the evening before the festival of St. John, who was the herald of light, and whose finger pointed to the true Light, so may it please the Lord Jesus Christ to kindle a new light for the world, which may illuminate unbelievers and lead them to conversion, in order that they may come to the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be honor and glory in eternity!"

He left Rome in his sixtieth year, but his zeal was unabated. He was as full of his scientific and practical plans for introducing the doctrines of Christianity among the pagans as he had been when he first left his family and children to carry out his idea. From Rome he went to Genoa, where he wrote a number of books. Thence he returned by a circuitous journey to Majorca, using every effort to convert the Saracens and Jews. He applied to King Sauzio, the successor of James I, for special aid in his undertaking, though in this he did not succeed. He went again to Paris, and remained a long time delivering lectures on his system and writing new books. He once more returned to Majorca to continue his plans for converting the Saracens, but hearing of new movements in the East, his imagination was filled with lofty plans for converting all the schismatics—the Nestorians, Monophysites, and other sects in Armenia, Syria, and Egypt—to the one true Church. Accordingly, he took sail for Cyprus, and applied to the King of Cyprus for aid, as he had previously done to other kings; but he found no support. He was taken seriously sick, and on his restoration he sailed for Genoa. From Genoa he went to Paris, and from Paris to Lyons, and wherever he went, though he was an old man of seventy years of age, he defended

his plan of missionary labor with all the zeal of a youth. While in Lyons he prevailed upon Pope Clement V, who lived in France at that time, to appoint in different places, such as Paris, Salamanca, and Oxford, teachers of the Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Chaldaic languages, to train up men for the special purpose of laboring in heathen nations. It was this idea which first led to the founding of the celebrated Roman Catholic Seminary in Rome, the Propaganda, which was built about three hundred years later, and has exerted such a deleterious influence in communicating the doctrines of Popery throughout the different nations of the earth.

In the year 1306 we find Raymond again in Majorca, and soon afterward we see him on the continent of Africa, declaring in the marketplace of a populous city, "The doctrine of Christ is true, holy, and well pleasing to God; but the doctrine of the Saracens is false and erroneous, and I am ready to prove it so." He then continued to exhort the natives in the Arabic language, when they became so excited that they threatened to kill him. But Raymond replied: "A true servant of Christ, who has perceived the truth of the Christian faith, has no fear of a bodily death." But he was protected by one of the chief priests, who wished to hear Raymond defend Christianity. The consequence was that he frequently spoke in the college of the learned Mohammedan priests, and defended Christianity with all the subtilty of his genius and vast acquirements. In the year 1311 he wrote these words: "I had a wife and children, and was tolerably rich, and I led a worldly life. But I left all for the purpose of promoting the good of mankind and spreading the holy faith. I have learned Arabic, and have gone many times to preach the Gospel to the Saracens. I have been beaten with stripes and cast in prison for the sake of my faith. I have labored forty-five years to lead the shepherds of the Church and the princes to take measures for the general welfare of Christianity. Now I am old and poor, and yet I have the same thought that I had at first; I will continue in it till death." And he did continue in it. When he was sick, in his extreme old age, he said: "If it be well pleasing to Thee I would not like to die such a death as this, but would like to end my life in the glow of love, as Thou hast ended Thy life for us. Thy servant is ready to go out and shed his blood for Thee. If it may please Thee, before I die, do Thou so unite me to Thee that, being strengthened by worship and love, I shall never be separated from Thee."

He recovered from this sickness, and on the 14th of August, 1314, he sailed again for Africa,

remaining for some time in concealment among the Christian merchants in Bugia. But at last he appeared in public, and exhorted the Saracens to accept his Christianity, as it was the true religion. His exhortations were followed by an outburst of popular fury, when he was cast out of the city, and stoned to death by order of the King. The Christian merchants of Majorca begged permission to take his body on board of a ship, and bring it to his home. According to some accounts it is said that he did not really die till he was brought on board the ship and looked upon his native island. His martyrdom occurred on the 30th of June, 1315, when he was seventy-nine years of age.

Raymond Lully was a remarkable man; and with all the errors of his imagination, and his participation in the superstitions which prevailed in the Church at his day, he had a far purer heart and stronger mind than was common in his times. He served God to the best of his knowledge, and no one can say that his purpose was not good. The great thought of his life was to lead heathen nations to the acceptance of Christianity, and it is to him that Protestantism, which arose long after the old man was stoned by the Saracens, is indebted for some of its plans for the conversion of heathen nations to the Gospel of Christ.

As for Raymond Lully's philosophical views, they exerted a powerful influence upon his age, and some of his opinions may not have been without influence in leading the European mind to take the important step which resulted in the great Reformation. Even to this day he is regarded by all thinkers as a philosopher far in advance of his contemporaries, while by the theologians of the Romish Church he is considered one of the most acute scholastic writers of the Middle Ages. His numerous works abound in brilliant flashes of thought, though they have now done their work, and are but little studied. His earliest biographer declares that he wrote one hundred and twenty-three works in all. Salzinger, a Roman Catholic theologian, published an edition of his works in ten quarto volumes, at Mayence, from 1721 to 1742. The edition is very rare, and two volumes in it are no more to be found in any library. He and the great English Franciscan, Roger Bacon, stood at the head of European science in their day, though Raymond Lully was inferior to the latter in freedom from superstition.

WHEN a Christian goes into the world because he sees it is his *call*, while he feels it is also his *cross*, it will not hurt him.

GIVING AWAY THE BABY.

IT was the third day after my husband's funeral—said the widow—and I was so much stunned by his sudden death that I could do nothing but sit and think over it, and try to realize how it could be so. Only the Sunday before he had been sitting with me, watching the baby as he sat in the sunshine, laughing and clapping his little hands as the shadows of the trees were flung across the bare floor and moved by the passing breeze. Now the child was sitting in the same place, the warm October sun streaming in on his bright curls and making him look so pretty—so like a picture; but his father had gone from us forever.

It seemed to me I must see his dear face once more; that he would surely lift the latch and come in, and take our child up, and say, as he often did, "Mother, what would you take for this little brother?"

Even the baby missed him, and would come and stand at my knee, calling, "Papa, papa!" till I thought my heart would break. The two oldest children were at school, the rest were out playing, so that I was quite alone. By and by the baby was tired of his play, and came and got into my lap.

"Mamma cry—mamma must n't," he lisped out, and wiped my wet face with his little chubby hands; but I could only hold him closer to me and then cry more bitterly.

Just then Mr. and Mrs. Lorrimer drove up in their handsome carriage. They lived not far off, and were our richest neighbors. When I had invited them in, and dried my tears a little, they seemed at a loss how to begin the conversation; but Charlie had slid away from my side, and went and stood at the lady's knee, and, pointing at her heavy gold bracelet, said, "Pretty, pretty," in his childish way. She took it off and gave it to him, saying, "Won't you come to be my little boy, Charlie?"

My heart took fright at once. They had no children, and I seemed to feel as plainly as if they had told me that they had come for one of mine.

"No, no, mother could n't spare him," I said, quickly snatching him away—almost rudely, I fear.

"My dear woman," began Mr. Lorrimer, "have you thought seriously of the impossibility of your getting along with five children under twelve years of age? It has required all your husband's efforts to make a living for you—now can you hope to do without him?"

"We offer," joined in his wife, "to take the most helpless of your little ones, to give him

all the advantages we would our own child; and surely you must see God's hand in it, that through us he intends to help you."

I need not tell you how long I withstood their arguments; but, at last overcome by their entreaties, I consented to consider the matter. I never mentioned their visit to any of the children, and I had changed my mind almost every hour since I had seen them. At last, convinced that it was for the child's good, I consented to give him up. When I went to dress him to go my resolution almost failed me. I lingered over every article I put on him, and made every dear curl over and over before I could get it to please me, and I kissed his white shoulders till they were all rosy. At length he was ready, and I thought he never looked so pretty. He was full of animation, for he was old enough to know what it meant to go a riding, and he clapped his hands and laughed at the horses as they were driven up. I handed him to his new mother—the children supposed he was to come back soon—and he never even looked at me. O, how jealous my aching heart grew!

When I came back into the house the first thing my eyes fell upon was his cradle. I could only throw myself on it and sob aloud. Then came the trial of telling the truth to the children. None of them seemed reconciled, and I felt that the worst was to come when the two oldest returned from school. I almost dreaded to meet them, especially Willie; he was like his father, so quiet and calm outwardly, but hiding beneath his apparent coldness the strongest, deepest feelings. But the others went to meet them as they came home, and I was pleasantly disappointed in the way the oldest one took it. He seemed to feel that I had done it for the best, and that he must hide his sorrow for my sake. He was more thoughtful for my comfort, and gentler than ever, only very still and grave.

The day ended, as the longest will, at last, and it came time to go to bed. I had taken Willie down stairs to sleep near me since his father's death; the other children slept just above us. Well, when I came to lie down there was the empty pillow. Baby had always laid his little rosy face as close to mine as he could get it, and slept with one little warm hand on my neck. All my grief broke out afresh when I thought of him. Willie raised up at last, and said, earnestly:

"Mother, it's Charlie you are crying for, is n't it?"

"Yes," I answered, "I know it's for the best, but it's so hard to give him up."

"Mother," continued the child, "when father died we knew it was for the best, because God

took him from us; but I've been thinking ever since we laid down how poor little Charlie must be crying for you, and how God gave him to us, to love and keep him, and now you have given him away. If he had meant him to be Mr. and Mrs. Lorrimer's baby, would n't he have given him to them at first?"

The child's words carried more weight with them than all the arguments of my rich neighbors. After considering a moment I said, impulsively:

"O! if I only had him back he should never go away again, no matter how poor we might be."

The moon was shining so brightly that it was almost as light as day, and presently Willie said:

"Mother, it's only half a mile across the fields, and they won't go to bed for a long time at Mr. Lorrimer's; let us go and get Charlie. Why, mother, I seem to hear him crying now."

Urged by the child's entreaties and the fond promptings of my own heart, I consented. I think I never walked half a mile so quickly in my life, and neither of us spoke till we reached the mansion. Then we stopped a moment for breath, and sure enough we could hear baby screaming at the top of his voice. We went around to the sitting-room and knocked. They seemed half frightened when they saw who it was, but asked us in politely. A hired nurse was walking up and down the floor trying to pacify it. Mrs. Lorrimer had wearied herself out, and was lying on a lounge.

"Come to mother," Willie said, and he brought the little fellow to me at once.

How he clung to me, still sobbing, yet smiling all the while to find himself in my arms!

"I can not give him up," I said at last, when I could get my voice clear; "you must let me take him home."

They evidently thought me one of the silliest of women, but their cold words only made me the more determined, and we started back in less than a half hour after we came, I carrying the baby in my arms all the way.

When I had laid him down in bed, not fast asleep, but still sobbing, and he reaching out his little hands to feel if I was there, I said:

"God helping me, come what will, I will never part with one of my living children again!" And I never did.

I have no need to tell how wild with joy the rest of the children were when they found the baby in bed next morning; and from that day forth it was their greatest pleasure to amuse Charlie and have him with them.

When the affair came to be known many blamed me, and many favors that my rich neighbors might have done me they withheld, I think

for my folly, as they called it. But a few poor women like myself, who had always nursed their own children, said I did right. We had many trials, and often not a crust of bread in the house; but our hardships only bound us the more closely together,

All of my children proved comforts and blessings to me. God took care of one for me; but as Willie said, we knew that it was for the best. The rest married in the course of time and left me; but the prop of my old days, the one whose industry and management gave me this plentiful and comfortable home, has never left me since the day I gave him away.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

IT is a law of Divine economy that when the father of a household becomes a Christian, the whole family become Christians also. Joshua said, "As for me and *my house*, we will serve the Lord." Paul said to the jailer at Philippi, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and *thy house*," not thyself alone, but thy household also. Lydia was baptized *and her household*.

Family worship is a fitting consecration of the family to God. The family is an ordinance of God. It is the oldest of all institutions existing among men. It dates its origin in the garden of Eden, with the commencement of the human race. It continues to survive amid all the changes of human affairs. If our present National Government should be dissolved, yet the hallowed institution of the family would continue in every part of the land. A people may be carried away captive to foreign lands, as were the Hebrews of old; they would still group themselves together, and be found in families. Surely an institution which thus lives, bears the mark of its Divine origin; and well may we admire the wise and benevolent purpose of our Creator, which did not destine us to live in isolation as individuals, but united us in families, and gave us houses to dwell in.

But how fitting it is that an institution, thus divinely appointed and preserved, should be consecrated to Him who established it; and that all who form its membership should pay their united tribute to the Author of their being, the Preserver of their life, the bountiful Giver of all their blessings! Every relation of life should be consecrated to God; but a relation so pre-eminently of Divine appointment, and so pre-eminently beneficial in its influences as that of the family, should be especially sanctified by the Word of God and prayer.

Family worship unites the members of a household in the closest intimacy of friendship and love. Various influences serve to unite the members of a family together. But there is no influence so deep, so strong, and so abiding as that of religion. Other influences are temporary, and are ever liable to be weakened by conflicting interests of selfishness. But this is an influence which is invincible and indestructible. Mutual attachments can be made strong and continue to increase in strength, only when those who are thus united have an object of interest and affection that is common to them both, and is also higher than both. That object is given them in the sublime reality of Christian faith, the ever-living God and Savior. They who bow together around his altar, and unite their hearts in his worship, know that they are united by a tie which no earthly change, misfortune, or misunderstanding can disturb. United in Christ, they are united forever.

Family worship is an important means of Christian education. The daily reading of a portion of the Scriptures would soon bring before the mind a large amount of religious truth, and go far toward diminishing that ignorance of the Scriptures which is now so general and deplorable. The Bible is fitted to be a household book, the family Bible. Let its open page bless the family every day. And where there are children in a house, it is hardly possible for them to be educated in a Christian manner without the practice of family worship. How can parents teach their children to pray, unless they pray with and for them? The great rule of all successful parental instruction is, *Be thou thyself what thou wouldst have thy children to be*. If you would have your children pray, pray yourself. If you would have them read the Bible and love to read it, let them see your own interest in it. All pastors and teachers know how much easier and more hopeful it is to converse on the subject of religion with children who have the advantages of Christian instruction and of Christian worship at home, than with those who have them not. Other means of religious education often fail through lack of this.

In respect to family government, family worship is of prime importance. How can parents expect their children to obey them, when they themselves are disobedient to the Father in heaven? And yet this is not an uncommon expectation. Our Savior tells of a man who built his house upon the sand. Quickly and easily rose the building, but when the rain descended, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, it fell; and great was the fall of it. There are many houses, built not of earth and stone, but

of souls of immortal youth, that also fall, and great is the fall of them. They grow up quickly to the years of manhood, but they are reckless and lawless, disobedient both to God and man, as unfit to be citizens of the State as of the kingdom of God. And this is because at home there was no Christian influence to mold and govern their youthful wills, and guide them in the way of righteousness and peace.

Family prayer strengthens family government, because it clothes the parent with the sanctions of Divine authority. The first religion of a child is to obey its father and mother. By the habit of obedience to its earthly parents it is to be taught obedience to their Heavenly Father. But how much more naturally and easily will this habit be formed when the child sees that the father and the mother are themselves obedient to the unseen Father in heaven, and the power of a child to see this is wonderfully quick. It will associate the authority of pious parents with the authority of God, and will fear to transgress their commands as though uttered from heaven.

Family worship strengthens family government, because it brings the influence of parents into connection with the fountain source of all blessing. In all our efforts to do good, the source of blessing is not in ourselves, but in God. Parents who pray with and for their children may know that, in their efforts to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, they are working not in their own strength, but in the strength of God. The Author of all good is on their side. If they should look to themselves alone, to their own words, or works, or manner of life, they might lose all courage or hope; but as they kneel with their children around the family altar, they may be well assured that it is God who by them is educating their children; and that he will see to it that the Divine influence which bringeth salvation shall not be absent from their hearts.

TOYS, AND THEIR MAKERS.

WE know not whether to address this paper to young or old boys. The most worldly-minded among us has a soft place in his heart, and a tender recollection of his young free days, when he neither knew nor cared any thing about acceptances, or the trouble of not meeting them. He lives his childhood over again in his children; and he has toys of his own, if he would only admit it, and they are apt to turn out rather expensive. Our toys, however, are not of an expensive kind. We go in for quantity, not

quality. The smashing instinct is strong within us, and coppers are scarce. In this spirit let us see what Young England is doing just now in the toy market.

The bazars are the places, we find, where we can get every thing for a penny. The little ones may here indulge themselves as they please with their own pocket-money. Penny toys are an expression of the age. Only think what may be obtained for a moderate "tip." Astonishing as it may appear, the little ones may really have a large assortment to choose from for this small coin: Noah's ark, soldiers, figures of all kinds, dinner-sets, and every noise-making toy in fashion.

All the cheaper class of toys are of foreign manufacture. Penny toys come from Germany. They have their birth in the black pine forests of Thuringia. The Dryads and Hamadryads are not dead, but sleeping. What roars of laughter spring from these old gloomy pine woods! The great toy capital is Sonneburg, where men, women, and children are employed upon their production. The cost of toys at the place of their manufacture is infinitely small. The wood, the only material of which they are made, is nothing: twopence-halfpenny. The labor is scarcely more valuable. Toys, in these old forests, are made upon the most approved modern principle of division of labor. Any toy we may take up has gone through half a dozen hands. By this means great rapidity is attained in their manufacture, and the prime cost at home is less than the third of a penny. The transit along mountain roads, by water-carriage to Rotterdam, whence they are conveyed by steam to England, costs more than their manufacture, but yet there is a profit left to the vender. These are the true smashing toys; but the more expensive, highly finished, and elaborate ones still come from Germany or the adjacent countries. Great numbers come from Grunheinscher, in Saxony, but the town of Nuremberg maintains its old monopoly for metal-work, even in the matter of toys. All the leaden soldiers in boxes are made here, while the tin railroads, and locomotive, and steam vessels of every primitive character and form, come from Biberach, in Wirtemberg. The cuirasses, and helmets, and guns come from Hesse Cassel, a highly military little kingdom; and from its by-neighbor, Prussia, we have the pretty little toy-interiors, of shops, drawing-rooms, and other interiors, fitted with model furniture and goods.

It is no mean proof of the manner in which the Prussians are educated, that those very elegant little toys are all made by prisoners under penal servitude. We wonder what sort of a

figure our felons would make at the like occupation. Some of the details are capitally modeled. There, for instance, is a butcher's shop, with all the joints hanging on their hooks. They are made in paper, and show that the modelers must have copied them from the originals. The governing powers in Germany do not think it beneath them to give an art education to the children engaged in the manufacture of toys. The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen has established schools for this purpose, and the result is that the most beautiful models of animals made in papier-mache come from his kingdom. They are too good, however, for playthings, and are more likely to find their way to the mantle-piece as ornaments. There is a tendency in this country, we fear, to fall into the error of constructing toys for boys that are not only too expensive for the general purse, but too scientific and elaborate—model locomotives, which go by steam, working pumps, model steam-vessels, mice running by machinery; and, for the girls, dolls that move along the table, raise their arms, and cry papa and mamma. This is carrying machinery into the nursery with a vengeance. It may be very well calculated to foster the mechanical spirit, but not to relax the mind, the proper object of toys. They are far too expensive, however, ever to come into general use, so that their influence is not likely to be great.

Dutch dolls, the most hideous articles to look at, do not really come from Holland, but from the Tyrol. They are called Dutch dolls, we suppose, because Holland is the country from which they are shipped for England. The most natural dolls in the world are made in London. They are admirably modeled with real hair, and the busts and head are made of wax quite artistically. The making of dolls' eyes is quite a large trade, we are informed, and a very profitable one.

First-class dolls are the only toys, excepting the pieces of mechanism before mentioned, for which we are famous in England. Birmingham is, indeed, called the toy-shop of the world; but not in the sense in which children understand the word toy. They are nicknacks, rather, for children of a large growth. It seems strange that our national genius does nothing for the little ones in metal work; that we should have to go to Nuremberg for toy printing-presses with types, magic lanterns, magnetic toys, and conjuring tricks, with which our fast boys now entertain their seniors; but such is the fact. The toy that the English boy loves best in the world is the model of a ship. This in past time he fashioned and rigged for himself; but in these degenerate days he may buy his model,

and all the details for fitting her out, even to patent anchors, guns and gun carriages, blocks and steering wheels—every thing is made for him. We wonder whether the youngers enjoy them as much as we did, when every thing about our ship, from the tip of the mast down to the edge of the keel, was made with a not over sharp clasp-knife.

It seems to us that all the active toys of our youth have passed away, or been so modified that we scarcely know them. Is the peg-top, with which we delighted to split other peg-tops in the pound, now ever spun, or is the little colored metal pretense for a top spun by a piece of machinery substituted for it? Are there no good solid hoops now trundled? We confess we meet with nothing but pieces of circular wire, that are not banged with a jolly stick, but pushed along by a large-sized knitting-needle. And where are all the kites that once carried our eyes heavenward? The boys of these days let up model balloons instead, which they pull down again with a string.

But hold—let us not be carried away by prejudice; no doubt the old boys of every age look with contempt upon the toys of the rising generation. There are two things in which, we may confess, our juniors have the advantage over us—picture books and sweets. In our day, good reader—I presume an old boy—there were no such splendid fairy tales as can be got any where now for a shilling. Jack the Giant-Killer had to be imagined with our own minds. But now every Christmas the artists present the story to us in a new aspect. "Sinbad the Sailor," and the "Arabian Nights," now glow with colored pictures. There was no color in the old days, and the pictures rather depressed than excited the boy's imagination. But, as an old boy, we must confess the sweets of the present day have a great advantage over the "stick-jaw" and the "bull's eyes" of the past. We never dreamed of such delicacies as iced cocoanut or pine-apple candy, and never saw such a beautiful prospect as the sweet shop now presents, specially laid out to drive to madness the boys that have no pennies to go inside.

MAN, says Pascal, is but a reed—the weakest in nature—but he is a reed which thinks. The universe needs not rise up in arms to crush him; a vapor, a drop of water suffices to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be nobler than the power which killed him, for he knows that he dies; and of the advantage which the universe has over him the universe knows nothing.

A RAMBLE WITH FANCY.

ONCE upon a quiet even,
While the ling'ring hues of sunset
O'er the earth were resting lightly,
I sat musing in the twilight.
Soon I saw a form approaching,
And her step was light and graceful.
Quickly as I looked upon her,
Knew I that her name was Fancy,
And the smiling glance I gave her,
By a beaming smile was answered.
For so oft with her I've wandered
'Mong the pleasant hills and valleys
Of the sweet and mystic *song-land*,
That her face hath grown familiar;
But this being claims no kindred
With that train of idle fancies
That forever haunt the spirit;
Living only for the present,
Caring only for its pleasures,
Never soaring from the earth-mists,
And the shadows that surround it,
Filled with high and noble longings
For some good yet unaccomplished.
Then said I unto this Being,
"Hast thou come again to lead me
Out into the land of Beauty?
Many times with you I've wandered
'Mong its grottos and its bowers,
Plucking here and there a blossom.
Far above the hills and valleys
Of this land of song and beauty,
In sublimity and grandeur,
Rise the everlasting mountains,
And I've listened to the echoes,
Ringing from their secret caverns,
Till I long to roam among them—
Long to wake some grand, deep echo
That hath never yet been sounded."

Then said Fancy, "If it please thee
We will gaze upon those mountains
As we ramble now together;
And perchance in the dim future,
If thy life on earth is lengthened,
Thou may'st roam among their summits."
Onward, then, with her I journeyed,
Till we stood beside those mountains,
And I saw Fame's mighty temple,
With its broad dome and its arches
Resting on its golden pillars;
And I said to my companion,
"If to me it shall be granted
To ascend those lofty summits,
Shall I pass through Fame's broad gateway?"
And she said, "It is a question
Future years alone can answer."

Oft amid life's cares and duties—
'Mid its pleasures and its sorrows,
Hope, that bright, sweet being, whispers,
"In the dim and distant future,
If on earth thou still shouldst linger,

Thou shalt climb those mountain summits,
Thou shalt wake some grand, deep echo
That hath never yet been sounded."

THE TIME TO PRAY.

WHEN Phœbus' fairy fingers paint
With rosy tints the day,
Or sink the trembling stars to rest
Within the bosom of the west,
Then is the time to pray.
Or when the blazing midday sun
Reflects his scorching heat,
'T is good to leave the care and strife
Which blend with every day of life,
For Prayer's sublime retreat.
And yet an hour there is which prompts
To worship more profound,
When darkened shades at night-time fall,
Till Nature wraps her heavy pall
The silent hills around.
So, when life's hopes, like trodden flowers,
Lie crushed upon the sod,
The soul on Faith's white wings may rise,
And up above the dusky skies
Tell all its griefs to God.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

SWEET is the music which the evening wind
Can softly blow,
Breathed through the casement when I sit reclined,
So sadly low.
Sure 't is the sighing of some gentle spirit
Lost, long ago,
Real, and so near me that I can but fear it,
Feeling its woe.
Bosom of angel, whence these plainings well
What Power hath stirred?
Rich hearts breaking such melody compel—
Unbreathed in word
Some downy breast against music's chords panting
As captive bird,
To its dull-eared prison the sweetest strain granting
Mortals have heard.
Softest and sweetest is the strain breathing sorrow
To human ears,
Minstrels its key-note would fain ever borrow
Through all the years.
Since of our Eden fate hath bereft us,
Joy mingles with fears;
Hope spans the sky when all else hath left us—
There's solace in tears.

"REAL glory
Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves;
And without that the conqueror is naught.
But the first slave."

GREAT PRINCIPLES OF NURSERY
RULE.

I. ORDER.

IN a nursery, because the work is the most responsible of all work, and the charge the most precious, the most difficult, and the most rewarding of all charges, so the need of a careful choice of sound principles is of the utmost importance.

I need not speak of those great principles of life which must be the foundation of all worthiness, and without which the best qualities for work or knowledge, or even *behavior*, are only like the polish on our furniture, or the paint and paper on our walls—very nice to have bright and clean, no doubt, but second in importance to the sound wood of the one, or the strong foundation and mason-work of the other. Parents and nurses should be known to the children as trying to please God in all things, just as they are taught they should do. The *first*, then, of these principles, which I think should hold only the second place to the great one of serving God in all, is that of *order* or *orderliness*.

If you will think closely of this you will see what a good law it is for almost every thing. Order *about places and things* is what we are accustomed to think of as all that orderliness means; and that if our room, and our drawers, and presses are tidy, that all is in good order. And so, perhaps, it is *as to places and things*. And very desirable it is that all should be so in the nursery. There should be no rubbish holes. If a thing is too old, or too insignificant to have a place of its own, put it in the fire. In the same way, if any thing is torn, it should be mended *at once*, and not put away and a whole one taken out in its place, while, perhaps, the torn one becomes useless by the change of season or the child's growth. How pleasant it is to feel no fear on opening any drawer, looking under or into any thing, sure that all is tidy and clean—to take out any article of clothing, sure that, as none was *put away* in disrepair, none can be taken out unfit for use!

But we must carry this orderliness *into our ways* also. There is truly a right way and a wrong way in every thing. And this principle of order in our ways would lead us always to choose the right way as a matter of course. Half-done work would disappear. "It will do" would cease to be heard. And half of our odds and ends of work would stop, because a great deal of it is just doing slightly and imperfectly over and over again what should have been *thoroughly* done at first.

With all care, no doubt, it is not possible always to be provided, and never to be put out in our plans, or have to give way to circumstances. But the effect of the *occasional interruption of our orderly ways* will be very unlike the effect of *disorderly ways*. For the one will come only as a bad day in Summer; but the other is like the continual dropping of a rainy season.

And then there should be order *in the use of our time*. Having fixed what has to be done, and how it is to be done, fix, also, the time for doing it. So far as it is possible, have a set time for every thing. If you would have children contented to wait, it is when they know they have only to wait till the regular time. Again, if you would have them obey your call promptly, and with cheerfulness, you must show them that you are active, and exact, and prompt. It is in vain to expect *from them* cheerful readiness to go at once when called to the different employments or interruptions of the day, if we are in the way of saying "presently," when the thing should be done at once, or if, after saying "it is time to go out," etc., we sit on, or linger, as if being late in doing a thing was of no consequence. Of course the children learn the same ways, and instead of "it is time" being the reason for each thing being done *at once as a matter of course*, it becomes only a signal for their seeing if there is not something else they would like to do better than the right thing. There is a cry or a fret about leaving play to go to breakfast, about leaving the house to go to walk, about leaving the open air to come in, and so on about every thing, till bed-time winds up all with a cry about having to go to bed.

And how reasonable a result it is! If we trifle at our work or pleasure, when we and they know *it is time* for something else, the child sees no reason why he should n't also wait till he is ready when we call him. But if, when he hears us say, "It is time" for this or that, he also sees us rise at once and set about it because *it is time*, he also learns to rise at once, and without a question, at the same call. So activity and cheerfulness reign instead of trifling and fretting.

Strict order is, indeed, one of the most important principles of nursery rule—*order about places*—which is cleanliness and neatness; *order about ways*—which is doing things in the *right way*, and not *any way*; and lastly, *order about time*—which means activity and regularity. It saves time. It saves temper. And it secures that the work shall be done both more easily and more thoroughly.

II. CHEERFULNESS.

In the first place, let me point out how cheerfulness seems to grow naturally out of the habit of order and activity—how a tidy room helps to make us bright and cheerful, and how, the need of fretting over lost, and broken, and torn things being taken away, the sunshine is let into our hearts and tempers.

Children are naturally cheerful, for they have no cares. And we ought to keep them so as long as we can, because it is good for the health, both of mind and body. It is true that cares come by degrees into even children's hearts, and that God makes these cares gradual teachers of many valuable lessons. But these come soon enough; and we who have to do with children should take care not to forestall God's plans by *making cares*, or by letting the shadow of ours rest on them. People *make cares* for children when, by any harshness or carelessness, they make the little heart needlessly sore; also, when they instill fears of any kind, or give them sad ideas to dwell upon, unless these come *naturally*, as when a sight of pain, or poverty, or death calls their own attention to such things. Again, people often *make cares* for children by expecting too much from them. No one should ever reproach a child for not keeping its good resolutions, or for not being what is called "*consistent*;" that is, acting every day and always as if actually in remembrance of, and obedience to, what it knows to be right. No person does this without many and many a failure. And no child can be reasonably expected to do it all. We may *lovingly* take a good time to speak to a child of the resolution it has broken, remind him of it, and encourage him to try again, perhaps cheerfully offering, in some small way, to help him not to forget. But we should never *reproach*.

A child is sometimes told it is no use to speak as if it was good, when it lets this or that fault come back again and again; or again, when it is in a bad humor, it is upbraided with not being a bit like what it pretended to be at such a time. Now all this is wrong. In such cases a child does not *pretend*. It *is* good when it seems so; and it forgets, or is overcome by temptation and falls again and again into sin, just as *we* do. Children need the same grace to help, and have not either our knowledge or our strength. So that we who are wiser and stronger should be helpful and patient with them, and try to make them feel us as *kind helpers to enable them to do right, rather than severe guides, telling them not to do wrong*.

While I am on this subject I will say a few words more, though it seems not exactly about

cheerfulness. A child's *naughty* times and *fretful* times are the times when it is most affected by our conduct. When it is pleased and happy, it does not notice so much; and if it does there is little chance of its finding any thing but smiles and love around it. Every one likes and smiles on what is called a *good child*. But the poor fretful one gets the rough word and the displeased look, and is put aside and left to itself, and this by every body. Now, the child's good is not every body's business. So we must not blame every body for so natural a thing as disliking a fretful, troublesome child. But a mother or a nurse is different. *She* sees that there is something wrong. Fretfulness, especially if it seems to be *without a reason*, or to be about *every thing*, is almost certainly caused by some discomfort of body.

A little illness, perhaps so little that it shows itself in no other way than just by fretfulness, is quite enough to cause it. And in many children some ailment keeps up this discomfort so constantly that the poor thing actually gets the character of being a *bad child*, and becomes a very unhappy one, only because it is not well, but has not sense or knowledge to explain it. A kind and observing person, however, will find out such things. And, as a good *rule*, I would say, it is the "*bad*" child that needs the special watching and the special care and kindness—not, of course, indulgence to encourage his waywardness, but cheerful kindness to lead him out of it and make the natural brightness come back into the little heart. This rule is sadly contravened. The happy, willing child is led, dancing along, by the hand, while the other is left standing to drag on alone behind, with a sharp call, as a spur to both temper and speed, thrown back at it. Now, the dancing bairnie would dance alone. The merry heart hardly requires to be amused. Nay, if directed aright, it would gladly wait for and cheer the other. Therefore, in every view, it would be good for *both* to study most the little forlorn one. If illness is really the cause of the fretfulness, and it can not be relieved at once, the cheerful voice and kind sympathy may *turn* the spirit of fretting into a patient bearing of the annoyance. And so, instead of a great evil, the little child's illness may become to him a lesson of much good.

Cheerfulness makes obedience easy. It makes even the common work of the day pleasant. It makes our religion, also, very engaging to the young. While *irreverence* should always be checked, cheerful smiles should mark our Sundays and our Bible lessons, even more than other days and other subjects. For do we not

wish these to be the happiest days and the brightest lessons?

Sundays are often made gloomy to children, because they are left too much to themselves. Very naturally older people wish to read quietly. The child can not do so. And so, not being allowed to play, he can *do nothing*. Now, if the child were learning no bad lesson, by having nothing to do or to amuse him, it would not signify so much. *But he is learning something*. He is learning to think of Sunday as a dreary day, and of religion as a thing which makes those who are usually pleasant and helpful to him grave and silent. I would not allow a child the same plays on Sundays as on other days. But I would carefully fill up the day with lively, pleasant talk, pictures, Bible stories, and a quiet walk, and have, as far as possible, little treats belonging specially to the day; so that Sunday should be a *happy* day, although a quiet one, even before they have learned what is meant by its being a *holy* day.

Above all, care should be taken in a house where there are children that some person should give them not only needful watching, but *full attention* at every part of the day. And this is not so hard a rule as it may appear. For every one has leisure on Sunday, and if one takes the children in the morning, another again in the afternoon, and so on, every one will have quiet in turn for reading or thought, and yet the time never be weary to the little ones. No child is happy with *half* the attention of the person left with him. Till old enough to amuse themselves with play or books, they require the *full* attention of the person in charge of them. How pleased they are when we *sit down with them* to play or tell them stories! And how little does it satisfy them if we are occupied and can give them only half attention!

I do not say that children are right in thus demanding attention, or that it is always right to humor them. A nurse should be able to sit down at her seam. Nor should she—unless on a particular occasion—give up her work to please them. But to try to read when the children are with one, or to get into long whispered talks with other people about things which they are not intended to hear, or which they can not understand—this sort of half attention to them makes children very unhappy and discontented, while the advantage to one's self is very small. Full attention, then, is the best and happiest plan for all.

There is one thing more, attention to which would add much to nursery happiness and good management. It is the simple rule of *never*

saying *Do n't*, if you can change it into *Do*. Some people continually say, *Do n't do this*, and *Do n't do that*, till the children are cross from being constantly checked, and yet are never told what they may do. There are two ways of *saying* every thing, as well as of doing every thing. Take an example. One person calls out to the little brother, "Now, *do n't* come disturbing your little sister, and taking her play-things." Another says, "See, come to me rather, and see what I have got to show you." The same end is gained in the little sister being left in peace. But in how different a spirit will each child be after the one way from what it would be in after the other! Again, "Do n't walk in the mud," may just as well be, "Come and walk on this nice dry part of the road." "Do n't run on so far before," or "Do n't lag behind," becomes quite pleasant if changed into "Take my hand," or "Walk beside me, and I'll tell you about this or that."

Do n't is a very unpleasant word to old and young, and it would make life smoother and happier, and *goodness* easier, in every place, as well as in the nursery, if we learned to change our "*Do n't do that*" into "*Do this rather*."

THOUGHTS UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

LIKE a prudent manager, Nature does not throw open the best rooms of her *ménage* on all occasions. We may not expect to stay always in the star-rooms and east-rooms, the parlors and drawing-rooms, for there are back-rooms for occupancy as well. Perhaps it is the better part of wisdom to comfort ourselves in these back-rooms with thoughts of what lieth beyond the locked-up doors, and to strengthen ourselves in the faith that Nature's fête and festive days, though retarded, will surely come, when her best and choicest shall again be brought out. If I may draw a simile from this, is it not so that Time takes away our pretty flowers and our life's jewels, and locks them up safely in some far-off spot; and in some far-off day, when the wonders of the spirit-land shall have commenced, will they not be returned to the hearts that have missed them so, as fresh and fragrant, as sparkling as ever? It must be, for all beauty has a soul about it that speaks itself immortal.

"But surely this is the farthest of all the back kitchens of the whole establishment," I said to myself, as, after a long pause, I went out into a slow, drizzling rain one afternoon. I had known every feature of the surrounding landscape from childhood; but it was all strange

to me now; not with that sort of strangeness which comes sometimes when the years are dying, and the glory of their Beulah seems too sacred for my eyes to look upon, but with a strangeness which had nothing of awe or dignity about it. The trees shook down their drops upon my umbrella in a free-and-easy sort of way, and the whole physiognomy of the day seemed a curious stare that said in a friendly, blunt fashion, "Who are you, any how?" I felt quite at ease at once, and entered with a zest into the home-spun character of the day.

Farmer Smith's orchard! It always does me good to pass it in Autumn, when it shows forth a horn-of-plenty in the midst of the low, flat acres around it. It looked to rare advantage to-day, with the rich colors of its fruit deepened by the rain, and glowing brightly through the falling drops.

Close to the fence stood two trees, which looked as if they might have been pushed up out of the ground on purpose to show off a contrast. One, tall and stately, bore fruit so large and so luscious to look upon that it was the remark of all passers-by. The long, ungracefully branching limbs of the other were loaded with very small, very much shriveled, and exceedingly insignificant-looking fruit. I had often passed by with admiration for the former and no thoughts for the latter; but I was not going to do that to-day—not I. I was in a decidedly gracious frame of mind, and felt myself a sort of Howard among apple-trees—my mission was to the despised and neglected of the class.

This poor tree, I said, has just as much of good and worth about it as the other. True, it has not concentrated its gifts into large, imposing masses, hanging them out with flaunting pride for admiration, but in its small gifts it has given more than the big gifts of the other. Hidden away under almost every leaf and twig are modest proofs of its generosity—*very* modest, to be sure. I might liken them to words or thoughts of kindness instead of real, tangible deeds; still they show none the less plainly the unselfish character of the old tree.

Something like this are lowly lives. All the gold in them is not gilded around a few great deeds, but it runs in rich veins down through the every-day words and every-day actions. Like the old tree, when the pink and white blossoms of their Spring-time leave the settings for fruit, unselfishly do they give themselves out for the filling up of the fruit—unselfishly, for it may never bring them fame or praise. Never, perhaps, have these lives shown forth a single great thing, but they are full of *pieces* of

great things—bits of heroism, fragments of most noble generosity, kindnesses innumerable, which we can not join together in great wholes because report never lights up the half of them to our eyes. But we know they are hidden away in the darkness somewhere with God's smile, and "well done" resting down upon them. We know this because we know the unselfish spontaneousness of a life which has not been made selfish and arrogant by great ambitions. Why is not such a life worth as much as those other lives which might be symbolized by this proud-looking, large-fruited tree? and where is the justice in despising the one and falling down to worship the other?

"Have an apple, marm?" said a sudden voice, breaking itself away from a low, sharp whistle.

I turned, and saw Master Johnnie Smith, as fine a looking specimen of a "barefoot boy" as the class contains, which is saying a great deal for him. He evidently interpreted my pause before his father's orchard into envy for fruit; so, springing himself over the fence, he stood under the dripping boughs, looking, I thought, a very prince of hospitality in a very limp, drabbed condition.

"If you please, I will take one of those small ones," I replied, remembering that my mission would compel me to eat my protégés in preference, or rather because the apples were the embodiment of my theory, and I wanted to see how my theory would taste.

"Them apples arn't worth a straw," said Johnnie, looking disdainfully at them. "That ere is an apple that *is* an apple," handing me a very large red one that my proud tree bore.

"Yes, it *is* an apple, no mistake. Please give me one of the small ones, too."

"They arn't good for nothin'." Father throws 'em to the pigs," he replied with a sarcastic turn-up of his pug-nose at my persistence. He tore one off, however, and handed it through the fence. "Bitter as gall."

I rebelled somewhat at Johnnie's words, but one taste of the apple convinced me they were true, and as I sent it rolling in the ditch I felt that with it went my theory. Some trees and some lives which bear small fruit have as much worth about them as the large, magnificent-fruited kind, I persisted in believing; but my enthusiasm for the old tree and its human counterparts was gone, and I could not accept this for a rule.

Some lives, I thought, are abundant in bitter fruit because of the consciousness of their possessors that they are not destined to great things. They will not listen to the plain teaching that God puts as heavy a weight of morality

in a little thing as a big thing, and that, therefore, the two are equal in importance, though they may be unequal in results.

These persons may not show forth their courage and constancy in the fire of martyrdom, so they fret and writhe at every trial or pain. Their voices are not melodious as that of a Jenny Lind; therefore, no matter if they are pitched to so sharp a key that they grate painfully upon sensitive ears. They may not become brilliant conversationalists like Margaret Ossoli or Madame de Stael; therefore, they content themselves with low gossip and slander till their words get into the habit of crawling like tiny, hissing snakes through every crack and crevice of a reputation, poisoning it whenever they may.

Surely such fruit is, in Johnnie's most expressive language, "fit for nothing but to throw to the pigs." This "good for nothing"—what terrible words they must be pronounced by the Great Harvester! All the long, slow years of breathing in the life wasted! The storms to make the life hardy, the blossoms that fell like a charm upon it, the birds that sung love-songs among those blossoms, the paintings that were flung out morning and night to suggest sublimity to it—the mission of all these useless, and the whole life "good for nothing!"

But all fruit is not of the positive kind. It would be convenient if it were—if the good and bad would put themselves out separately instead of so mixing and running into each other that we are often compelled to love and hate at the same time. Probably there are only a few of the most vaunted generousities but may have a seed or two of selfishness in them. Perhaps the core of many heroisms is egotism and pride. But it is not best to go down to the core of things. It is better to leave the separating of the terribly tangled-up good and bad of human nature to the One who alone is able to trace them. To him belongeth the secret motives of the heart.

More "barefooted boys," and girls too! This is a class which need never feel ashamed to show its faces—or feet rather—in any society, since they have been honored by the poet. Johnnie was the forerunner of a group of school children, who came now laughing and chattering down the road, swinging little pails and baskets upon their arms. They splashed straight through every swollen puddle till they came to the brook, where a wider field for bravery presented itself to the boys. With shout and cheer they plunged in and forded it, while the sweet little pink-cheeked girls looked down on them from the bridge with all the strong hero-

worship of their natures astir and fluttering out in little screams and exclamations.

What is it about childhood that makes it so lovely? A rosebud has a charm about it that the full-blown rose can not have. Folded up inside, imagination shows us a blossom with every leaf perfect in form and grace and steeped in fragrance. The possible beauty adds itself, in a measure, to the real, and we enjoy them both together. The full-blown rose, though as peerless as our imaginary one, has something about it that almost pains us. It has no future to show. Back of it we see only a bare stalk and yellow fallen leaves. So with the child-life. All the possibilities and probabilities of manhood and womanhood, all their glories and triumphs, weave themselves into a crown for the young brows, and we look at them always crowned so. It is not pleasant to think that the farther the years lengthen out the more must the crown fade, the plainer must the grave-picture define itself behind them. Not pleasant; but after all there is a picture behind the grave itself which imagination is not capable of stretching—a picture so glorious that we may not look upon it.

A rainbow, with all its suggestions of the ancient covenant, came brightly out as I neared my friend's house. These are all fresh seals and signatures set to that covenant which, through all the ages, has not grown old. As I swung open the gate I found that I was slipping straight from the kitchen of my walk into a jewel-room, for jewels lay upon every leaf and shrub, and sparkled thickly among the grasses. Every thing was bent down under a weight of brilliancy. Colors of the rainbow were reflected in tiny drops. Is it not so that the words of the covenant, and a meaning deeper than words, speak themselves to the individual drops of the streams of humanity?

My friend's canary, in his cage upon the piazza, was singing as busily as though all the beauty and brilliancy of the yard had been confided to him for expression. Most faithfully did he translate it into song, I thought, as I paused a moment to shake the rain from my umbrella. With the shaking and putting it down must end, of course, my thoughts under it.

God's Word is, in one sense, God's temple. From its foundation to its dome it is the work of the Holy Ghost. In it burn the seven-branched candlesticks of heavenly wisdom. Here the thoughts, the counsels, and the ways are unveiled; here the Infinite Love discloses itself; here the comforts of earth are distributed.

WHERE THE FAULT WAS.

"THE most disobedient child I ever knew." The words were uttered in a languid tone, and the speaker pressed her hand on her throbbing brow as though she would still its beating.

A few minutes later Mrs. Elbert repeated the same words to her husband.

"He must be sent to school, Grant," she continued, "such a racket would drive me crazy."

The subject of these remarks was at that moment engaged with a company of miniature soldiers, and a small pop-gun, which he was using with considerable dexterity, for several of the wooden warriors lay with their faces to the floor, and every new downfall was greeted with a burst of boyish laughter, which fell discordantly on his mother's ears.

"Send him out doors for a romp, Mary," good-naturally suggested Mr. Elbert, "boys will make a noise."

"And this is all the sympathy you have for my nerves, Grant. Send him out doors, indeed, perhaps the next moment to hear of his having fallen into the creek. No, I will not think of such a thing. As long as the children are out of school they must remain with me. I should not have a moment's comfort any where."

"Yet I am sure, Mary, neither you nor they are quite comfortable as it is. I can not imagine how your sister Lucy manages with small children."

"Lucy again," retorted Mrs. Elbert sharply—"I do n't think, Grant, you need be constantly holding up Lucy as a pattern for me to copy."

"Yet allow, Mary, that Lucy is an admirable manager," said Mr. Elbert, in a conciliatory tone.

"She has never had any ill health to contend with. There, go away, Minnie, do not trouble me with your doll. Do you hear me? Go play in the corner."

The little girl moved away slowly, and her evident reluctance was, as usual, construed into that rebellious spirit which Mrs. Elbert has persuaded herself existed in her children to a large degree.

"Mrs. Colton, marm, sent me over to know if you'd step over, if you felt well enough," said an Irish girl, thrusting her head into the drawing-room.

The lady hesitated before replying, and the girl continued:

"It's in trouble the lady is, marm, the docther has been thar twice this mornin'; one of the young uns is down with the croup."

Mrs. Elbert had not visited her sister for several weeks, excusing herself on the plea of ill

health, though it must be confessed that other causes had something to do with her absence. The truth was, these visits had only served to make her more dissatisfied with herself; for while she acknowledged her sister's superiority, she did not care to have a second person remind her of it; and the well-meant allusions of her husband proved to be particularly annoying.

Still, Mary Elbert was not a bad-hearted woman—and Lucy in trouble awakened feelings that Lucy in prosperity had failed to do.

Hastily throwing on a shawl, she turned her steps toward her sister's residence. With a noiseless tread she entered the dwelling and repaired to the sick chamber, where she found her sister seated near the couch of her youngest child, who was breathing painfully.

For several days she remained an inmate of the dwelling, sharing the midnight vigil and doing all in her power to relieve the little sufferer, who rapidly continued to grow worse, and finally breathed its last in her arms. Yet, though this period was passed in benefiting others, it proved of rare value to herself; she could not but acknowledge that in the activity which the circumstances demanded, she had forgotten many of her own ills—nor was this all.

It was the day before the funeral—the little waxen form, with its violet eyes calmly closed, lay like a lily bud on its pearly bed; and as Mrs. Colton gazed with tearful eyes on the little figure, the thought of her other children crossed her mind.

"Where can Willie and Emmie be?" she said, turning to her sister, "I have not seen them since breakfast."

"I will go and see," Mrs. Elbert replied, and she left the room, expecting to find them engaged in some childish mischief.

"Is that you, auntie?" said a childish voice as the lady passed through the dining-room.

"Yes, Emmie. What are you doing? Where is your brother?"

"Willie is doing his work and I am keeping house for mamma."

"Keeping house for mamma?" Mrs. Elbert continued in a puzzled tone. "What do you mean, child?"

"It's my hour to help mamma," continued the child in her artless way; "I fold the napkins, dust the chairs when Betsy's done sweeping, and feed Carlo; and mamma says that is keeping house for her. Willie's making paper matches; he likes to use his fingers, so that is his part of the work. Mamma did n't come down this morning, but we thought we'd keep house just the same."

"You are a good little girl," said Mrs. Elbert,

kissing the child. There were tears in her eyes as she turned away. Why had she not taught her little ones to help her?"

The funeral was over. Mrs. Elbert repaired to her home. At another time she might have found much to censure, for during her absence a little *contretemps* had occurred, and the servants regarded the silence of their mistress with amazement.

"Come, get right into bed, Miss Minnie. Do n't bother about saying good-night; for I can tell you your ma is n't in a good-humor for all she's so quiet. Cook says we shall all catch it to-morrow; I'm sorry Harry broke the pitcher, but there's no use crying for spilt milk. Come, get into bed," and the girl took the light and left the apartment.

"Do n't you think, Harry, we'd best tell mamma about the pitcher?" said Minnie, as soon as the sounds of the girl's footsteps were no longer heard; you know our teacher said last Sunday that we should be willing to confess all we have done amiss during the day, before we ask God to take care of us through the night."

"I aint afraid of being punished, Minnie," continued the courageous child, "but mamma will be cross. I can't bear to make her cross."

"Or I either, Harry," returned Minnie, in almost a sobbing tone. "I wonder what makes mamma cross? We're such dreadful wicked children! She do n't take us to bed like aunt Lucy does Emmie and Willie."

"Perhaps it's because she's sick," returned Harry.

"I do n't think God would make mamma sick and cross, Harry, if we told him how badly we felt about it."

"I do n't know, Minnie; we might try," the child said thoughtfully.

The two children knelt down, and after repeating their usual evening prayer, the little girl added these words:

"Please God, do n't make mamma sick and cross any more, and Harry and Minnie will try to be good children—Amen."

It was a simple petition, but it went to the heart of one listener at least; for during the period passed at her sister's, Mrs. Elbert's feelings had been deeply impressed, and she resolved to visit her children's chamber before retiring that night.

Thus she overheard their artless prayer, and her tears fell thick and fast on their couch.

In the morning Harry recited the story of the broken pitcher; and soon he was telling Minnie that God must have heard their prayer, for mamma was n't a bit cross, but had kissed him, and said he was a good boy for coming to tell

her the truth, and that he must be more careful in future.

Mrs. Elbert again repaired to her sister's residence. "I have come, Lucy," she said, "to learn the secret of your influence in your household."

Mrs. Colton smiled kindly on her sister, while she returned, "Constant watchfulness and love, dear Mary, with the blessing of Heaven, have so far availed in my family. My children, like your own, are each of a different temper. I try to discover what are their peculiar traits and dispositions. Willie is naturally of an active, nervous temperament, and if I did not keep him employed his restlessness would be a source of annoyance to himself and all around him; yet he is an open-hearted, generous child, and I trust with proper training his activity will prove a blessing; for, believe me, sister, it is possible for a child to be restless, even boisterous, without being willfully disobedient. I do not say this to extenuate or excuse the disregard of a known command, but simply to show the necessity of occupation for one like himself. Besides, children like to feel they are of use, and though at first it may tax your time and ingenuity to devise plans for their employment, in the end they may prove of real assistance; and not only in devising plans for their employment should we take an interest, but also in their diversions, for as we were children ourselves once, so should we remember that youth is peculiarly the season of those innocent enjoyments which we once shared; and by caring for their joys as well as sorrows, we shall be able to gain their confidence and that perfect love which casteth out fear."

PRESENCE OF GOD.

THERE is something in the thought of being surrounded, even upon earth, by the Majesty on high, that gives a peculiar elevation and serenity of soul. To be assured in the loneliest hour of unknown or neglected sorrow, that every sigh ascends to the eternal Throne, and every secret prayer can be heard in heaven; to feel that, in every act of conscious rectitude, the heart can appeal, amid all the contradictions of sinners, to One who seeth not as man seeth, produces a peace which the world can never give. Feeling itself, like Enoch walking with God, the heart perceives a spirituality and purity in every joy, a mercy and a balm in every sorrow, and, exalted above the intrusions of an intermeddling world, has its "conversation in heaven."

VERSION OF THE DIES IRÆ OF THOMAS DE CELANO, A. D. 1250.*

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|--|---|
| 1. Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla. | 1. Day of wrath, that woeful day,
Shall the world in ashes lay:
David and the Sibyl say. |
| 2. Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando iudex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus. | 2. What a trembling, what a fear,
When the dread Judge shall appear,
Strictly searching far and near! |
| 3. Tuba mirum spargens sonum.
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum. | 3. Hark! the trumpet's wondrous tone
Through the tombs of every zone,
Forcing all before the throne. |
| 4. Mors stupebit et natura,
Quum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura. | 4. Death shall shiver, nature quake,
When the creatures shall awake,
Answer to their Judge to make. |
| 5. Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Undi mundus judicetur. | 5. Lo, the book of ages spread,
From which all the deeds are read
Of the living and the dead. |
| 6. Iudex ergo, qum sedebit
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit. | 6. Now before the Judge severe
Hidden things must all appear,
Naught shall pass unfinished here. |
| 7. Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus! | 7. Wretched man! what shall I plead?
Who for me will intercede,
When the righteous mercy need? |
| 8. Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis. | 8. King of dreadful majesty,
Author of salvation free,
Fount of pity, save thou me. |
| 9. Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illa die. | 9. Recollect, good Lord, I pray,
I have caused thy bitter way,
Do n't forget me on that day. |
| 10. Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti cruce passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus. | 10. Weary sat'st thou seeking me,
Died'st redeeming on the tree,
Let such toil not fruitless be! |
| 11. Justæ iudex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis. | 11. Judge of righteousness severe,
Grant me full remission here
Ere the reckoning day appear. |
| 12. Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce, Deus. | 12. Sighs and tears my sorrow speak,
Shame and grief are on my cheek,
Mercy, mercy, God, I seek. |
| 13. Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti. | 13. Thou didst Mary's guilt forgive
And absolve the dying thief;
Even I may hope relief. |
| 14. Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed Tu, Bone, fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne. | 14. Worthless are my prayers, I know,
Yet, O Christ, thy mercy show,
Save me from eternal woe. |
| 15. Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hoedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra. | 15. Make me with thy sheep to stand,
Far from the convicted band,
Placing me at thy right hand. |
| 16. Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis. | 16. When the cursed are put to shame,
Cast into devouring flame,
With the blest then call my name. |
| 17. Ora supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis:
Gere curam mei finis. | 17. Suppliant at thy feet I lie,
Contrite in the dust I cry;
Care thou for me when I die. |

*This translation of the Dies Iræ is by Rev. Dr. P. Schaff. It has been prepared in connection with a forthcoming History and Commentary on that famous poem, and furnished the WORLD by the translator.

NECESSITY OF A DIVINE REVELATION.

MEN are less agreed as to the manner in which God has revealed himself to man, than as to the fact that a revelation has been given to the world. There are those who readily admit a revelation of the Divine will, and who yet gravely deny that that revelation is contained in the Word of God. They contend that enough of the Divine will can be gleaned from nature and man's moral constitution to answer all the purposes of his being and destiny; and that, consequently, the Bible, as a direct revelation from Heaven, can not be admitted, since it is altogether a work of supererogation. Man needs no other revelation than that which he has independently of inspiration; therefore God has furnished none other. Such is the logic of a class once many; such is the argument of a class still far from few. We propose, therefore, to show the necessity of a full and complete revelation from God—the necessity of a direct communication of Heaven's will to man. Our argument is, that the world's ignorance of God is the ground of this necessity.

"The world by wisdom knew not God," declared the apostle Paul. Man's need of a revelation is founded on his necessary ignorance of God; for in and of himself he neither knows nor can know God. The human mind, by its own unaided power, is utterly incompetent to grasp the idea of a God, much less the perfections of his nature and the character of his moral government. Nature, without the antecedent idea of a divine existence in the mind of man, is, of necessity, a total blank. She furnishes no basis on which an argument can be founded, or a conclusion arrived at. The mind always reasons from the known to the unknown by comparison and analogy; but in the absence of a prior conception of a Divine being man knows nothing, and knowing nothing, it is impossible for him to reason on the subject at all. The unknown quantity in an algebraic problem is reached only by properly combining its known conditions; without this there can be no elimination, no result. So with all species of inductive reasoning. We must start with first principles; otherwise we can never master higher and abstruser facts.

"God is the only way to himself," says a great divine; "he can not in the least be come at, defined, or demonstrated by human reason; for where would the inquirer fix his beginning? He is to search for something, he knows not what; a nature without known properties; a being without a name. It is impossible for a

person to declare or imagine what it is he would discourse of or inquire into. He must demonstrate without one known or sure principle to ground it upon; and draw certain necessary conclusions whereon to rest his judgment, without the least knowledge of one term or proposition to fix his procedure upon; and, therefore, he can never know whether his conclusion be consequent or not consequent, truth or falsehood, which is just the same in science as in architecture, to raise a building without a foundation."

Nature must be assisted in order to render a true verdict. She is utterly impotent to reveal the infinite principle of her causation. Newton saw only sparks of fire when he looked at the heavens with his naked eye; but when his vision was aided by the power of the telescope, he beheld vast worlds and systems. Reason, unassisted, fails to see a divinity in nature; but when aided by the idea of a God, which revelation only gives, she makes every-where glorious proclamation of a Great First Cause. Then with kindled rapture and sublime certainty we exclaim with the royal Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." A divinity, then, brightens and burns every-where and in every thing, and we sing with Moore:

"There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity."

We conclude that the idea of a God is not original to the human mind, and that it is not possible to any of the inductive processes of which it is capable. The very fact that man has the idea at all presupposes the divine source of its original communication to him.

But if we should even grant—which we are far from doing—that man could grasp the sublime conception of Jehovah's existence from nature, where could he learn his nature, perfections, and the character of his government? At which of nature's oracles would he inquire? If she have any utterances to give, any revelations to unfold, they are surely not on this subject. Here her silence is profound and awful. No ray of light flickers over the immense moral gloom. All is dark and starless. With the great problems of life and destiny—problems ever suggested and yet never answered by nature—in vain does man's bewildered, tortured intellect seek to grapple. And yet man must know God—must know him to know himself. With this knowledge his whole life and destiny are mysteriously linked; without it his entire being is without an intelligent end or aim, the

darkest and saddest of all mysteries! His profound ignorance of God at this vital point is the most suggestive consideration in favor of the necessity of a Divine revelation. "The world by wisdom knew not God." If by wisdom or philosophy the world could not know God, then in order to this necessary knowledge God must reveal himself to man. This is the logic of the inspired Paul upon this subject.

But we argue, again, that man needs to know God, as far as finite intelligence may, in the infinitude and boundlessness of his power and glory—needs to know him as the Almighty Creator of all things. And in order to this he must have a revelation. He must start in his knowledge of Jehovah where inspiration begins its first, sublime, awful utterance, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth;" and have on his mind and heart the burden of the vast idea unfolded in that opening disclosure of God's infinite majesty and power. Unless he starts here, what can he know of God as the great Creator? Power—and power, too, without the idea of limitation as to its creative energy—is the first thought which must possess the mind and awe the heart in reference to God. Unless man be awed under an overwhelming sense of his eternal power and godhead, how could he conceive of God as a being worthy of his homage and supreme reverence?

The sages of antiquity had indirectly through revelation an idea upon this subject; but its noble Platos and Aristotles never reached up to the dignity and grandeur of a creation. Their philosophy, in its highest form and in its grandest reach, never dreamed of the world's creation from nothing, because it never dreamed of unlimited power. They believed that God was a great architect, not a Creator; that he made the world, as the watchmaker makes the watch, or the mechanic the house, out of pre-existent matter. Their conceptions of his power were purely artistic or mechanic; a great workman on an extended scale bodied forth all their ideas of God; while of the creativeness of that power they had not the slightest thought. We must ascend higher than Plato in our conceptions of Jehovah, and to do this we must have a higher illumination than the mere light of reason or science. We need a revelation uplifting us to an infinite Creator—even to

"The God that rules on high,
And all the earth surveys;
That rides upon the stormy sky
And calms the roaring seas."

If not by reason—and not by reason as we have seen—yet "by faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the Word of God,

so that things which are seen were not made out of things which do appear;" that is, were not made out of preexisting matter, but out of nothing!

But we pass to another consideration suggestive of the necessity of a direct revelation to man. Moral evil exists in the world, but how and why? Existing as it does, is there responsibility for it? If so, on whom is that responsibility? These are questions which we can not escape, and yet there is no answer to them, as there can be none, without revelation. Grant that we never had any other than the light of reason or nature, to what conclusion could the human mind come in reference to moral evil? If it could even conceive of God's existence, it would only be to vote on him the responsibility for its existence in the world. Finding himself possessed of a nature irrepressible in its tendencies to evil, what else could man in that revelation do than to acquit himself of all moral accountability in the premises? He made not himself; his nature had these evil forces from the very start of his being; therefore the life, resulting from the development of this nature and these forces, is all right, all legitimate. So man, in the absence of revelation, would be compelled to reason; and from such premises he would reason to the conclusion that he was not responsible for his character and actions.

We need a revelation, therefore, to know where the responsibility for the introduction of moral evil into the world lies. God, in view of the awful purity of his character, never could have made man in his present condition—never could have created a depraved or unholy being; hence he has given us a revelation at once, harmonious with reason, explaining the how and why of man's present lapsed condition. That he was originally holy, happy, and good, we need to know in order to the vindication of the divine character; and that he plucked down ruin on his own head by his own voluntary act, and thus introduced sin into the world, we need to know in order to recognize his responsibility for his present lost estate. His primeval purity and his terrible fall—the former, God's work, the latter, man's—these are the lessons he had never known without the Bible; and never having known them, he had never acted up to the dignity and responsibility of moral intelligence.

But not only does man need to know why evil exists in the world, and how it exists independently of any divine agency; but it is of vast moment that he know the remedy for it. And without revelation, how could he know

this? Where could he learn his relation to the divine government, and the principle, if any exist, on which that government extends mercy and pardon to the sinner? Where? We have only to raise these questions to realize how utterly hopeless is the case of man independently of revelation. Pressing upon the human heart, as these questions have ever done with deep and painful interest, "Who will show us any good?" has been the despairing wail of humanity through all the centuries. If, under the awful pressure of his moral wants and necessities, he is forced to ask, "How can man be justified with God?" he needs the glorious revelation of the skies to respond, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Finally, the ultimate destiny of man demands more than the mere light of reason or nature. Nature, standing at the grave of our blighted hopes and buried affections, may ask the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" but revelation alone can answer it. The answer to this question is not of earth, but of heaven. Cicero, who, of all the ancients, thought most, and threw his vision farthest on the line of this subject, both hoped and feared in regard to man's future beyond the grave—now hoping he was immortal and then fearing the grave was the last of him. The great Cæsar, not a whit behind the famed orator in intellectual power, believed in the total suspension of human consciousness at death; that man was neither sensible of joy nor conscious of pain after dissolution. Nothing but certainty, full and entire, can answer the questionings of the human spirit on a subject so momentous. If nature made immortality problematic or even highly probable, the mind of man could never be satisfied. The thousandth part of a doubt would be death to his hopes. He must have more than a problem, more than a high probability on the question of his future existence; he must have positive, assured moral certainty. He must know, as only through revelation he may, how broad, and deep, and high, and eternal are his hopes in this precious doctrine of the divine Word. This revelation, bringing life and immortality to light through the glorious Gospel of the Son of God which it unfolds, shows how harmonious with man's powers and aspirations is his exalted destiny; that this temporary life culminates in the grandeur of an endless life; and that this short-lived existence here is but the starting-point, the initial period of his immortality.

The necessity of a divine revelation appears on every hand. Man's ignorance of God and his relation to his government, his ignorance of himself and destiny, imperatively demands it.

Such a revelation he has—one in every way suited to his condition and necessities. It is direct from God, and worthy of his glorious character and attributes. With its divine light upon the mind, and its hallowing influence on the heart, man has a free, open pathway to knowledge and duty, happiness and heaven. See to it, reader, that your appreciation and use of this revelation, the necessity of which we have sought to prove from the world's ignorance of God, shall be such as to ennoble and exalt the life that now is, and brighten and bless the eternity that is to follow! This glorious revelation you have in the Word of God. Pore over its precious pages and enrich yourself with its blessed verities; study its pure doctrines and precepts; and let them lead you to spiritual excellence and happiness here, and to unfading joy and blessedness hereafter. Your relation to this revelation is indeed a solemn one—one that is to affect you for weal or woe, now and forever, as you receive or reject its teachings.*

HAIR-DRESSERS.

THE ancient art of hair-dressing is essentially human. Other animals may vie with, or even surpass us, in some of the pursuits of life. The mole, the rabbit, the ant-bear, and fifty other dumb miners are our masters in all that relates to shafts and tunnels. Our nets are no match for the spider's web; our engineering skill seems poor beside that of the mason-wasp and the honey-bee, and the little nautilus will ride out a squall that swamps an Indiaman. But to man alone belongs the art of dressing the hair, and it would be hard for Professor Darwin to point out the gradual stages by which the gorilla learned to adorn and divide the luxuriant ringlets that had replaced its rough shock of bristles. It is to hoary Egypt, foster-mother of all science, that we must turn for the first glimpse of the barber. To this day the wall-paintings on obelisk, and cave, and temple, in Luxor and Philæ, glowing in colors yet undimmed, tell us of his labors. Of the artist himself we know little. But it was a cunning hand that built up, lock by lock, those towering diadems of hair, the pride of Egyptian fine ladies, three thousand years ago. They glimmer on the walls still, like painted ghosts, those shadowy beauties of Pharaoh's court, seated at their eternal banquets, smiling wanly upon us across the gulf of time. But whose was the skill that piled those mighty structures of frizzled curls, so fresh yet in their portraiture that the scent of the heavy Eastern perfumes—

the nard, the myrrh, the frankincense—seem almost to reach our senses as we gaze? Probably, if not a priest—and priests, themselves shaven, filled many an office more lucrative and dignified—the barber was a slave.

A slave, beyond question, was the adroit attendant who plied the scissors in the palaces of Assyrian monarchs, Medish princes, and Persian satraps successively. The great king went to war attended by a swarm of hair-dressers, cooks, jugglers, men of music, and men of magic, and of these the barber did not rank lowest in the scale. He was usually a Greek, for the suppleness of Grecian will and the fire of Grecian wit were preferred to the obsequious dullness of the more solemn Oriental. In Greece itself the profession first acquired that repute for liveliness, garrulity, and inquisitiveness which has adhered to its members in all climates and in all ages.

Men of the same calling are often strangely alike; thus, the barbers of Spanish story and those of the Arabian Nights are identical. What if one tonsor wore a turban and the other a Catalan cap, if one prayed to the Prophet and the other implored St. Jago de Compostella? For all these trifling differences, the men were twin brothers, smart, pert, human jackdaws, saucily hopping through life, prying into every dark corner where a secret lay hid, and remorselessly chattering about the same when the riddle had been read. The classic barber was not a whit inferior in these respects to his Christian and Mohammedan congeners. In spite of his toga and his sandals, the capillary artist of Bagdad and Seville might have hailed him as a man and a hair-dresser. The story of the Athenian fleet coming, beaten to its anchorage at the Piræus, and of how the wise resolve of the Government to keep the bad news from reaching Athens was set at naught, because a sailor entered a barber's shop to be shaved, and the shaver ran swiftly to the city, prattling of the defeat to all who cared to hear, is one that might have belonged to Andalusia or to Rumili, as well as to old Hellas.

No doubt but that, with the early Greeks as with the Romans of both empires, the bath, of which the hair-dresser was, in some sense, the prime minister, filled a much more important part than any corresponding institution does with us. We domestic Northerners, on whose minds the merits of soap and water are only just beginning to dawn, and who need to have little books written to tell us how and why to wash, can hardly comprehend what the bath was to a countryman of Caracalla or of Justinian. A state of society in which the very poorest

were daily laved and shampooed, oiled and rubbed with pumice-stone, scented, shaven, curled, and joint-cracked, and turned out trim and clean from the splendid marble portico of the great public place, would appear to us Utopian for luxury, however distasteful some of the details of this toilet might appear to our nineteenth-century notions; but to the Roman of Old or New Rome such a system of ablutions was not a luxury only, but a necessary of life only second to bread and shows. Never, perhaps, were barbers so plentiful, never was the demand for their services so great as in the two great cities that housed their pleasure-loving millions beside the Tiber and the Bosphorus.

The hair-dresser of the Middle Ages occupied a different position. He was no longer a slave. No patrician, with a broad hem of purple around his snowy robe, could order him to be flung to the lampreys or chained in the mill. On the other hand, the bath, that vast manufactory of clean fellow creatures from the raw material of unwashed humanity, had vanished into the limbo of the past. Washing, throughout Christendom, was thoroughly out of fashion. There was deemed to be something paganish in the practice. Moors washed; the miscreant Turk was understood to bathe his heathen body every day in the year. Even the Jew had a character for cleanliness that served to render the bath still more odious in the eyes of the faithful. When there was held to be some mystic connection between holiness and squalor, and when the dirtiest of hermits were most sure of saintly honors after death, neglect of the person became exalted into a virtue, and the barber was decidedly at a discount.

But the medieval hair-dresser had two strings to his bow. The more ornamental part of his professional arts might languish in the cold shade of popular disfavor, but in the ills to which flesh is heir, he has a never-failing mine of profit. After the pattern of the tonsor of Hudibras, he not only shaved, but also

"Drew teeth, and breathed a vein."

He was a member of the ancient and respected mystery of barber-surgeons. At his door hung the burnished brass basin, a sample of which dear old Quixote too hastily took for Mambrino's golden helmet, and which still, in miniature form, swings before the shops of some Continental brethren of the razor. Above the brass basin a red rag was hung, to remind those who wanted to be bled that the practitioner within could use the lancet; and as bleeding was once an approved remedy for every ailment,

from low spirits to a severe cold, the lancet probably brought more grist to the barber's mill than did the shears and curling-tongs.

So far as we can tell, the hair-dresser of the feudal days was graver than those who preceded or followed him. He was more of a surgeon than a barber. Bone-setting, stanching wounds, plastering broken heads, were employments calculated rather to make him serious than jocund. He was a dentist, too, and exercised a rough despotism over the aching jaws of his afflicted neighbors. In fact, he appears to have been a person rather more important than entertaining, and to be more associated with times of suffering than seasons of merriment.

In the East, meanwhile, the hair-dresser kept up his old character for talkative, light-hearted industry. No Hindoo village was without its barber, paid, like the watchman, the sweepér, and the postman, out of the funds of the rustic community. In China, the barber was, and is a merry, impudent fellow, plying his trade in the streets, and driving noisy bargains with pig-tailed, sly-eyed customers as to the amount of copper cash that should remunerate him for the long and troublesome process of a Cathay toilet. The Persian barber, the Moslem barber of India, and the Turkish barber, haunt caravansarais, and usually retain a room in some half-ruined khan, where they can shave and shampoo the newly arrived traveler; while the hair-dresser of Thibet, who is probably a lama, hangs about the monasteries of that region of Buddhist monks.

Very gradually as civilization made progress, the wholly ignorant leech of the Middle Ages gave place to the partially informed doctor of the revival of learning, and the barber-surgeon lost the more lucrative of his two callings. In all the long interval between the classic period and the extraordinary outburst of enlightenment in the sixteenth century, the profession had produced but one historical celebrity, the notorious Olivier le Dain, or Le Mauvais, barber minister of wily Louis XI. The hair-dresser, if not a brilliant member of the commonwealth, was an extremely useful one, like his contemporaries, the smith and wright. But he seldom figures in old ballads or stories; and the jongleur, the minstrel, and the very tailor that roamed the country with a needle-case, thimble, and shears, were by far greater sources of entertaining gossip than the barber could profess to be.

It is worth notice that Shakspeare's barbers are not merry dogs, retailing jests and anecdotes to levee after levee of customers. His grave-diggers, tapsters, and artisans are jocular enough; but the knights of the razor had still, in the Elizabethan age, something of the solemnity of

a medicine man adhering to him. By degrees, in Italy, Spain, France, and more sparingly in England, the brilliant butterfly of hair-dressing shook itself clear of the gloomy husk of mediæval surgery. Then was developed that bright *Figaro* whom Beaumarchais placed upon the stage, active, inquisitive, impishly jovial, with tongue and heels as unquiet as quicksilver, the sort of barber that might suggest to a believer in metempsychosis that the spirit of a magpie had been translated into the form of a man.

The hair-dresser has been invariably loyal. His sympathy with courts and pageantry, and the pomps of life are too deep to be shaken. When the cavaliers of King Charles, with scented love-locks hanging down over their steel-plates, were arrayed against an army of close-cropped Puritans in order of battle, there could be little doubt to which side the barber's affections would incline. Later, the full-flowing periwig, with its ample cascade of artificial curls, the Ramillies and brigadier wigs, the toupee, and the powdered hair that lent such brilliancy to rouged cheeks and bright eyes, made the hair-dresser of the eighteenth century a busy and valued artist. He had privileges, at any rate in France, where he was allowed to wear a sword, and to dress in gay colors, as gentlemen did; and, in 1789, a formidable riot was put down by a body of Parisian barbers sallying out, rapier in hand, to retaliate upon the revolutionary mob who had murdered one of their number.

The hair-dresser, it must be owned, has sometimes abused his power. He whose privilege it was from time immemorial to take even royalty by the nose, and whose victims, once wrapped in the long white cloth, are helpless till the shaving or snipping be complete, has occasionally proved a tyrant indeed, not only deafening the ears of the captive with his discursive talk, but levying black-mail from him by an almost enforced sale of rhinoceros marrow and ostrich grease. It needs great moral courage to reject those wonderful oils and pomades which the hair-dresser vaunts so glibly, while literally in his hands, and, in a capillary sense, at his mercy. But this illicit sale of unctuous goods to intimidated purchasers is fast growing obsolete. It was once believed that some peculiar virtue resided in bear's grease, and some hair-dressers went so far as to keep one or two specimens of the ursine tribe chained up in a cellar, whence distant roarings reached the ears of a credulous public. But in these more modern days, revolving machinery for hair-brushing, or some novelty of that kind, proves more attractive than any laudation of oil, grease, or marrow, were it of the unicorn itself.

TEARS.

NEVER did sweeter words break upon human ears or sink into human hearts, than those John heard, amid the vision of the Apocalypse, when a great voice out of heaven exclaimed, "God will wipe away all tears from their eyes." Isaiah, too, had sung the same sweet song, long years before, and many a tearful mourner had been comforted with the assurance that by and by "God would wipe away tears from off all faces."

And can it be, says the sorrowful heart, that in heaven there will be no tear-stained cheek, no tearful eye, no voiceful sorrow to break up the foundations of the soul and send its sad messengers wandering down the cheek? Yes, it is even so, sad heart; for if there is no promise God ever made, so ineffably sweet, there is none he will more abundantly fulfill. And what are the tears that shall be wiped away when the light and glory of heaven shall stream in through the open window of the purified soul? This morning, when the sun looked smilingly over the eastern hills, his light surprised the widow at her morning prayer, and heard her bless God for her *only son*, who kneeled reverently beside her; but to-night, before the same golden sunshine had faded from out the western sky, she was childless and alone; and as she watched by her dead, and wept as if she would pour out her very soul in tears, her voiceless prayer, gone before on the viewless wings of the spirit, is answered, in the low, sweet voice that whispers, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," and lo! heaven is in her face. Those are bitter tears—whose bitterness few may know—which a father and mother are shedding over a wayward and profligate son. Such were the tears David shed when he exclaimed, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom; would God I had died for thee; O, Absalom, my son, my son." That son, too, is weeping, while the calm, still hours are breathing about him, and his thoughts are busy with the past. Before the words, "I will arise and go to my father," have died away from his lips, kind arms are about his neck, and the hot tears are upon his face—God did not wait for them to get to heaven before he wiped away their tears.

Tears there are even more sorrowful than those of the widowed and bereaved; they are the tears she weeps, who looks upon the blood-shot eye, the bloated face, and swaggering gait of him to whom, in the guileless simplicity of her girlhood's hour, she gave up the keeping of her young and hopeful heart. Once he came home to her with a sweet kiss of welcome; now

he reels home from the midst of his drunken companions only to abuse her; and when she looks upon him, and remembers how good and noble her young hopes had made him—when she thinks what he might have been—what he might be even now, but for the dram-shop—the tears come so thick and fast that they can scarcely find an outlet through the aching eyelids—God hasten to wipe away such tears!

But there are tears more bitter than all—so bitter, that, to human view, God can never wipe them away—the tears of one who is weeping for the loss of innocence she can never recover on earth. O, where shall there be found mercy so unbounded as to wipe away these tears? If thou hast "sought for repentance carefully with tears," He who never said seek ye my face in vain, will wipe away thy tears when thou shalt pass through the gate into the city; for there's no weeping there.

Could all the tears shed in this city alone be collected to-night; the tears of the hungry poor crying for bread; of the wretched shivering upon their damp bed of straw; of the widow for her dead husband; of parents weeping for their dead of to-day and years ago; of children for their parents; of friend for friend; what a conception would it give us of human woe! And these tears were all wrung out from hearts like yours and mine, kind reader; and if our tears are not flowing to-night, mention but the name—the dear name of one who left our fireside, when the Autumn winds sighed through the leafless trees, and our eyes are full; we can write no more.

You can scarce enter a household but you find an empty seat at the table that shall never be filled; some precious relic of the dear departed; and as the mother opens the drawer where, for a long time, they have been hidden, how the heart swells and the eyes fill!

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But some dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair."

To the Christian, whose inheritance may have been tears, and tears continually, what a charm must this thought give to heaven—there's no weeping there!

Take courage, then, tearful traveler in this vale of tears; if God have touched thee, and sent out the tears from thy soul-depths, surely, when the night has passed, thy joy, full as the joy of angels, shall come in the morning of that day of unending gladness, and thou shalt know how blessed it is to have the tears wiped away from off thy face. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

TALK ABOUT TOBACCO.

"RUFUS, would n't it be nice to have some good cigars and take a smoke?"

"Well, Walter, I do n't know—perhaps it would, but what good would it do us?"

"I do n't know that it would do us any good, but then it would be so nice."

"I used to like a cigar, but I have determined not to smoke any more."

"O, you have been reading tobacco tracts, have you? or has your ma been lecturing you?"

"I have read some and my mother has talked with me about it, and advises me never to use it, and I believe she is right."

"I confess I'm tired of so much fuss about the sin of using tobacco! God created it and makes it grow. My father uses it, so does uncle John. Mother smokes, grandmother used to snuff, and had one of the nicest snuff-boxes you ever saw. She was a good woman and died happy. Our minister smokes, and I saw the Methodist presiding elder last Sunday take a quid out of his mouth and throw it into the spittoon in the pulpit just before he commenced preaching, and he preached the grandest sermon I ever heard. I do n't believe there's a bit of harm in it!"

"I do n't doubt that your grandmother died happy, and I have heard a great deal of talk about the presiding elder's sermon, but, Walter, do you think snuff made your grandmother more religious, or that tobacco helped the presiding elder to preach?"

"No, I do n't suppose it did."

"Do you believe that persons who use tobacco are healthier, or wiser, or richer than those who do not?"

"I can't say that they are. But uncle John says that tobacco cured his toothache, and father thinks if he should quit smoking he would become so fleshy he could n't stand it."

"Why does your uncle John chew now if it cured his tooth?"

"I suppose it's to keep it from aching again."

"That's a pretty expensive way of keeping it from aching."

"Well, Rufus, you think it is an evil. Now just tell me some of the evil of it, will you?"

"It would take me a long time to tell all the evils, but I will give a few of them. First, the use of it is a great annoyance to others. I

heard a woman complaining of the presiding elder you spoke of. She had polished her stove nicely, and when he left it was all filthy with spittle. He had spit on the stove awhile, and when it began to dry and burn it smelled so badly that he turned away and spit on the carpet. It took her a long time after he went away to get the stove and carpet clean."

"That was a shame," said Walter.

"So I think," said Rufus. "I was once on the cars where two or three men were smoking. A lady with weak lungs became very sick from the smoke which filled the car. A gentleman near her had to ask them twice before the men would quit smoking."

"I admit it is a great annoyance. I have been disgusted when I have seen the floor of the rail-cars so covered with tobacco-juice that the ladies' nice dresses would dip into it as they came in or passed out of the cars. Mother had a good cloak almost ruined once. She had laid it on the back of the seat, and some person in passing brushed it off, and it fell into a pool of the filthy stuff on the floor."

"I do n't believe it is healthy to use it," said Rufus.

"Do n't believe it is healthy, when it cured uncle John's tooth!" exclaimed Walter.

"I suppose opium would have cured it just as quickly as the tobacco did," said Rufus, "but you would n't say that to chew opium constantly would be healthy, would you?"

"No, I do n't think it would."

"Mother says there is an arrangement in the mouth by which, when we are chewing our food, a fluid is furnished to moisten it and prepare it for our stomachs, and that it is furnished just as rapidly when we chew tobacco as when we chew food."

"Is that the reason why men who chew tobacco spit so much?"

"Yes. And if any thing gets in the mouth that is not pleasant, it will flow whether we chew or not, just as when you take a piece of alum in your mouth, it will run water all the time. That is the reason why smokers spit so often. Mother says God only designed that enough should be produced to prepare our food and keep the mouth moist, and that any more than that is, in the end, hurtful to health. She says, also, that some of the fluid, poisoned with tobacco, is carried into the stomach, and that is

one reason we get so sick the first time we use it. It is the effort of nature to throw off the poison. And when we get used to it, so that it does not make us sick any more, then it mixes with the blood and goes all through the veins, and has to be carried off through the pores of the skin."

"Well, if it's all carried off what harm does it do?"

"When a person is well and hearty it does not hurt him, because the little vessels that do this can do all that is required for health too; but in weak persons, or in persons who have become diseased, both can not be done. Then if the tobacco remains it creates disease, or if it be carried off the food is not digested and carried through the system to strengthen it. This is one reason why we have so much dyspepsia. Mother thinks a great many diseases could be cured which are not, if the persons had never used tobacco."

"Well, I had never thought of that before."

"Mother told me of a good many evils; I do n't know that I can remember them all. I know she said something about the ground where the tobacco grew. O, yes, she said God designed it for corn, and wheat, and cotton—such things as we need for food and clothing—and for grass for the cattle and horses, and that he never intended we should raise tobacco any more than that we should raise thistles. She says God would make the thistles grow just as nicely as he does the tobacco, but that would be no reason why we should raise them. She told me that in our country in 1860 about five hundred thousand acres of our nice land was grown in tobacco, and that if it had been put in wheat it would have produced six millions of bushels—enough to have fed two hundred thousand families a whole year."

"How did she find that out?"

"I think she got it out of a book sent to father by a member of Congress. She says bread would be cheaper if no tobacco was raised."

"Can you remember any thing else about it?"

"Yes. It keeps coming to me as we talk about it. One thing seems to bring up another."

"Well, let's have it all. I believe your mother is a sensible woman. Not many would have thought of all these things."

"She says it is wrong to waste so much time with tobacco."

"Who wastes any time with it? Can't we smoke and read? Do n't the Dutch shoemaker smoke his pipe all the time he is making and mending boots and shoes?"

"She says there is n't much time lost in using it; the waste is in raising it, and in manufactur-

ing and selling it. She says there are not less than five hundred thousand persons constantly engaged in the business. All their time and labor is given to that which is of no more benefit to the world than so many thistles would be."

"It does some good. They get a good living, and support and educate their children by it, and can have something besides to give to the Church and to missions, so that it is not so great a sin after all."

"They do get a support, that's a fact; but mother says it is not the tobacco that supports them, but the money which is paid for it, and that it is really taking bread and clothing, and the means of education from one set of children and giving it to another; whereas, if the land was grown in wheat or something useful, there would be enough for both."

"That's a new idea. I do n't think that I understand it exactly."

"Well, I think I do. You see the tobacco is neither food, nor clothes, nor money, and is really of no value to any body, but wheat and corn are. Now, while five hundred thousand men are spending all their time raising tobacco, somebody must spend time enough to earn money to support them and their families. This money they give and take tobacco in exchange. The tobacco they chew or smoke. If they had received the wheat or corn, which might have been raised on the same ground which produced the tobacco, their families could have had bread."

"Now I understand it. The man who uses tobacco must first earn the money; when it is earned, instead of buying bread or clothing, or what he needs for himself and his family, he pays it to the man who raises tobacco, and thus robs his own, and supports the children of the tobacco raiser."

"Yes. And mother says that is one reason why it is a sin. It is violating God's law and abusing his mercy, to take the ground and bestow the time and labor that should be applied for the production of what would be a blessing, and raising that which is a curse to man."

"Your mother reads a great deal. Does she know how much tobacco is raised in our country?"

"Yes. In 1860 two hundred thousand tons were raised. She says it would take forty thousand wagons to haul it to the depot, and that it would require a train of cars nearly one hundred miles long to take it to market."

"I should say that is a good deal of tobacco. It would make a big pile of cigars, would n't it?"

"Yes, quite a pile. Just think what a crowd of men and boys it would take to chew and smoke it up."

"They would make quite a show."

"Yes. If a smoker uses but two cigars a day, and a chewer half an ounce, it would keep them at it a long time."

"You are better in arithmetic than I am; suppose you figure it out."

"Well, half an ounce a day would be fifteen ounces in thirty days, which is a month; this in twelve months would be one hundred and eighty ounces, which make eleven pounds and a quarter—suppose we call it twelve pounds to each chewer; then two cigars a day will be sixty a month, and seven hundred and twenty in a year. I saw a grocer weigh a box of cigars once, and he said they would average fifty to the pound; seven hundred and twenty, divided by fifty, gives a little over fourteen pounds of cigars—say even fourteen—to each smoker in a year; and if one uses fourteen, and the other twelve pounds, the average to each will be thirteen, so that all we have to do is to find how many pounds are contained in two hundred thousand tuns, and divide by thirteen, and that will give us the number who would use it up in a year. A tun is twenty hundred weight; that is, two thousand pounds; this multiplied into two hundred thousand makes four hundred million pounds, which, divided by thirteen, gives thirty million, seven hundred and sixty-nine thousand, two hundred and thirty persons."

"Well, I declare! if you have n't figured it out! I thought you would fail on that sum. *Thirty millions!* that is almost as many people as there are in the United States, babies and all! If they were all in one crowd they would make a big cloud of smoke, and there would be a good deal of spitting going on, too."

"It would take a great deal of money to pay for all that tobacco."

"Can you count that up, too?"

"I'll try. We'll call cigars three cents each; three times fifty are one dollar and a half, that each pound will cost."

"Three cents! Why, father pays ten!"

"Yes, but your father uses the best; a great many use common cigars, and they sell at three cents. Then ordinary tobacco retails at one dollar per pound. Fine-cut costs more, but we will take the common rates. Now, if there are as many smokers as chewers, the average per pound will be a dollar and a quarter, won't it?"

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, if you and I were going to buy an apple for ten cents and an orange for fifteen cents, and wished to pay equal shares, we would pay twelve and a half cents each, would n't we?"

"Yes."

"And if a smoker and a chewer were to buy

tobacco together, cigars at one dollar and a half and plugs at one dollar, they would each pay one dollar and a quarter, would n't they?"

"Yes; I see into it now."

"Well, four hundred million pounds at one dollar and twenty-five cents per pound would be just five hundred million dollars."

"Phew—my! A feller would be worth something if he owned all that."

"Yes. But I do n't love to think of it, because I think of the children that had to go hungry, and without clothing fit to go to school or to church because their father's money helped to make up that sum. Just think how many orphans could be supported and educated, how many missionaries could be sent into the world to preach the Gospel, how many Sabbath schools could be kept up by this five hundred million spent every year for tobacco raised in our country!"

"I guess we must raise more than they do in England, do n't we?"

"I do n't know how much is raised there, but mother says some man in England said at a public meeting that there is not less than two million tuns used every year in the world, and that, you know, is ten times as much as we raise. She says we do n't use so much as they do in Germany, India, and many other places she mentioned, but we pay more per pound than they do. A dollar in India will buy four or five times as many cigars as one will here, but it will also buy four or five times as much bread, so that the real cost is as much there as here."

"Then if there is ten times as much tobacco raised in the world as we raise here, I suppose there must be ten times as much money paid for it, too."

"Yes, in real value; that is, it takes as much time and labor there to pay for what a man uses, though it does not take so many dollars."

"If a man spends fifteen dollars a year it would run up to a hundred in seven years."

"Some men use a great deal more than that. How much do you suppose your father pays in a year?"

"I do n't know."

"How many cigars does he smoke in a day?"

"Never less than three, sometimes five or six."

"And you said he paid ten cents for each cigar."

"Yes."

"Three a day would be ninety each month, and twelve times ninety would make ten hundred and eighty. These at ten cents would amount to one hundred and eight dollars."

"Is it possible!"

"You may count it up yourself."

"I never dreamed of its making so much."

"How long has your father used tobacco?"

"I do n't know. I heard him say he used to smoke when he was a young man."

"How old is he?"

"I think he is forty."

"Suppose he has been smoking twenty years, how much would he have spent in that time?"

"It would be twenty times a hundred and eight, which would be two thousand, one hundred and sixty dollars."

"That's without counting interest. Had he put the first hundred and eight at interest at six per cent., and at the end of each year added a like sum, renewing the note and adding the interest, it would have amounted now to four thousand, two hundred and eighty-nine dollars."

"Why, Rufus, your figures astonish me!"

"Of course, your father spends more than most of those who smoke. Yet I have heard of some who use ten or twelve cigars a day, which would cost three or four times what your father spends."

"What could an ordinary smoker save in twenty years?"

"If he uses two cigars at three cents each, it amounts in one year to twenty-one dollars and ninety cents. This put at interest in the same way would make over eight hundred dollars."

"That would almost buy a little home for his family, would n't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, Rufus, I think I have learned something this morning, and I mean now to save my money. Suppose we agree never to smoke."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Walter, but I want you to put chewing into the agreement, too."

"I'll do that, for I never intend to become a tobacco chewer."

Upon this the boys separated, and, though this conversation took place some months ago, they still keep their pledge.

FRANKLIN had but little early education, yet look at what he became, and how he is revered. Ferguson, feeding his sheep on the hills of Scotland, picked up the rudiments of learning, but subsequently rose to be one of the first astronomers in Europe. Herschel, the great astronomer, was a drummer boy to a marching regiment, and received but little more than a drummer boy's education; but his name is associated with the brightest discoveries of science, and is borne by the planet that his zeal discovered.

DISOBEDIENCE.

THEY were placed side by side, these two pair of shoes that had fitted a child of ten years. One pair was old, and looked as if they had been well worn; the tips were knocked out, as if the leather had not been strong enough to keep in the curious toes of the wearer, for they must have peeped out here and there for some fresh air; the seams of the back were ripped in some places, and the heels half worn off on one side, so that the shoes leaned toward each other as if in fear of being separated; the remains of some knotty strings were still in the torn holes that were all pulled awry, and the side seams were white with the teeth of the stitches, now gray with age and use.

A very great contrast were these to the other pair that stood firm and bolt upright by their side, stiff and shining as if they had never seen any service; every thing was as fresh and bright as a new button, from the polished patent leather tips and bright brass rings to the high black heels, that turned neither to the right nor left too much, but remained as straight as any new shoes that were ever displayed in a shoe-maker's shop window. The old pair looked as though they had been worn by an active, busy little fellow, who had stamped with his heels, kicked his toes freely, and knocked against stones and every thing that happened to come in his way. They were forlorn, old and un-serviceable, but they were preserved by a mother's care; her hand placed both pair side by side, and whenever her eye rested upon them tears came, and she sighed as she thought of the little boy who had worn them.

He was a bright, loving, affectionate boy, who usually obeyed his mother's commands, but, like many other children, he was often tempted to disobedience, and sometimes yielded, and by one act of this kind occasioned life-long sorrow to his mother's heart, and paid the penalty with his own life.

Near Charlie's home there was a small pond with a mill dam, where the water was very shallow, and there he often played with his companions in pleasant weather. The depth was not dangerous in any part, excepting by the dam, where the children were forbidden to go, unless accompanied by older persons. The border of the pond was very pleasant; there were elder-trees and low shrubs bending over and reflecting themselves on the surface of the water. A large beech-tree threw a great shadow from its branches over the little brook that ran away from the pond just where it grew. In the Fall they gathered the three-cornered beech-

nuts after they fell from their rough husks, and in the Spring the blossoms of the dogwood-tree and the catkin tassels when they came out and dangled on the bushes. Under the weeping-willow the boys fished for the minnow and sun-fish that frisked in the water when the sun was sulky, and only peeped out now and then from the shadows of a cloudy day. Some of the willow boughs almost took root in the pond, they hung so low down; and there the boys waded often up to their knees when the pond, after rainy weather, was filled unusually full of water.

It was a fine place for boys to play, and Charlie, with his friend Tommy, was one day fishing in the shallow water under the willow. Charlie was going with his mother to pay a long-promised visit, and a pair of new shoes had been purchased for the occasion, and, wanting to while away the time before starting, he strolled off to the pond with Tommy.

"I can't find any worms," said Charlie. "I heard the boys say the other day, that there are lots of them under the flat stones on the dam."

"Yes," said Tommy, "but we can't go there, you know; the water's too deep."

The boys searched longer, but not finding any worms for their bait, Charlie announced again his determination to go on the dam, and urged Tommy to go with him.

"Mother won't care this once," he said; "and besides, she'll never know."

But Tommy held out against his persuasion, and Charlie, finding that he was resolute, left him to go on his disobedient way alone. Tommy put his hands in his pocket and stood quietly watching Charlie as he walked off, taking great strides as a large boy would, and thinking he was quite old enough to cross the mill dam alone. He reached it, and, climbing down the high stone step, he felt frightened for a moment as he stood on the bridge alone for the first time in his life; but his timid feeling soon wore off, and growing bolder, he walked near the edge and looked down where the water tumbled over on the rocks and shrubs below. He peered very cautiously down in the somber hollow to see what was there, and then called to Tommy to come and look with him.

"There's lots of stones, big and little ones, all covered over with shiny green moss, and heaps of ferns all growing up between the rocks, and a little brook, smaller than the other, tumbling over the stones; O, do come and look over!"

Tommy made no reply, but stood still, listening and watching, till Charlie, having satisfied

his curiosity, turned toward the other side to seek the flat stones he had gone there to look under for baiting worms. He looked under several small stones before he found any. Still standing on the stone that edged the dam, and then, when he saw nearer the water a large flat stone, he imagined that must be the kind he had so often heard the large boys tell about, and, forgetting his mother's commands, and Tommy, who was still near, forgetting the depth of the water at that place, he stepped over the flagging-stone of the dam, stooped down, and tried to pull up the heavy stone, that did not look more than an inch in thickness. The stone resisted his efforts, and with all his strength he pulled again, when the stone suddenly giving way, the rebound threw Charlie headlong into the water.

The moment before the blue sky and glad sunlight was beaming upon him; the soft Summer air breathed the fragrance of flowers, and wafted the hum of the busy bee and the song of the cricket in his ear, while the birds sang their Summer songs in green leafy branches; the next moment he was struggling in the treacherous cold water, that had been smiling and rippling in the sunlight.

Tommy saw him fall in, disappear, and then come up again and struggle in the water—poor Charlie! and then he ran to the dam screaming and crying, "Charlie! Charlie!" and jumped down on the stone bridge and leaned over to help his companion; but no hand was stretched out to meet his grasp, and nothing but the bright clear water rippled above the place where Charlie had fallen.

A man who had been working in the field near, hearing the scream and cry, ran toward the spot, and finding he could do nothing without aid, hastened to procure some assistance; but before they found the body the spirit had flown to the God who gave it, and the lifeless clay was all that was left on earth of the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy who so short a time before had been living and enjoying a happy, joyful life.

Tommy, nearly heart-broken by the sad accident and unhappy fate of his playmate, never forgot the lesson it taught him of the dreadful effects of disobedience; and his sad mother, when she glances at Charlie's shoes as she has put them away side by side, remembers many things besides his fault of disobedience, and sighs to think how different it might have been if that one act had not been so severely punished. Boys, never disobey your parents; for, even though you may not perish as Charlie did, you sin against your Heavenly Father.

THE LITTLE TRAVELERS TO THE LAND OF LIGHT.

IT was early morning in a forest, where, chasing gay butterflies, winding bright wreaths, and shouting merrily, sported a band of children. Under an oak-tree, apart from the rest, a little boy was seated with a book upon his knee. For a long time he traced the golden letters eagerly, heedless of the merry laughter around him; then, rising, he closed the book, and walking toward the gay group, exclaimed, "Why should we spend our time chasing these butterflies and twining flowers which fade so soon? O, come with me, and I will show you the way to a land where the sun shines a thousand times more brightly. Come, and I will lead you where the flowers never fade."

Then the children laughed tauntingly, and asked how he became so wise. But the little boy replied not angrily, he only unclasped the book and read to them of a beautiful land, where were a "fountain of life" and "everlasting life." Then the children laughed still louder, and said that he had been dreaming beneath the oak-tree, and was not yet awake; but as they danced away after fresh flowers, from the band a little girl stepped forward, and, raising her meek, blue eyes to the child's, said, as she clasped his hand, "I will go with you to that bright land. It is dark in this forest, and the fountains here only make me feel more thirsty. I long for the living waters. See, my gay wreath so lately twined is fading fast. O, let us hasten where the flowers never fade."

One sad glance the child cast behind him. Once more he pleaded with the others to follow, then, hand in hand, the children started on.

"How can we ever find the way to the fountain of life in the land of everlasting light?" asked the little girl.

"Do you not see footsteps?" replied the child, "footsteps before us? We must follow them. They are our father's, and he will lead us to our bright home."

Then joyfully the little children hastened on over the green grass amid gay flowers, but soon in their path arose steep rocks, and in these rocks were the footsteps.

"O, I can follow no longer," exclaimed the little girl, "these rocks are so sharp. There must be some easier way home than this."

"No, no," replied the little boy, "there is none other than whither these footsteps lead. We must overcome all difficulties, we must keep marching on."

Then, opening the book, he read in letters of gold, "He that overcometh shall inherit all

things, and I will give him the morning star." And the little girl's heart rejoiced at the words, and her eyes beamed so brightly as she thought of her inheritance in the land of light that she almost forgot her feet were on sharp rocks. At times their path would be near rippling brooks and green meadows, where the sunlight streamed brightly; but, strange as it may seem, when on steep rocks, or amid sharp thorns, where the trees were the thickest, and earth's sun-rays faintest, then it was that the light shone brightest around the children's path, and the light seemed to come from beyond the forest, where lay their home. Sometimes the children would be tempted to stray from the footsteps, to linger, twining bright flowers, only to see them fade; but in golden letters they would read that it pleased not their loving Father to have them loiter by the roadside, and then regaining the footsteps, they would sing of their bright home in the distance and march joyfully on.

At last the children reached a valley where the trees interlaced their branches so closely that no sun-ray could pierce through, yet the valley was not dark, it was radiant with the glorious light from beyond, and joyfully, hand in hand, the little children entered its depths, for they knew their journey was almost done; they knew the fountain of life, whose streams of living waters had so often refreshed them when weary, was almost gained; and brighter, still brighter beamed their eyes, till the valley was passed, and the children entered the land of light, there to "shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."

Two little girls, Bridget and Walburga, went to the neighboring town, each carrying on her head a heavy basket of fruit to sell for money enough to buy the family dinner. Bridget murmured and fretted all the way, but Walburga only joked and laughed. At last Bridget got out of patience, and said vexedly, "How can you go on laughing so? Your basket is as heavy as mine, and you are not one bit stronger. I do n't understand it."

"O," said Walburga, "it is easy enough to understand. I have a certain little plant that I put on the top of my load, and it makes it so light I hardly feel it."

"Indeed!" said Bridget, "it must be a very precious little plant. I wish I could lighten my load with it. Where does it grow?"

"It grows," replied Walburga, "wherever you plant it and give it a chance to take root, and there's no knowing the relief it gives. Its name is *Patience*."

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

TOILERS WITH THE BRAIN.—The "Health and Longevity of Brain-Workers," by Dr. George M. Beard, an article in Harper's Monthly, presents some curious statistics with regard to the physical effects of intellectual labor, showing that constant activity of mind forms the most favorable condition for the attainment of old age. It is true that many whose names shine brightest in the galaxy of the world's thinkers, walked all their lives in sorrow and pain, and sunk into premature graves. But on the other hand it is just as true that the logical cause of the suffering and early decease of these men is to be found, in most instances, not in their intellectual activity as authors so much as in their native feebleness of constitution, in their dissipated habits, or in their external circumstances. Many delicate, finely strung natures are irresistibly impelled to authorship by the force of their genius, and, if such are doomed to a life-long battle with disease, surely their calling should not be held responsible for their misfortunes. Some worry themselves to death, others hasten it by over-indulgence of the passions, and others die simply because nature does not allow them sufficient capital to sustain life; but very few die simply from over-exertion of the mind.

Contemplate what wonders of toil as well as of suffering have been endured by many authors who have yet attained a good old age. Sir Walter Scott, overwhelmed with debt, lonely through bereavement, persistently writing and planning till he was past sixty; Dante, fighting with poverty and his own weaknesses, plunging into all mysteries and sciences for three-score years and ten; Edwards establishing a reputation as a theologian and philosopher that shall stand forever, while he was obliged to measure out his plain food according to the caprices of his delicate stomach; Irving, working at his desk for ten and even fifteen hours a day, rising often at midnight to resume his task, and yet not compelled to lay aside his pen till he was seventy-six. Besides these, scores of names are at once suggested of men of genius and letters who have struggled with poverty and various forms of ill, and yet have thought on and written till past the allotted time of human life.

College students are referred to as affording examples of vigorous and bounding health, not inferior to that of any other body of young men in the country. Intelligent farmers form an important class of brain-workers, and it is generally known that they reach a

high average of longevity. "But this green old age is not due to their muscular exercise alone, for mechanics and laborers, who work even harder than farmers, do not live as long by many years; it is not due to the pure air they breathe, for many out-of-door laborers are much lower in the scale of longevity than they; nor, lastly, is it due to the calmness of rural life, for the farmer, if a freeholder, is burdened with grave responsibilities, and oppressed by weightier cares than the butcher in the market, the teamster on the highway, or the workman he employs by the day, all of whom die much younger than he.

"Farmers are long-lived not only because of pure air, moderate exercise, and country quiet, but more especially effects of merely physical labor by varied activity of the mind. Of nearly twenty thousand of this class who died in Massachusetts, the average age was over sixty."

In our large cities also the best physical development is found in the most highly favored classes as regards material prosperity, and whose habitual pursuits demand constant activity of mind. Merchants and manufacturers live longer than artisans and laborers, but not so long as professional men. Reasoning from analogy and from the facts of biography, it would seem that those who are endowed with unusual intellectual powers can work harder and longer, all things being equal, than the rank and file of humanity.

MOTHERS SHOULD LEARN TO THINK.—There is an impression upon the minds of many that skill in governing must be instinctive—that it is an original and native talent, and not to be acquired by information or thought. But look at those parents who have been most successful in family government, and they will be found to be those who have most diligently and uniformly attended to the subject. You may go into the family of some man of celebrity, in one of the learned professions, and, as you look upon his lawless children, you are perhaps discouraged. You say, If this man, with his powerful and highly cultivated mind, can not succeed in family government, how can I expect success? But a little observation will satisfy you that this man is giving his time and attention to other pursuits. He is neglecting his children, and they are forming precisely those characters we should expect from the influences to which they are exposed.

There is no absolute certainty that any procedure will result in the piety of the child; but if we go on in our attempts to govern without system, or thought, or care, we shall undoubtedly reap most bitter consequences. The mother must study her duty. She must carefully observe the effect produced by her mode of discipline. There is but little advantage to be derived from books unless we revolve their contents in our own minds. Others may suggest the most valuable ideas; but we must take those ideas and dwell upon them, and trace out their effects, and incorporate them into our own minds, by associating them with others of our own. We must accustom ourselves to investigation and thought. The mother who will do this will most certainly grow in wisdom. She will daily perceive that she is acquiring more facility in forming in her children the character she desires. And the increasing obedience and affection she will receive will be her constant reward. Care and labor are necessary in training up a family. But no other cares are rewarded with so rich a recompense. No other labors insure such permanent and real enjoyment. You, O mothers, have immortal souls intrusted to your keeping! Their destiny is, in a great degree, in your hands. Your ignorance or unfaithfulness may sink them to the world of woe. Your fidelity, with God's blessing, may help them onward in the path which leads to the mansions of heaven. You and your children may soon be ranging with angel-wings the realms of blessed spirits, if here you are faithful in prayer and in your efforts to train them up for heavenly glory.

PUNISHING CHILDREN.—In multitudes of cases parents have made hasty, and furious, and utterly groundless charges against a child, which has so taken it aback that it could make no reply, and this has been taken as a tacit confession of guilt, and the next question proposed in fury is, "What did you do it for?" And the child being thus confused and more alarmed, can not summon presence of mind and composure enough to make denial, and as the only alternative bursts into a kind of hysterical crying. Many parents are of such a temperament that, when a child can not be induced to utter a word under scolding, they become more enraged, and utter threats which are a disgrace to civilization; we have heard them, ourselves, from affectionate, indulgent, and Christian parents—"I'll knock you down with a log of wood," "I'll break every bone in your body," "I'll beat you within an inch of your life," and other similar beastialities of expression from educated, civilized minds; at least they passed for such in the great world.

There is one safe rule always applicable in the reproof of children; never speak so loud to them that a third person, ten feet away, could hear what was said. Any angry feeling is intensified by a loud utterance. Another good rule is, do not reprove or correct a child in the presence of a third person, or if so, let it be done in a soft, low, affectionate tone. A third precaution, and it is not a minor one either, is, do not reprove on the instant; wait a few hours,

if not till next day, or better still in many cases, defer it till the occasion is about to occur when the fault might likely be repeated. Any intelligent and observant housekeeper knows that if a steak is put on the table this morning burnt to a crisp, bouncing up from the table, running into a kitchen, and blazing away at the cook is neither ladylike, nor wise, nor polite. But next morning, just before the steak is about to be cooked, be in the kitchen, and ask that it be not overdone as yesterday, with some word of encouragement; whatever servant is not managed in this way had better be dismissed. Now children are as ignorant as servants; the minds of both are weak, and may be easily made perverse alike. Be assured, reader, that if you make it an inflexible rule never to scold above a whisper you will never outrage your child's feelings, nor fracture its skull by a blow dealt in ungovernable fury.—*Hal's Journal of Health.*

BOYS OUT AFTER NIGHTFALL.—A writer in the *Fireside Companion* moralizes as follows upon the above topic: I have long been an observer, as I am a sympathizing lover of boys. I like to see them happy, cheerful, and gleesome. I am not willing that they should be cheated out of their rightful heritage of youth—indeed, I can hardly understand how a high-toned, useful man can be the ripened fruit of a boy who has not enjoyed a fair share of the glad privileges due to youth. But while I watch with a very jealous eye all rights and customs which intrench upon the proper rights of boys, I am equally apprehensive lest parents, who are not forethoughtful, and who have not habituated themselves to close observation upon this subject, permit their sons indulgences which are almost certain to result in their demoralization, if not in total ruin; and among the habits which I have observed as tending most surely to ruin, I know of none more prominent than that of parents permitting their sons to be in the street after nightfall. It is ruinous to their morals in almost all instances. They acquire, under cover of the night, an unhealthful and excited state of mind, bad language and practices, criminal sentiments, a lawless and riotous bearing; indeed, it is in the street, after nightfall, that boys principally acquire the education of the bad capacity for becoming dissolute, criminal men. Parents should, in this particular, adopt a most rigid, inflexible rule, that will never permit a son, under any circumstances whatever, to go into the street after nightfall with a view of engaging in out-of-door sports or of meeting other boys for social or chance occupation. A rigid rule of this kind, invariably adhered to, will soon deaden the desire for such dangerous practices.

Education begins with life. Before we are aware the foundations of the character are laid, and no subsequent instructions can remove or alter them. Linnæus was the son of a poor Swedish clergyman. His father had a little flower garden, in which he cultivated all the flowers which his means or taste could select. Into this little flower garden he introduced his little son from infancy, and this little garden undoubtedly created the taste in this child which

afterward made him the first botanist and naturalist of his age, if not of his race.

EXERCISE IN NERVOUS DISEASES.—An English writer and surgeon, Mr. Skey, expresses his strong conviction that there are many diseases, at least many forms of indisposition, which, with a strong will, may be walked away, provided the exercise be taken systematically and rendered a prominent feature in the daily treatment. Tone is imparted by this means to both mind and body. cheerfulness replaces gloom and sympathy for others a morbid dwelling on self. The exercise should be active and not consist of either strolling or sauntering out of doors or even amateur gardening. A good, brisk walk should be taken at a pace of at least three miles an hour, but always stopping short of fatigue. People will be often heard to say that they have plenty of exercise about the house, and that they are on their legs many hours of the day. What is wanted for the health is exercise without fatigue; for fatigue is exhaustion, and the desired object is only to be gained on the terms just stated. The distance walked could be increased daily, and it will be found that increasing strength will give readiness and wish for increasing exercise. There is an accumulation of incapability in those who are afflicted with what are vaguely called nervous disorders, which render such persons restless, fidgety, irritable, and full of strange fancies, and which is best brought down to a healthy standard by exercise in the open air, and its concomitant change of scene and new trains of thought.

PARENTAL INFLUENCES.—There are but few married people who do not at times bring before each other the examples of their own parents as models of some excellence which they wish gently to hint the deficiency of in their own partners. The husband who has married the only child of some tender father will appreciate this, "*My father used to do thus and so.*" And, on the other hand, the young lady who marries the son of a really neat, indefatigable housekeeper of the old school, may speak French and Italian, may sing, play, and paint to perfection, but if the piano is not dusted, and the cloth soiled and awry, or the room disorderly, or the dinner ill-cooked, she may hang her harp upon the willow, for his only accompaniment will be, "*My mother never kept house in this style.*" When the children grow up, similar scenes ensue respecting their management.

It is true that persons of refinement and delicacy of feeling will usually avoid drawing such ungracious and often irritating contrasts, but the feeling will remain equally strong in such as have been blessed with excellent parents, and most devoted conjugal affection will scarcely serve to efface it in many instances. In fact, a deep philosophy lies underneath it, invaluable in its results to all the families of the earth. It is, that during the long years of youth and home life, there has been gradually maturing within each heart a beauideal conception of family government—of what a father ought to be, and what a mother ought to be. In proportion as the family is well regulated, each child looks upon

his own father as the most perfect of all fathers, and his own mother as the most excellent of all mothers. Silently this conviction has grown unconsciously, till brought into contact with the conflicting idea of other family arrangements, and each settles down to do just as his parents did, except where he can, or thinks he can, improve. That is not a well-governed or wise family, in which the child does not begin by considering his father the bravest, most noble, just, and generous of men, and his mother the most tender, wise, and judicious of women. It may not be absolutely true, but it is true to that child, as far as all practical purposes are concerned. And all through life this intuitive disposition to look back to the models of our youth in all points and follow them, till we have found better models by which, in part, we modify our beauideal of excellence, is the grand conservative force by which all the results of past experience in the most important affairs of life are preserved. And though we may not wisely inquire why were the former times better than these, yet we may imitate and hold fast to their good ways and works.

LET UP FROM LABOR.—Men will have amusement and excitement, as certain as the ocean will have its Spring tides, and the world its Summer flowers and Summer songs. How can this inborn appetite be fed? Shall it be treated as a crime, and handed over to Satan, or shall it be made to minister to man's happiness according to God's will? Shall it be pent up till it gathers strength enough to burst all the barriers of law and decency, and rush forth in annual floods of wild and unbridled passion, or shall society recognize it, perceive how full of good and benevolence it is, and adopt such wise plans as will run it off in gentle rills, week by week, or even day by day, to freshen and irrigate the earth, and make our fields more green and beautiful?

Whoever adjusts this demand to the other and higher demands of man's nature, will confer an inestimable boon on society. All classes require their amusements to be reformed, not reduced; spread over, not concentrated; directed, not annihilated; in a word, to be taken out of the kingdom of Satan and brought into the well-ordered and beautifully balanced kingdom of Christ on earth. The tendency of all extremes is to toss men over into their opposites. When the swing is highest on one side, look out for broken heads and falls on the other. One cause of the tendency to pervert the Sabbath from a holy day to a holiday, is the incessant toil, barren of hours of rest and of amusement, and gentle excitement during the week.

HOME INFLUENCE.—We shall never know, till we are ushered into eternity, writes a living author, how great has been the influence which one gentle, loving spirit has exercised in a household, shedding the mild radiance of its light over all the common events of daily life, and checking the inroads of discord and sin by the simple setting forth of that love which "seeketh not her own," but which "suffereth long, and is kind."

STRAY THOUGHTS.

MORE OF CHRIST.—Those who call themselves Christians need more of Christ. How few, comparatively, who believe upon him, grow up to a symmetrical manhood in his service! How few feel that they are called saints—their vision filled with his exceeding beauty—self and sin crucified—like a hymn melodious with joy even amid dark and rugged ways! More of Christ is needed by preacher and people, by the lofty and the lowly, the wise and the unwise. The multitudes who grope in spiritual ignorance, who stagger under their burdens, who shudder with their fears and woes, who are gliding toward terrible vortices in the giddy whirl of business and pleasure, need more of Christ. More of Christ would make that sad home bright, that wavering soul steadfast, that mourning heart glad, that burdened conscience light, would impel to merciful labors that selfish nature, and make those who stand apart in enmity clasp forgiving hands. More of Christ would smite down sectarian walls, strip the covering from the ecclesiastical shams, hush the whine of cant, blow soft winds of refreshment to weary wanderers, win outcasts to the fold, wipe stigmas of exclusiveness and mammon from the Church, lead the joyous flock by still waters, and make the desert blossom as the rose. More of Christ is what we all want in our hearts, our homes, our Churches, our business, our politics, our schools, our literature, our art, our government—more of his sweet, holy, courageous, sacrificing spirit—more of his patience, his love, his tender appreciation of man. Yea, we want him as our own precious Redeemer, whose blood cleanseth from all sin.—*Rev. H. N. Powers, D. D.*

WANTED, AN ANGEL FOR HEAVEN.—And so death closed those little eyes—shrouded their light glances. O, that the sun would not come streaming on her shrouded form, as if there were no grief in the world!

How sweetly she sleeps, that little angel! How lightly curl the glossy rings on her white forehead! You could weep your very soul away, to think those cherub lips will never, never unclose. Vainly you clasp and unclasp that passive, darling hand that wandered so often over your cheek. Vainly your anguished glance strives to read the dim story of love in those faded orbs. The voice, sweet as winds blowing through wreathed shells, slumbers forever. And still the busy world knocks at your door, and will let you have no peace. It shouts in your ear; its chariots rumble by; it smiles broadly in your care-worn face; it mocks you as you sew the shroud; it meets you at the coffin, at the grave; and its heavy footsteps tramp up and down in the empty rooms whence you have borne the dead. But it comes never in the hush of night to wipe away your tears.

Wanted—an angel for heaven! Can you look up?

Can you bear the splendor of that sight? Ten thousand celestial beings, and your own radiant child—angel in their midst;

"In her eyes a glory light,
On her brow a glory crown."

Wanted—angels for heaven! Cling not too closely to your beautiful treasures, children of earth!

NO SABBATH.—In a prize essay on the Sabbath, written by a journeyman printer in Scotland, which, for singular power of language and beauty of expression, has never been surpassed, there occurs the following passage. Read it, and then reflect for a while what a dreary and desolate page would this life present if the Sabbath were blotted out from our calculations:

"Yokefellow! think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes, with whom we are identified. Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous and eternal cycle, limbs forever on the rack, the fingers forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding, the brain forever throbbing, the shoulders forever dropping, the loins forever aching, and the restless mind forever scheming.

"Think of the beauty it would efface, of the merry-heartedness it would extinguish, of the giant strength it would tame, of the resources of nature it would exhaust, of the aspiration it would crush, of the sickness it would breed, of the projects it would wreck, of the groans it would extort, of the lives it would immolate, and of the cheerless graves that it would prematurely dig! See them toiling and mowing, sweating and fretting, grinding and hewing, weaving and spinning, strewing and gathering, mowing and reaping, raising and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing, striving, struggling—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the wood, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth in the days of brightness and of gloom. What a sad picture would the world present if we had no Sabbath!"

DEATH THE ENTRANCE TO LIFE.—Death is the termination of sorrow, and the beginning of eternal joy. This world is the prison-house, and death is the messenger that comes, like the angel to Peter, to cause fetters to unlock and to set us free. It is in a future world that the believer looks for his portion, nor can his hopes be accomplished but by death. It is not death, but life that he dreads. O life, I tremble at the prospect of thy troubled scenes, thy perplexities and toils, thy sorrows and pains,

bewitching allurements and strong temptations! I "would not live alway, for my days are vanity." Is there not an appointed time? I am as a servant that earnestly covets the shadows of the evening, as a hireling that looketh for his reward. "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;" fulfill thy promise that where thou art there shall thy servant be. The day of my death is that in which I shall bear the blessed announcement, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." And what blessedness is this to be "with Christ," safe in his arms, comforted by his love, satisfied in his image, participating in all his happiness and glory! As the infant sinks fearless into sleep on the bosom of its mother, so may the believer repose his spirit on his merciful Savior. As the incense rising from the censer directs its perfumes toward heaven, as the fire quivering on the altar points its spire to the skies, so shall his spirit, dismissed from this mortal tabernacle, ascend to the bosom of his Father and his God. Take courage ye that believe in Jesus. Death can have no power over you; that last enemy shall be destroyed.—*Rev. Henry Gray.*

GEOLOGY A DIVINE TEACHER.—As Geology widens her range of inquiry, and deepens her descent into the bowels of the earth, the epochs may be increased in number and modified in substance; but their existence can no more be questioned than that of the hurricane or the flood, although we see but the forests which they have prostrated, or the harvests they have destroyed. Has the astronomer or the naturalist ever read such a lesson of wisdom to those who live amid these ruins of nature, and are gathering, for their own and not for their Maker's service, the rich spoils of silver and of gold which these very convulsions have thrown into their hands? Has the moralist ever enforced his homily on earth's vanities in language so breathing and so burning as that which lays open the burying vaults where its ancient life has been entombed? Can the divine match the geologist in expounding the ancient but now intelligible text, that "the depths of the earth are in His hands," and that "the strength of hills is his?"

But while the mind rests, with a pleasing satisfaction, on the great deductions of philosophy, it yet pants for a fuller and higher revelation. If the man of clay has been honored with such magnificent apartments, and fed at such a luxurious table, may not his undying and reasoning soul count upon a spiritual palace, and sigh for that intellectual repast at which the Master of the feast is to disclose his secrets? In its rapid and continued expansion, the mind, conscious of its capacity for a higher sphere, feels even now that it is advancing to a goal more distant and more cheering than the tomb. Its energies increase and multiply under the incumbrances of age; and even when man's heart is turning into bone, and his joints into marble, his mind can soar to its highest flight, and seize with its firmest grasp. Nor do the affections plead less eloquently for the future home. Age is their season of warm and genial emotion. The objects long and fondly clasped to our

bosom have been removed by Him who gives, and who takes what he gives; and lingering in the valley of bleeding and of broken hearts, we yearn for that break of day which is to usher in eternal morn—for that home in the house of many mansions which is already prepared for us—for the promised welcome to the threshold of the blest, where we shall meet again the loved and the lost, and devote the eternity of our being to the service of its almighty Author.

NOT ASHAMED OF RELIGION.—In one of Hannah More's fascinating letters, contained in her "Memoirs," she gives her sister an account of an interview she had recently held with the Turkish Ambassador to Great Britain, on the subject of Mohammedanism. Pointing to some noblemen in the room, the Ambassador said, "I do not know how these lords do, but I am not ashamed to own that I retire five times a day to offer prayer and oblation." How this fact may strike the reader, it is not for the writer to know; but he felt on reading it, half ashamed of some Christians whom he has known to conceal their character when they ought to have avowed it, and wholly ashamed of himself that he has been so much like them.

Why should it be so? Why should it happen that we should sometimes in early morning enjoy sweet communion with Christ in the closet or at the family altar, and before night feel unwilling that persons of the world, with whom we have casually come into contact, should know that we profess to be Christians? Is it indeed true that we can ever hesitate to believe in the infinite excellence of Christ, or to set a proper estimate on the blessings we have received from him? It was not so always. There was a period when we first discovered the preciousness of Jesus and his mercy, and when we at once aimed

"To tell the sinners round,
What a dear Savior we had found."

Were not those happy days? and did we not feel we had a blessed employment? And now that we have received his favors for many months, or even for many years, why hesitate to avow his cause, or to make known the riches of his mercy? Would it not be well to return to our former feelings and practice? Christian zeal should increase the nearer we advance to heaven, instead of declining. Let us not, dear reader, be ashamed of Christ, lest he be ashamed of us.

WEAKNESS OF FAITH.—All anxious cares which torture and distress the mind arise from unbelief; they are contrary to our profession, dishonorable to our God, and hurtful to the peace and comfort of our souls. Therefore they are forbid by the Gospel of grace in the love to the children of God. But, believer, thou hast not so learned Christ as to pass away a life of careless indolence and thoughtless inactivity. No, vigilance, industry, and fervency of spirit is a suitable frame ever to be found in. Not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Careful and diligent in the use of all means in thy power, both to procure the subsistence and welfare of thy body, as well as to keep up the liveli-

ness and vigor of thy soul. Careful and diligent, yet without care that hath disquietude and distress. As to the things of this life, it is sufficient to answer all thy anxiety and silence thy every fear and doubt; "your Heavenly Father," saith Jesus, "knoweth that you have need of them." He feeds the birds; will he suffer his babes to starve? Thou shalt have all things needful for life and godliness. If such a sinner as I may speak of himself, under worldly losses and disappointments I have thought—well, I thought I have not what I expect; I can very well go to heaven without it. This consideration, thanks to my dear Savior, has often brought a heaven of contentment to my soul, in a world of disappointment.—*Mason's Spiritual Treasury.*

FAITH THAT CAN NOT GROW OLD.—"Other religions become sickly exotics when you transplant them from their birthplace; change of climate is fatal to their constitutions. Christianity takes root in every soil; it flourishes in every clime. You can not plant Mohammedanism in China, or Confucianism in Turkey; the subtle system of Hindooism will not do for the untutored mind of the African. But, thank God, Christianity is alike adapted to them all. Other systems are content to slumber within their own territory; they make no attempt to acquire dominion over that which is the only proper sphere of religion, the kingdom of mind; Christianity aims at, and avows its intention of completing, the conquest of the world. In distant parts of the earth its banner is now waving, the sign of hope to the nations; and still its watchword is '*Amplius, amplius*—farther, still farther! Onward, while there is a spot on earth unexplored or a child of man unsaved.' Other religions, after they exist for a century or two, give signs of inanition and feebleness; the frailty of age is upon them; whereas, the strength of Christianity grows with its years; it is not subject to the wasting influences of time; age brings with it no feebleness; centuries, ay, centuries of centuries write no wrinkles on its brow. It is eighteen hundred years old, and the dew of its youth is upon it."

PROGRESS IN GRACE.—There is a disparity, obvious to any interested observer, between the Christian life in its early and its later stages. There may be visible in the young disciple more of strong emotion, for every thing in religion, to his young experience, is new and strange, and, therefore, exciting. And the first gushings of religious emotions will be of the more vehement and ardent kind. But as the heart becomes better known, and the great principles of God's government are more clearly seen, and the solemnities of eternity are more deeply realized, all the Christian graces become less the result of fervid excitement, and more the result of calm and enlightened principle. If there be not the beauty of the green verdure of the field, there is the ever more welcome spectacle of the generous, mature, and ripened harvest.

The very nature of the soul itself, in connection with the operations of grace, involves the fact of the progression of true religion. Religious emotions in

the soul are produced, through the Holy Spirit, by its views of Divine truth. But spiritual truths do not rush upon the mind together, and as in a mass. They are seen one after another, just as when evening draws on, the stars cover not in a moment the sky, but do gradually and successively appear. So the great doctrines of the Divine word appear one after another, each adding to the spiritual unction of the soul, and each increasing its pure emotion.

It is often long before some of the great truths and doctrines of God's word shine clearly and brightly upon the mind. Their light increases more and more, and with augmenting power. Like the growing light and heat of the rising sun, do they shed their influence upon the mind. The mind is more and more penetrated by their power. The sown seed of Divine truth springs up, and gradually becomes a tree so great that the fowls may lodge among the branches.

FORGIVENESS.—There is something peculiarly sweet in the enjoyment of that blessed sentiment, when we feel in our heart that we can and do truly forgive an erring brother. When a brother has erred by injuring us, and afterward comes to us with a clear tear in his eye, and with his heart full of contrite emotions and acknowledges his fault, and seeks our pardon for the errors of the past, it is a sweet thing to grasp his hand with a friendly fervor and say, "Brother, with all my heart thou art forgiven."

It is a lamentable failing with some to be destitute of this good principle; we have met with some who never could forgive, but when injured seemed to enjoy a wicked pride in ever afterward holding the erring one at an unapproachable distance by their malicious frowns. Such do not enjoy the sweets of life; they soon grow churlish and sour-faced—looking upon the world as their sworn enemy. This unforgiving spirit is a dangerous principle to foster; it renders the possessor an unhappy wretch, heartily despised by all who know him, and a burden to himself. But he who feels ever ready and willing to forgive, is blessed with an attitude that "maketh man an angel."

"How beautifully falls

From human lips that blessed word, Forgive;
Forgiveness—'t is the attribute of God—
The sound which openeth heaven; renews again
On earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings
Hope's halcyon halo o'er the wastes of life.
Thrice happy he whose heart has been so schooled
In the meek lesson of humanity,
That he can give it utterance; it imparts
Celestial grandeur to the human soul,
And maketh man an angel."

TRUTH.—In order that all men may be taught to speak the truth, it is necessary that all likewise should learn to hear it; for no species of falsehood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, and the dependent, by interest. Those who are neither servile nor timorous are yet desirous to bestow pleasure; and while yet unjust demands for praise continue to be made, there will always be some whom hope, fear, or kindness will dispose to pay them.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE

SOUTH-WESTERN METHODISM. *A History of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the South-West, from 1844 to 1864.* By Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D., LL. D., author of "Delineations of Romanism," "Sinfulness of American Slavery," "The Great Secession," etc. Edited and Revised by Rev. Leroy M. Vernon, A. M. 12mo. Pp. 469. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock, for the Editor.

We can not better indicate the character and design of this volume than by using the words of the author and editor: "It professes to be a brief history of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Missouri and the parts beyond, but especially of Missouri, from the time of the great secession from the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1844-45, to the beginning of the year 1865. From this narrative of facts and events it will be seen that to be a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in these regions, during the period above specified, was the greatest crime known by the pro-slavery men of the South-West, as membership in that Church was synonymous with negro thief, incendiary, insurrectionist, and the like." The materials for the volume were gathered by the venerable author while he was editor of the Central Christian Advocate, from 1860 to 1864. Much of the information with regard to the incidents of violence and persecution is communicated by letters from the parties involved. The ability of the author to handle vigorously and truthfully the subject before him is evident to all who know him, and only the infirmities of age, unfitting him for the labor of arranging his materials, have made the labors of an editor necessary. Mr. Vernon has shown judgment and skill in arranging his facts and incidents so as to produce a readable and interesting book. Many incidents of the war in these regions are given, and many chapters of dark and terrible history. What a record of crime, of persecution, martyrdom, and all infamy must be written on high against that "sum of all villainies"—human slavery! Here is the record of only a limited territory and short period of time, and yet we shudder as we read, and feel ourselves roused to indignation over these villainies and cruelties. How patient is God!

DAVID, THE KING OF ISRAEL: A Portrait Drawn from Bible History and the Book of Psalms. By Frederick William Krummacker, D. D., author of "Elijah the Tishbite," etc. From the German, by Rev. M. G. Easton, M. A. 12mo. Pp. 518. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Dr. Krummacker needs no introduction to English readers. His name is a household word in religious circles. The book before us is the most recent production of his pen, and will take its place as one of

the best that have emanated from the venerable author. It is a most readable book; pious, wise, suggestive; it traces the life and history of David with minute accuracy, with unwavering faith, and with a cordial love of the Psalmist and King of Israel. The different scenes and incidents of those remarkable times rise up before us with all the vividness of actual events passing before our eyes. The key-note of the volume is struck in the very first paragraph: "The history of Israel presents to us, within the narrowest limits, a ground-plan of the whole history of the world. The hidden government of the personal God, guiding and training the people, there meets us openly manifesting itself. The vailing curtain of human designs and actions is raised, and we behold, concealed by it, the hand, moving and directing all things, of Him of whom it is written, 'He worketh all things after the counsel of his own will.' O, the adorable condescension of God, who would thus help the weakness of our faith by bringing within the narrow circle of our vision, in the clearest manner, once for all, the secrets of his lofty Providence working through all things in behalf of *one* chosen people! No seeming chaos of the events of time can henceforth astonish or perplex us, when, in the two thousand years' history of that nation, we perceive numberless illustrations of a higher will guiding the most intricate threads which wind themselves through our life, and at length weaving them into a web which, the more it is considered, forces to our lips the words of the apostle, 'O the depths, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!'" The translator brings over the excellent thoughts, and even the peculiar forms of expression employed by the author, into a very commendable English dress. There are some instances of "allegorizing"—an exercise to which the author is much given—that we think are far-fetched, and rather detract from the other excellencies of the book. All who read the volume will be wiser and better men and women. A portrait of the author is given, and the work is issued in excellent style.

PIONEER EXPERIENCE; or, the Gift of Power received by Faith. Illustrated and Confirmed by the Testimony of Eighty Living Ministers. By the author of "Faith and its Effects." New York: W. C. Palmer, jr.

This neat volume is edited by Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, whose name has long been familiar as an earnest advocate of holy living, and whose labors have been abundant in promoting a lofty and pure ideal of Christianity and the Christian life. The subject of Christian perfection is receiving increased attention in our Church, has awakened recently several earnest discussions, and has been the theme of

many pulpit discourses, and quite a number of essays and even books. It is not a matter of regret, even if the discussions are sometimes a little heated, and some expositions of the doctrine are quite different from our standards, to find the Church awake and interested in this subject, and inquiring after the way to a higher and holier life. The volume before us is not argumentative or scarcely definitive with regard to the doctrine, but is experimental, giving in brief the testimony and experience of eighty living ministers of different denominations with respect to this matter. Of these, four are Congregationalists, three are Baptists, four are Presbyterians, one Dutch Reformed, one Episcopalian, and the others are Methodists. It contains an introduction by Bishop Janes. We most cheerfully commend this volume to every inquirer after a higher Christian life.

SUSY'S SACRIFICE. *By the author of "Little Katy and Jolly Jim," etc.* 16mo. Pp. 306.

BATTLES WORTH FIGHTING. 16mo. Pp. 306.

BESSIE AT THE SEA-SIDE. *By Joanna H. Matthews.* 16mo. Pp. 357. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

Three good and interesting books for the children at home or in the Sabbath school. We sometimes have serious misgivings with regard to furnishing so much reading matter to children in the form of stories, and can not but think that too much of their time is occupied with this particular kind of reading, and that, both at home and in the Sunday school, it should be sandwiched with a liberal supply of books communicating substantial information, facts of history, biography, science, etc. And yet there is a good case to be made out for books of this class. As we glance over the three little volumes we have named here, we are convinced that every child who reads them ought to be led by them into a purer, less selfish, higher, and better life, and that it is scarcely possible for a child to read them without receiving more or less these impressions upon its character. The characters may be fictitious, but they are natural, life-like, except that they are somewhat beyond ordinary life in their excellence. The characters here are more self-denying, more charitable, more gentle and obedient than the vast multitudes of real children; but they are beautiful, pleasing, not impossible; they are inspiring, and place before the young reader a purer and higher ideal than is to be found in the companions and associations of everyday life. They are lessons in self-culture; not in the form of essays and exhortations, but in examples, exhibiting the process and the beauty of its achievement. Here is "Susy's Sacrifice"—perhaps just such a Susy as is here described never lived and never passed through just these processes of self-denial and self-sacrifice; but here is an imaginary Susy, cultivating an unselfish spirit, a gentle and loving heart, by methods which many real Susys might adopt, and exhibiting a type of character many Susys might attain. Here are "Battles Worth Fighting"—they are "a battle for a meek spirit," "a battle for love," "a battle for a good name," and "a

battle for patience;" and although every character in the book may be an imaginary one, and the incidents conceived only by the writer, yet here are lessons in the art of self-culture, in the attainment of "a meek spirit," a "loving nature," patience and a good name, as clear and forcible to the children who read them, as would be to some of us one of those inimitable lectures of Matthew Arnold himself on human culture. Therefore we commend books like these to our homes and Sunday schools.

A SMALLER HISTORY OF ENGLAND. *From the Earliest Times to the Year 1862. Edited by William Smith, LL. D.* 16mo. Pp. 357. \$1. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is another of Dr. Smith's series of school histories, adapted to a grade still lower down than "The Student's Histories." They are admirable condensations, and well adapted for the lower forms in schools or for children's reading at home. The present volume is a careful and trustworthy account of English history, brought down to our own day, and compiled from the most recent authorities. It is, indeed, an admirably constructed and written history, and may be safely commended to those who have not means to buy the larger histories or time to read them. It is copiously illustrated by engravings on wood.

NEW GRAMMAR OF FRENCH GRAMMARS: With Numerous Exercises and Examples Illustrative of Every Rule. *By Dr. V. De Fries, M. A., F. E. I. S.* 12mo. Pp. 290. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

The title, "Grammar of Grammars," does not indicate an egotistic estimate of the book, but the character of the work as comprising the substance of all the most approved French Grammars extant, and especially of the standard work "Grammaire des Grammaires," sanctioned by the French Academy and the University of Paris. It is certainly among the best, if not itself the very best grammar extant for the thorough study of the French language. It has already secured an established reputation, and this new and improved edition will make it still more a favorite in our schools and colleges.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL HAND-BOOK: A Companion for Pastors, Superintendents, Teachers, Senior Scholars, and Parents. *By Erwin House, A. M.* 16mo. Pp. 320. \$1.25. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.

We are prepared to give a hearty welcome to this little volume for several reasons: first, we have been long expecting it; secondly, we have been looking for an excellent book when it should appear; thirdly, we have confidence in the ability of the author to do his work well; fourthly, we felt that just such a work was needed in our Sabbath schools; and fifthly, now that the work has appeared, we find it to be all that we have been anticipating for it. Mr. House writes from the school-room; he is a practical and observant Sunday school worker, and has had experience in all the departments of Sunday school labor of

which he writes; he has called to his aid the experience and suggestions of many eminent Sunday school men, and has made use of all the sources of information and suggestions he could find. The result is a little volume full of the best and wisest suggestions for the various exercises of the Sunday school from the government by the superintendent to the care of the "little ones" in the infant class. It has chapters on the improved methods of instruction, on illustrations, pictorial and object-teaching, the blackboard, management of teachers' meetings, conventions, and institutes. The work is issued in very neat style, on laid and tinted paper, and in a very clear, old-style type. No officer or teacher in a Sunday school can fail to be benefited by its perusal.

THE REVIVALIST: A Collection of Choice Revival Hymns and Tunes, Original and Selected. By Joseph Hillman, author of "Sunday School Hymns and Revival Choruses." For sale at all Methodist book stores.

The title sufficiently indicates the character of this neat little book. It contains four hundred and sixty-five hymns and tunes, both old and new, consisting largely of old and familiar hymns and harmonies adapted to the wants of revivals, while the closet, fireside, Sunday school, prayer and class meetings have not been forgotten. It strikes us, from the little examination we have been able to give it, as admirably adapted to the purposes for which it has been prepared.

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK; or, Hand-Book of Travel-Talk for Travelers and Schools. By W. Pembroke Frettridge, author of *Harper's Hand-Book*. Small quarto. Pp. 309. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

"The object of the present work is twofold: first, to form a companion to 'Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers,' by the aid of which tourists can dispense

with that bugbear, a dishonest courier, reducing their expenses thereby forty per cent.; secondly, to fill a vacuum caused by the absence of such a work, both in our schools and colleges, and in the hands of private students." It is a guide to conversations in English, French, German, and Italian on a new and improved plan, with concise and explicit rules for the pronunciation of the different languages. To the traveler who is not fluent in the use of the above-named languages it will prove an invaluable companion, and to the student of these languages it will furnish many valuable rules, principles, and suggestions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. NOS. 25, 26, 27, 28.—We have often spoken of this most desirable history, which the Harpers are issuing in numbers, each number containing about twenty-five pages, large folio, and copiously illustrated with full-page engravings. The publishers now announce the whole work will be completed in thirty-five numbers, containing one thousand illustrations. Number twenty-eight reaches to "the political developments of 1864," 30 cents per number.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. Parts 127, 128, 129. 25 cents each. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

PAMPHLETS.—*College Fast-Day Sermon.* By Rev. D. H. Wheeler, D. D., Professor in the North-Western University. *The Law of Purity as Related to the Christian Life and Christian Church.* By Rev. T. C. Gardner, A. M., Presiding Elder Ann Arbor District. *Annual Report of the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the year 1867.* *Fifteenth Annual Report of the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the Year 1867.*

MONTHLY RECORD.

SARDINES.—The lovers of sardines should know that the fish, which furnishes them with such a delicious repast, belongs to the herring family, and genus *alosa*. The popular name was given to it by Cuvier, who was the first to assign it to a distinct place in the finny tribe. He called it *sardina*, from which it is known as the sardine.

Sardines are caught principally along the coast of Brittany, and, to a less extent, in Portugal. The fisheries employ a large number of men and women. The fishing vessels—of eight or ten tons each, and carrying a crew of from six to ten—go out two or three leagues from the land, and watch for shoals of fish. When they see them they spread their gill-nets for them, and scatter on the water the bait which has been prepared, and which consists of the eggs and

flesh of fish, especially of cod and mackerel, and, sometimes, of salted fish. Large quantities of sardines are taken in this way. Some are salted on board, and others are carried on shore, and either sold fresh, or prepared for shipment. For the latter purpose they are salted and packed away in tin cans, with melted butter and olive oil, which is poured upon them in an almost boiling state. The cans are sealed up to prevent the air reaching the fish, and are then ready for shipment.

FARADAY'S THEORY OF LIFE.—Professor Faraday adopts Flourin's physiological theory that the natural age of man is one hundred years. The duration of life he believes to be measured by the time of growth. When once the bones and epiphyses are united the

body grows no more; and it is at twenty years this union is effected in man. In the camel it takes place at eight; in the horse at five; in the lion at four; in the dog at two; in the rabbit at one. The natural termination of life is five removes from these several points. Man, being twenty years in growing, lives five times twenty years, that is, one hundred; the camel is eight years in growing, and lives forty years; the horse five years in growing, and he lives twenty-five years; and so with other animals. The man who does not die from sickness or accident lives every-where from eighty to a hundred years. Providence has given to man a century of life; but he does not attain it, because he inherits disease, eats unwholesome food, gives license to passions, and allows vexations to disturb his healthy equipoise; he does not die; he kills himself. He divides life into two equal halves—growth and decline; and these halves into infancy, youth, virility, and age. Infancy extends to the twentieth year; youth to the fiftieth, because it is during this period that the tissues become firm; virility from fifty to seventy-five, during which the organism remains complete; and at seventy-five old age commences, to last a longer or shorter time, as the diminution of reserved forces is hastened or retarded.

TOBACCO IN THE UNITED STATES.—The St. Louis Democrat has compiled the following statement of the tobacco crop: Missouri is reported at 12,000 to 15,000 hogsheds. This is far beyond an average crop, but it is said the quality of the tobacco is unusually good. In Virginia the crop has fallen off one-third—it is reported at 70,000,000 pounds—but "is the best ever made as respects quality." In some counties of North Carolina lands which had been previously devoted to tobacco were this year planted with cotton. The yield of that State is 35,000,000 pounds; Tennessee at 39,600,000; Kentucky at 61,000,000; Texas at 90,000; Alabama at 270,000; Arkansas at 1,700,000; Florida and Georgia each 600,000; Louisiana at 40,000; South Carolina at 35,000; Maryland, 35,000,000, and the Northern States at 52,100,000.

LOCOMOTIVE MANUFACTURE.—An official return gives some curious particulars relative to the manufacture of railway locomotives in Germany. In 1864 the number of locomotives on the German railways was 4,768, 574 of which were manufactured abroad, while Germany now not only builds her own locomotives, but sent 1,000 last year to other countries, such as Switzerland, Italy, France, and Russia. The number of engines now used on the railways of Germany is 5,250, 340 of which have to be replaced every year. The largest of the German factories is that of Borsig, of Berlin, which has built 2,000 railway engines since it was first established, in 1841. Of the others the principal is that of Maffel, in Bavaria, that of the Austrian railway companies, at Vienna, Egerstoff's, at Hanover, and Henschl's, at Cassel.

FACTS AND FREAKS OF CURRENCY.—Many things have been used at different times as money—cowrie

shells in Africa; wampum by the American Indians; cattle in ancient Greece. The Carthaginians used leather as money, probably bearing some mark or stamp. Frederick II, at the siege of Milan, issued stamped leather as money. In 1360, John the Good, King of France, who was taken prisoner by the celebrated Black Prince, and sent to England till ransomed, also issued leather money, having a small silver nail in the center. Salt is the common money in Abyssinia; codfish in Iceland and Newfoundland. "Living money," slaves and oxen, passed current with the Anglo-Saxons in payment of debts. Adam Smith says that in his day there was a village in Scotland where it was not uncommon for workmen to carry nails, instead of money, to the baker's shop and the ale house. Marco Polo found in China money made of the bark of the mulberry-tree, bearing the stamp of the sovereign, which it was death to counterfeit. Tobacco was generally used as money in Virginia up to 1660, fifty-seven years after the foundation of that colony. In 1641 the Legislature of Massachusetts enacted that wheat should be received in payment of all debts; and the convention in France, during the Revolution, on a proposition of Jean-Bon-Sainte Andree, long discussed the propriety of adopting wheat as money, as the measure of value of all things. Platina was coined in Russia from 1828 to 1845.

VESUVIUS.—Professor Palmieri, of Naples—who has been studying the eruptions of Mt. Vesuvius—thinks the volcano acts under lunar influence. In truth, the periods of its greatest eruptions get every day about half an hour later, coinciding with the movements of the moon. This observation, if trustworthy, confirms the theory that the interior of the earth is molten, in which case its substance would be as much subject to the laws of tides as the oceans.

DIVISION OF PROPERTY IN IRELAND.—An English newspaper says: "The total number of holdings in Ireland have been as follows: 1841, 691,202; 1851, 608,066; 1861, 608,564; 1866, 597,698. The diminution of those above one acre, and under five acres, has been gradual but continuous, thus: 1841, 310,436; 1851, 88,083; 1861, 85,469; 1866, 79,742. On the other hand, those above fifteen acres and under thirty, have varied as follows: 1841, 79,342; 1851, 141,311; 1861, 141,251; 1866, 136,500. While, finally, those of thirty acres and upward have increased as follows: 1841, 48,625; 1851, 149,090; 1861, 157,833; 1866, 158,794. Thus the miserably small holdings are *four times fewer*, and those of respectable size are *three times more numerous* than they were a quarter of a century ago.

LOUISIANA.—Louisiana was settled by the French in 1717. In 1762 it was ceded to Spain, and in 1800 transferred to France, by whom it was sold to the United States for \$15,000,000 in 1803. The State was admitted to the Union in 1812. In 1860 the population of New Orleans was 168,000; in 1868 it is 260,000. The coast line extends 1,256 miles, not including the islands, that gives 994 miles additional.

The inland navigation is greater than that of any other five States, and amounts to twenty thousand miles. There is scarcely any point in the State that is twenty miles from navigation. Three-fourths of the State, comprising the upland and alluvial portion, is covered with live oak, pine, cypress, white oak, post oak, gum, ash, and other lumber. There are 1,000 lakes, of which thirty-one are considerable in size, and all are filled with fine fish. There are sixty-three different rivers and bayous, of sufficient size to be useful. The Mississippi washes the State for 800 miles, and the Red River more than 600; the Atchafalaya and Ouachita 700, and the Sabine 600. There are 446 miles of railroad in operation, and new lines talked of. One-half of the State is rolling upland, where the hills never exceed 250 feet in height; one-fourth is alluvial, and the residue prairie and sea marsh. Much of the upland belongs to the Government, and will soon be sold under the homestead law.—*New York Express*.

ABYSSINIAN ANTIQUITIES.—The London Museum has an agent with the army in Abyssinia collecting manuscripts and other monuments of antiquity. In one of the churches has been found an odd painting, not so antique, representing the passage of the Dead Sea. Moses, standing on the further bank, is shaking his rod with mocking irony over Pharaoh, whose horse is being rapidly submerged, while the Egyptian infantry, already nearly engulfed, are holding their firelocks over their heads.

CHRISTIAN RELICS IN FRANCE.—Important and interesting archaeological discoveries have been recently made on the site of the proposed new theater at Angers, in France, to replace that destroyed by fire. The locality was known to have been the cradle of Christianity in Anjou, and the excavations for the foundations have laid bare the Gallo-Roman chapel in which the first bishops of Anjou officiated to the pagans who embraced the Christian religion. Two crypts have been disinterred, with Roman and Gothic capitals, and many curious architectural details. The crypts contained a large number of very fine sarcophagi, in which were skeletons in good preservation, ecclesiastical ornaments, weapons, and a considerable quantity of jewelry, including ear and finger rings. All the objects capable of being removed have been deposited in the museum at Angers.

THE GRAVES AT ANDERSONVILLE PRISON CEMETERY.—About 1,000 yards north-west from the prison pen, and about 1,200 from the railroad station, is the cemetery in which are buried about 14,000 men. The first 300 were buried in coffins, the next 900 were covered with boards and boughs, and from that number to 12,849, the bodies were buried shoulder to shoulder, in trenches about three feet deep and six feet wide. About 1,000 bodies have been brought here from Macon, Americus, Columbus, Rupaula, Albany, and other points in the vicinity.

The various States of the Union are represented in the cemetery as follows: namely, Alabama, 15; Connecticut, 291; Delaware, 45; District of Colum-

bia, 14; Illinois, 910; Indiana, 624; Iowa, 216; Kansas, 5; Kentucky, 456; Louisiana, 1; Maine, 232; Maryland, 194; Massachusetts, 774; Michigan, 656; Minnesota, 50; Missouri, 112; New Hampshire, 144; New Jersey, 170; New York, 2,534; North Carolina, 17; Ohio, 1,074; Pennsylvania, 1,825; Rhode Island, 74; Tennessee, 780; Vermont, 240; Virginia, 279; Wisconsin, 254; United States Army 546; United States navy, 99. Six men, who murdered the sick, were hung by their comrades—they are buried separate from the others. Three women were discovered among the prisoners, and are buried among the soldiers. Each body in the cemetery has a numbered stake, with regiment, etc., with the date of death. The cemetery is on a level piece of ground, and is, in some places, soft and sinking.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The eruption of the volcano Mauna Loa is unprecedented in the annals of modern history. Since the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum there has not been so gigantic a convulsion of nature as that which has transpired, and is perhaps still transpiring, in the Sandwich Islands. This volcano is situated in the center of the Island of Hawaii, and gradually ascends till it reaches a height of 13,758 feet. It is covered with craters, only one of which, Kilaua, appears to be now in action. This is three and a half miles in length, two and a half in width, and 1,044 feet in depth, and stands at an elevation of over 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is completely surrounded by a wall of hardened lava, ranging from 600 to 2,900 feet in width and 659 feet in depth. At the bottom of the crater is a lake of liquid fire, continually surging and giving to the clouds above a beautiful silvery look in the day, and a bright red at night. Since 1841 there have been three eruptions from this crater, the last of which, in January, 1859, lasted for nearly ten months, and was of terrible grandeur. Streams of lava were hurled from the craters to a height of from 200 to 500 feet, and after they had fallen, traversed a distance of five miles, where the liquid fire flowed into the sea, driving back the waters. Those who witnessed the meeting of the two elements describe the scene as one of awful splendor. Quite a number of shocks of earthquake accompanied the eruption.

COST OF RELIGION.—Religion is most costly in Utah, where every inhabitant has to pay an average of \$22. This is \$18 in Rhode Island; \$14 in Connecticut; nearly \$13 in the District of Columbia and Massachusetts; over \$11 in New Jersey; \$9 in New York, and nearly \$8 in Pennsylvania. It is almost as expensive in Delaware. The value of Church property, which was \$87,000,000 in 1850, had risen to \$171,000,000 in 1860—being an increase of \$84,000,000. The increase in church accommodations in the same decade exceeded 5,000,000.

EXPORT OF COTTON GOODS.—What Senator Sprague had to say the other day regarding how our manufacturers were beaten in the markets of the world by those of other nations is supported by fig-

ures of our exports for a series of years. Of cotton goods, for instance, there were exported from this port and Boston in the year 1867, 22,906 packages. The exports from the same two ports in 1860 amounted to 119,876 packages, and in 1861, 72,872 packages. The last year was larger than that of 1866, the packages sent from Boston and New York for 1866 being no more than 15,918 packages. This increase, however, has been manifestly the result of the low prices which have ruled for the raw material, cotton. In 1860 there were shipped from New York 4,813 packages to Mexico, last year only 1,090. In 1860 New York sent to the East Indies and China 47,735 packages; in 1867 only 4,558 packages. To ports on the west coast of South America there were shipped from New York in 1860 13,294 packages; last year 1,024 packages. The trade of this port to Brazil has not fallen off in so marked a proportion, but nevertheless the decline is a large one. The export to that country was 8,103 packages in 1860 and 2,343 in 1867.

These figures show an unsatisfactory state of trade. With an almost infinite water power available for the manufacture of cotton goods, and the raw material of the best staple in the world in quantity at our very doors, we have made an annual export from the two chief exporting points of only 22,906 packages, the aggregate value of which must be set down in the neighborhood of \$3,000,000. Twenty-five per cent. added to this, or at least four millions of dollars at the outside, will cover the amount of the export trade of the United States in manufactures of cotton—and this in a year when the price of raw material has been so low as to form an almost unregarded element in the calculations of manufacturers. The amount of raw cotton entering into the year's export of manufactured cottons has, at a rough estimate, not exceeded 20,000 bales, that is to say about one per cent. of last year's yield in the country.—*Stockholder.*

CHURCH DISTRIBUTION.—The different religious persuasions are variously distributed. For example, there are more Methodists in Ohio than in any other State; more Baptists in Georgia; more Presbyterians in Pennsylvania; more Roman Catholics in New York; ten times more Unitarians in Massachusetts than in any other State; more Congregationalists in Massachusetts; more Protestant Episcopalians in New York; more Quakers in New York; also more Jews, Dutch Reformed, Universalists, and Shakers. There is not a single Spiritualist Church in Pennsylvania. In this estimate through census-takers, I believe that the Roman Catholics and Protestant Episcopalians are understated. There must be nearly 3,000,000 of the former, and over 1,000,000 of the latter.

NEW RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT.—In the neighborhood of Newcastle-upon-Tyne there are accounts of a religious movement, which is almost entirely in the hands of women. They go about among the laboring people, read the Bible to them, and converse on religious topics with great enthusiasm. Several of them preach on Sundays; and among these a Miss Wilson, described as having a "pleasing countenance

and a winning way with her," is gaining some repute as a pulpit orator.

MISSIONARY SEMINARY.—The London Church Missionary Society is establishing a seminary in India to train native pastors and teachers with a view to qualifying such persons as are to be employed in spiritual work for meeting difficulties and objections made by educated Mohammedans and Hindus against Christianity.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the American Tract Society, in New York, on the 13th of May, the annual report was read, showing the receipts from donations and legacies to be \$118,773, and from sales, \$400,053. There is a balance of \$1,635 in the treasury.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.—The American Bible Society celebrated its fifty-second anniversary in New York, Thursday, May 14th. The Treasurer's report shows the year's receipts to be \$723,106. The number of book pages printed was 13,005,347.

SAN FRANCISCO COMMERCE.—The foreign imports at San Francisco in 1867, according to a synopsis of the Bulletin's annual review, amounted, in round numbers, to \$150,000,000, on which duties were paid amounting to \$7,600,000. The imports by the way of the Isthmus of Panama amounted to \$36,000,000, mostly at a currency valuation; and there were 212,500 tons of goods received by the way of Cape Horn. The export records show a total treasure and merchandise shipment of \$63,000,000 valuation, divided as follows: Treasure, \$40,500,000; merchandise, \$22,500,000. There were nearly \$17,000,000 worth of exports of about fifty articles of California production, including \$12,500,000 worth of wheat and flour, dispatched in 223 vessels, the grain alone including 161 full cargoes of wheat for Europe. The total value of the grain crop exceeded the gold product. The wool clip for the year amounts to 9,500,000 pounds. The treasure shipments, including amounts received from places outside of the State, were the smallest since 1850.

MONTREAL.—Montreal is two hundred miles from the Atlantic Ocean, is practically cut off from navigation four months of the year, has a small commerce when compared with New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and yet the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company are the largest steamship owners on this continent. Their Liverpool line comprises eleven vessels, with an aggregate of 27,168 tons, independent of their Glasgow line of four ships of 5,757 tons, or together fifteen first-class iron-screw steamships. The moral of this is, Great Britain and her colonies foster and encourage their ocean commerce, while the United States Government not only neglects it, but discourages it by unfriendly legislation.

NOTARIES.—Notaries public were first appointed by the Fathers of the Christian Church, to collect the acts or memoirs of martyrs in the first century.

RECEIPTS FROM LIQUOR TAXES.—According to Secretary Wells's reports, the licensed retail sales in

the United States for 1867 were \$1,483,491,865. The unlicensed were certainly equal to this, making the total retail sales in the country at least \$2,966,993,730. The National debt is a little over \$2,500,000,000, so that the retail sales of liquor during the last year were over \$400,000 more than the whole of the debt. The first cost of liquor in 1867 was more than double the value of all the "precious metals" west of the Rocky Mountains for the last twenty years, which was \$1,165,000,000; and more than twenty times the

value of all the Church property, which in 1860 was \$171,398,000. The licensed and unlicensed retail sales in 1867 were nearly double the value of all the railroads in the country, which is over \$1,600,000,000. In 1862 there was spent in all the loyal States about \$22,000,000 for education. In 1867 \$2,960,000,000 for liquor, or \$130 for liquor where one was given for education. We spend about \$30,000,000 annually for religious purposes, or \$1 for religion and \$93 for rum

EDITOR'S TABLE.

FROM CHICAGO.—Though we write from the seat of the General Conference and in the midst of its activities, and while its plans and purposes are only maturing, yet before this number reaches our readers, its session will be over; what now could be only indication or prophecy will then be reality, and what is now only in *posse* will then be in *esse*. Its doings will have been spread before the whole Church through its own "daily" and our "Advocates," and all that we could now write as done, or conjecture as about to be done, will then be consummated and known. It is needless, therefore, for us to record the little that has already been done, or to attempt to prophesy what will be done, but we may occupy a part of our editorial space in uttering our own impressions.

As we look upon this body of the assembled representatives of Methodism our first impression is a sense of the magnitude and power of the Church. Two hundred and forty-three delegates from sixty-five Conferences, representing the Church from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and from Maine to Oregon, are in their seats. The *personnel* of the Conference is impressive. Men, large in person, broad and deep in brain, bearing the marks of age and the air of experience, intelligence, and piety, are largely in majority, while plentifully interspersed among them are younger men, bright-eyed, keen, quick, and full of the generous and noble impulses of the earnest age in which we are living. On the platform is the full Board of Bishops, watchful, thoughtful, patient, wise, having no vote in any of the business, but manifesting a profound and anxious interest in every thing that is done. Beside them are the two familiar Secretaries, genial, quick, and well-kept, the absence of whom would seem like a vacuum in the General Conference. Two new ones are now added to their number. The moment our eyes rest on this body we feel sure no harm will come to the Church from these representatives.

The rap of the President brings every thing to order, and as the work of organization proceeds, and the various committees are appointed, and each day's call of the roll of Conferences assigns to an appropriate committee every petition, memorial, appeal, resolution, from Maine or Georgia, from Baltimore or San Francisco, from Europe, Asia, Africa, or South

America, from St. Paul's in New York, or from the mission Church on the frontier, we are impressed with the marvelous machinery of Methodism. We instantly see it to be an organization that reaches, controls, and systematizes every interest of the Church. It comprehends every thing; it touches every thing; nothing escapes its notice; it has an office or an institution that reaches and embraces every body and every interest from the bishop to the class-leader, and from the General Conference down to the organization of a Sunday school. Its name of *Methodism*, though at first a "messenger of Satan to buffet" it, must have been a providential appointment.

Almost immediately on the organization of the Conference an exciting question arose—what should be done with the representatives of the Conferences organized in the Southern States during the interim. A long and earnest debate led to the almost unanimous conclusion that these representatives were entitled to seats in the body. Two important principles were settled in this debate: first, that all itinerant ministers are entitled to representation in the General Conference, a principle which will hereafter bring into the Conference representatives from our Conferences in foreign lands; and doubtless our next General Conference will have representatives from Germany and Switzerland, from India and China, and erelong from all parts of the world. The second principle is, that color shall no longer entail disability on ministers of our Church, two representatives "carved in ebony" now sitting as delegates in the highest council of the Church.

Much time has been devoted to the courteous reception of delegated visitors from other branches of Methodism—from the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, from the Wesleyans of the same country, and from British Wesleyanism. Among these delegates of course Mr. Punshon is "the lion." He is most cordially and enthusiastically welcomed. His address was of the highest order of eloquence, and at once crowned him a prince among Methodist orators. His sermon before the Conference was one of great beauty, simplicity, and power, and took all hearts by storm. His characteristics are fluency, rapidity and force of utterance, earnestness of manner,

and the simplicity and spirituality of the subject-matter of his sermons. His diction is marvelous for its richness and beauty. He is a fine specimen of the genial, forceful, well-kept Englishman. His characteristics as a preacher we think are more American than English, and we are sure he will carry the American heart with him wherever he goes.

While so much of the time of the public sessions of the Conference has been devoted to these interests not immediately involved in the business of the Conference, its real work has been going steadily forward in the committee rooms. What that work is, and what will be the final conclusions, our readers will know before these lines can reach them.

THE QUADRENNIUM.—During the four years since the General Conference of 1864, the membership of our Church has increased from 923,394 to 1,146,081, being an addition of 222,687, the largest increase which has occurred, with a single exception, in any quadrennium in the history of the Church. The number of traveling preachers has increased from 6,821 to 8,004, an advance of 1,183. Of this increase the Conferences organized in the South have furnished 113,845 members and 508 preachers. The number of church edifices has increased from 9,430 to 11,121, an addition of 1,691, and the value of Church property has advanced to \$35,885,554, being an increase of \$15,054,885. The number of parsonages has increased 717, and their increase in value is \$2,571,145.

The financial transactions of the past four years have been marvelous. The receipts of the Missionary Society have been \$2,511,433.59, an advance beyond any previous quadrennium of \$1,358,392. The receipts for the Sunday School Union were \$78,839.47, an increase of \$32,605.21. The receipts for the Tract Society were \$53,853.89, an increase of \$33,532.79. The Church Extension Society, inaugurated since the last General Conference, has received \$90,238.59, and the Freedmen's Aid Society, also a new benevolent organization, which has been operating about eighteen months, has received \$58,477.69. In addition to all this, the Church has made a thank-offering of \$8,397,662 in commemoration of the hundredth year of her history, the larger part of which was given to colleges and seminaries, and to the erection of churches and parsonages. We have no means of knowing how much has been contributed to the American Bible Society, or directly as educational collections, or the sum collected for Sunday school purposes or for home missions, and have no data from which to form an idea of the amount expended in supporting the ministry and the Churches in our regular work, but we have enough to see that the amount raised and expended by the Methodist Episcopal Church for the various purposes of her work for the cause of Christ, for the past four years, reaches many millions.

In addition to these benevolent contributions, our Book Concern, with its two great centers of activity located at New York and Cincinnati, and its arms reaching out to Boston, Pittsburg, Chicago, Detroit,

Buffalo, St. Louis, and San Francisco, has been working for the common cause by issuing books and periodicals, and casting its proceeds into the treasury of the Church. The sales of the Concern in New York have amounted for the past four years to \$2,535,199.77, being an advance of \$1,027,326.59 on the sales of the previous four years, and still more in excess of any former quadrennial term. The sales of the Western Concern have amounted to \$2,399,508.43, being an advance of \$1,111,814.07 over the previous four years. Thus our great Book Concern, East and West, has been sending forth a mass of religious literature reaching the value of almost five millions of dollars.

God has wonderfully blessed our Zion in all her borders. Scarcely a single interest or department of our Church has languished during the quadrennium. Prosperity and progress have crowned all our efforts. Ten new Annual Conferences have been organized in our own country. Our missions abroad are in a healthful and progressive condition. Our colleges, seminaries, and theological schools have advanced wonderfully under the benefactions of the Centenary Year. Our Sunday schools show an increase amounting to 241,819. Our churches have increased in number, commodiousness, and elegance. Our Book Concern has greatly advanced in sales, in circulation of periodicals, and in profits. Our membership has increased in number, and God has manifested his presence and power among us by the widespread revival interest which has prevailed throughout the quadrennium. To him be all the glory of his work; and may the manifold tokens of his favor for the past four years be our inspiration for the responsibilities and activities of the four years to come!

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—"High mountains are a feeling," says Byron, and every lover of the sublime will respond to the sentiment. There is no scenery that possesses more grandeur, none that inspires more awe, none that awakens more reverence than mountain heights. And we need not go abroad to find all that is wild and majestic in natural scenery. From many of our own doors we may look upon mountains; nor must long journeys be undertaken to seek recreation among the everlasting hills. "Mount Monadnock," in New Hampshire, is not so high as Mont Blanc, nor so rugged as the Andes; but few mountains of the Appalachian chain are more picturesque. The painter has well reproduced its image on canvas, and the engraver translated it on paper, but neither does the painting nor the engraving so fill the mind as God's own work, seen with our own eyes.

"Little Rosebud" produces different emotions. If in the case of mountain scenery our minds are overwhelmed with awe, Rosebud fills the soul with love. We see in her the promise of a noble womanhood with capacities only a little less than an angel's, and a life as endless as eternity. That she may fulfill all the undeveloped promises of her sweet childhood, we are sure, will be the prayer of every mother's heart.





